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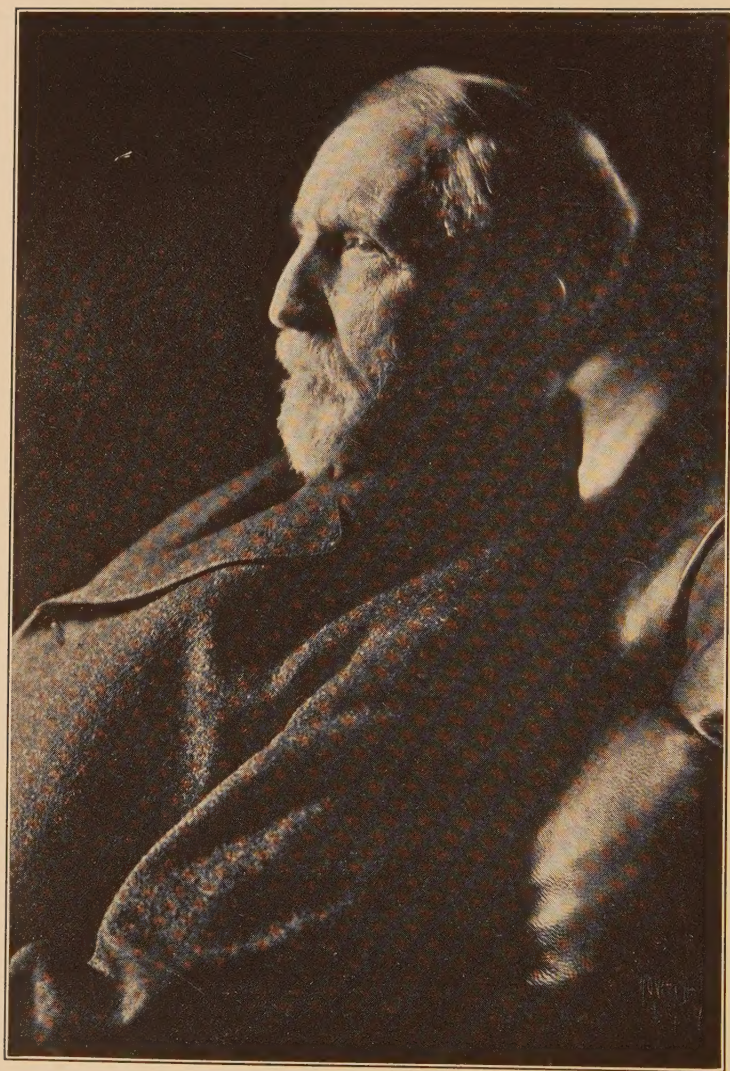
CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Christopher C. Andrews



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CHRISTOPHER C. ANDREWS
Aetat 84

CHRISTOPHER C. ANDREWS

Pioneer in Forestry Conservation in the United
States: for sixty years a Dominant Influ-
ence in the Public Affairs of Minne-
sota: Lawyer: Editor: Diplo-
mat: General in the
Civil War

Recollections: 1829-1922

edited by his daughter

Alice E. Andrews

with introduction by

William Watts Folwell, LL.D.



The Arthur H. Clark Company
Cleveland, U.S.A., 1928

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Introduction

A great Athenian orator in the course of a famous argument said, "It is not the theatre or the schools which mould young men; it is the example of public men." The statement is as true in America as it was in the time of Athens's greatest glory. Fortunate are the people whose public men are worthy by achievement and character to be held up as models for their youth. No charity is needed to enroll General Christopher C. Andrews, subject of the following autobiography, in the list of distinguished Minnesotans who may be held up as exemplars without reservations to our young men. The autobiography, I am privileged to introduce is the record of a long life of industry, devotion to duty and unremitting service to home, community, state and nation. His most conspicuous service to the country was that rendered in the war of the slaveholders' rebellion.

Reared a Democrat in politics, having no sympathy with abolitionism, when an armed rebel force attacked and seized a Federal fortification and made its garrison prisoners, Andrews was ready to fight for the preservation of the Union which had made the States a nation. At the first public meeting of his townspeople he declared his sentiments and put his name on a list of volunteers. He then spent a week at Fort Ripley taking lessons in the school of the soldier, from a corporal of the regular army. Some fellow volunteers whom he drilled in the facings and manual of arms he sent to fill

up the reorganizing First Minnesota. When the call came a few months later for a third regiment of Minnesota infantry Lawyer Andrews shut his office door and set about recruiting one of the companies, of which he naturally became captain. His sudden promotion to the rank of lieutenant-colonel followed his resolute opposition to the shameful surrender of the regiment at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, and three months confinement in rebel prisons. Later promotions to colonel, brigadier-general, and major-general of volunteers by brevet were earned by gallant and meritorious behaviour in the field. An eminent service was rendered by him when in command of the post of Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas, in the winter of 1864. Under his protection a constitutional convention elected by loyal citizens reorganized Arkansas as a free state, to remain so. A vote of thanks was recorded for this. He was a division commander the last year of the war. After the surrender of the Confederate armies General Andrews was in command of districts in Alabama and Texas, and won praise from the people under his protection for his firmness, courtesy, and integrity.

Next to his military career was a long period in the diplomatic and consular service of the United States. For eight and a half years beginning in 1869 he was our minister to Sweden and Norway. Instead of wasting his time in social trivialities he studied the agriculture, the commerce, the finances, and especially the forest policy of those countries. The United States government published more than thirty of his reports on those subjects. Of his official behaviour the King of Sweden said to General Grant that Andrews was the best minister the United States had sent to his country. During three years of service as consul-general at Rio de Ja-

neiro the same intelligent activity was displayed. From observations made in that city he produced his unusually valuable book – “Brazil, its Conditions and Prospects.”

It is not important that the long list of services rendered to the city of St. Paul and the State of Minnesota be catalogued here; it is important that his labors in forestry service and his contributions to forestry literature be referred to because of their outstanding merit. It was doubtless his studies in Sweden that awakened his interest in forestry and influenced him to serve the State year after year – at a rate of pay which was no credit to our legislatures – as Forestry Commissioner or as secretary of the board of forest commissioners. His annual reports, addresses, and contributions to newspapers form a body of valuable literature in the field of forestry. He framed and secured the passage of the first forestry law in Minnesota. General Andrews’s initiative started the movement that resulted in the creation of the two national forests in Minnesota – the Minnesota National Forest situated in the vicinity of Cass Lake, and the Superior National Forest, north of Lake Superior, – aggregating over a million acres of national forest. It was through his influence that Congress, by an act passed April 26, 1904, granted to the State of Minnesota twenty thousand acres of public land for experimental forestry purposes, the tract now called the Burntside Forest. For the last twenty-seven years of his life General Andrews gave out his solemn warnings against the waste and devastation of our Minnesota forests and urged the adoption of a rational forest policy. His voice for years was that of one crying in the wilderness; but the gospel of good forestry which he preached at length bore fruit. Some day General

C. C. Andrews will be remembered and revered as the true prophet of forestry.

That this veteran public servant was in his private life and conversation the most courteous of gentlemen, the kindest of neighbors, the wise counsellor of young men and a comrade of boys the reader will not fail to understand.

WILLIAM WATTS FOLWELL

Early Years in New Hampshire

At the earnest request of my daughter, I sit down, at the age of seventy-eight, while convalescing from illness to write my recollections of what has been interesting in my life. I do not expect this autobiography to be read by the public and therefore I write with more freedom.

I was born October 27, 1829, in the house, built by my father a few years before my birth, which still stands at the north end of Hillsboro, Upper Village, New Hampshire, on the turnpike from Boston to Windsor, Vermont. My sister, Mrs. Sibyl B. Andrews Buttrick¹ and her son, Frank Buttrick, now occupy it. I remember the figures "1826" on the barn. My father owned and cultivated about as much land as one man could well take care of, including a piece of woods containing beech, maple, oak, and white pine, bordering a trout brook with a deep hole.

The first permanent settlement in the town was made in 1741, at which time a dense forest of mixed coniferous and deciduous trees covered all the land. Previous to my birth, practically all the forest had been removed, and the fields and hilly boulder-strewn pastures had been with immense labor fenced with stone walls. Of the many hills, one was called Bible Hill because the first two Bibles in town had been brought to it, and one Sulphur Hill because a very profane man lived there. The view from my native place was pleasant and strik-

¹ Died, 1917.

ing; there were no lofty mountains, but on the north, east, and south, there were beautiful hills nearly a thousand feet high, partly cleared for pasture and partly wooded. Seven miles north, Lovell's mountain was quite prominent. In winter there were only crows, bluejays and woodpeckers; but in summer there was an abundance and variety of songsters, the robin, bluebird, martin, catbird, humming-bird, bobolink, swallow, wren, cuckoo, brown thrush, whippoorwill, plover, and other meadow birds.

I was the youngest of four children, Alonzo, Charles, Sibyl, and I, all of whom reached maturity. At the time of my birth my father, Luther Andrews, was thirty-eight and my mother, Nabby Beard Andrews, thirty-five. My mother's father, Elijah Beard, came from Wilmington, Massachusetts soon after the Revolution with his wife, Phoebe Jones Beard, and settled on Hillsboro river, a mile east of the Upper Village, and two miles from the center of the town. He built a large frame house commanding a view of Crotched mountain in Francestown, and a saw and grist-mill, and cleared a farm of over a hundred acres. He raised a large family, was a magistrate, active in town affairs, and for the nine successive years before his death in 1814 at the age of fifty, he had been a member of the legislature. My grandmother Beard died in 1856 at the age of ninety-five. She was a bright, energetic, industrious, and benevolent woman and generally beloved. My grandparents on my father's side were Isacher and Eda Goodell Andrews. My great-grandfather, Ami Andrews, born in Ipswich, Massachusetts, came to Hillsboro before the Revolution. He served as lieutenant in the battle of Bunker Hill, and through the Revolutionary War, made the entire march in Arnold's terri-

ble expedition through the wilds of Maine and Canada to Quebec, and died in 1833 at the age of ninety-six. His epitaph was written by Franklin Pierce. My father had merely a common school education. He was, however, an uncommonly good penman, and once in his youth taught a writing school. Two or three of my uncles, when they had important correspondence would come to our house and get father to write their letters. The serious character of the people is somewhat shown by the following inscription on the gravestone of one of my uncles in the cemetery at Hillsboro:

Retire my friend, and dry thy tears,
I shall arise when Christ appears.
Death is a debt to nature due,
I've paid that debt and so must you.

When I was three or four years old, we all moved over to Grandfather Beard's place, where my father with the help of my brother Charles and that of Alonzo for a short time, and of a young hired man, managed the farm four years. We lived in the same house with grandmother but separately. At one time we had some peacocks, and one winter some foxes in one of the horse stalls. There was considerable live stock, including a flock of sheep. On the south field of that farm, I did the first labor I remember doing, dropped pumpkin seeds, a seed in alternate hills, while my sister dropped the corn. For a few rods east of the house the land was level, then a hill two hundred feet high, halfway up which stood a red brick schoolhouse, fitted up with benches and desks on a sloping floor. The boys sat on the right side and the girls on the left. I must have been only about four the first winter I attended school. I sat on one of the low front benches on the girls' side, and the only thing I remember about the school was

finding myself one day sitting on the back seat with grown-up girls. I had crept up there under the intervening benches and desks. My grandparents and their children, though not church members, nor believers in the then-prevailing doctrine as to future punishment, were regular attendants at the Congregational church two miles distant at the Center. The old meeting-house, since burned, had galleries on three sides and a sounding board over the elevated pulpit. Mr. Ward, the preacher, wore through part of the service double green spectacles. His oratory impressed me greatly, and as my father happened to own a similar pair of spectacles, I put them on one Sunday afternoon and, with an ox-cart for my rostrum, made my first efforts in public speaking. I suppose I was then five or six years old. My Sunday School teacher was a Miss Howard, who lived on a farm, now abandoned, west of the river, where Frank Buttrick and I of late years have gone blackberrying. A Danforth family lived half a mile from the schoolhouse, and once during the summer school I was taken there by their two daughters to spend the night. Some of our nearest neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin and two daughters, kind and good people, lived not over a quarter of a mile distant. Once when I went there alone, their gander seized me by my clothes and with his wings beat my legs black and blue. Mrs. Baldwin was an excellent cook and sometimes treated me to griddle-cakes, then called flap-jacks, with homemade maple syrup. The principal pasture we used was on the south side of the road. From the eastern and more elevated part of it, one could on a clear day see the White mountains. At the further end after passing through some woods one came to an uncommonly fine cranberry meadow, through which ran a little stream from Loon pond. A nice,

jovial, old Revolutionary soldier and distant relative, Isaac Andrews, complimented with the title of Major, occasionally came through the woods and across the pasture from his home a mile distant to see us. He would say to me, "Christopher Columbus, what have you discovered?" The pasture bars were about thirty rods from the house. My sister Sibyl and I sometimes turned the cattle in and got them out. There was rather a cross cosset, just brave enough to attack me. I was afraid of him and Sibyl used to take a fish pole to keep him at proper distance. There were two large barns. A large sheltered watering trough in the barnyard was amply supplied with pure running water. It is my impression that this water supply came through the enterprise of my uncle Jonathan Beard, who was both energetic and public-spirited, for at sacrifice to himself he endeavored to develop a new water power south of his house, and caused a new road to be made shortening the distance between Hillsboro Bridge and East Washington. He also played on the clarinet and led the Hillsboro band. He lived less than a quarter of a mile from us and within three or four hundred yards of the mill, which he owned and managed. It ground corn, wheat, and other grain, sawed logs and shingles, and did a good deal of business. There were hundreds of logs of hardwood and pine piled up in the millyard. It was while we were living on the Beard farm that my brother Alonzo went to Boston to work. He left very early in the morning, going on foot to the village. My mother often mentioned having watched him till he got out of sight on the Wilkin's hill. My brother Charles also went to Boston about a year later, to work in the grocery store of John Gilbert. Both were kind and dutiful sons.

Just why we returned to the Upper Village in the

spring of perhaps 1836, I do not know. Perhaps the time agreed upon had expired. I fancy my father derived very little income from his hard work. Most of the women at that time spun and wove. My mother's oldest sister, Catherine Beard Fulton, wove figured linen towels and table-cloths, and my mother, on one of those old fashioned large wooden looms, wove the cloth for most of the woolen clothes I wore. Yarn which she had spun I wound for her on spools.

So far as I remember, my parents never caressed me. Occasionally on a Sunday evening I sat on my mother's lap while she sang a verse or two of some hymn. I was brought up to think it improper to go fishing on Sundays, though it was not considered improper to pick berries on Sunday. My mother was strict, but none too much so, and I have always felt that I owed about everything to her. I never went down into the business part of the village nor to a neighbor's without permission. It seems to me I never went to the store without my mother's charging me to return promptly and to be careful about my behavior. If I asked my father about going to a pond to fish, he would always refer me to mother.

At this time the Upper Village consisted of about twenty-five dwellings scattered along each side of the turnpike for half a mile. There was a potash factory, two stores, a blacksmith shop, a tannery, a harness shop, a small cabinet shop, and a wheelright shop. The last two, at the lower end of the village, were run by water-power from the small stream flowing from Black pond. The tavern was owned and kept by Thomas Wilson, who had married mother's sister, Clarissa Beard, a very energetic woman who lived to the age of one hundred and one years. It had a hall in which the freemasons



ABBY BEARD AND LUTHER ANDREWS
Mother and Father of C. C. Andrews

met, and in which a singing school was held some winters. I attended a day school there part of one summer. Liquor, generally rum, was sold at the bar of the tavern and at one of the stores. The nearest railroad then was at Concord and Nashua, twenty-five and thirty miles away respectively. Goods for many of the towns northward were hauled regularly from Boston by six-horse teams past our house. A fine six-horse stage also drove by daily. There was a separate stage stable in the village owned by Matthew Parker, proprietor and driver, where fresh horses were put on, and it was an event about six o'clock in the evening of a summer day to see the crowded stagecoach in best Concord style, with spirited horses – leaders sometimes on the gallop – passing, on its way northward, less than four rods from our house. At all seasons of the year, droves of beef cattle and of sheep passed there on their way from Vermont to the Brighton market; and in winter, trains of sled-teams loaded with dressed hogs and other subsistence passed on their way to Boston. In summer there frequently passed caravans, as we called them, of Canadian French or Irish immigrants fresh from Ireland via Montreal, on their way to Boston or Lowell, some on foot and some on vehicles of all kinds loaded with household effects. Near our back door was a well and pump. Some of these immigrants usually stopped there for water. They would also sometimes ask for milk or other food. The traffic on this turnpike gave me a chance to see quite a little of the world. Occasionally a law case was tried in the tavern hall, and my ambition was fired by the arguments of the attorneys and their examination of witnesses. One of the attorneys was Albert Baker, brother of Mrs. Eddy of Christian Science fame.

One of my most interesting experiences at that village home was my first sight of Daniel Webster. It was the afternoon of October 21, 1840. My brother Alonzo had come home from Boston on a short visit, and had sat in the car in a seat next behind Daniel Webster, and had offered him a copy of the *Boston Post* (Democratic) which he said he had already seen. Mr. Webster stopped at Francestown, N. H., to make a speech in the Harrison campaign, and the next day proceeded in a two-horse carriage to Claremont, N. H., accompanied by Mr. Healy of Washington, N. H., a former whig member of Congress. They left their team to rest at the Upper Village tavern and together walked ahead. My father, Alonzo, my sister, and I stood out near the house as they passed. Mr. Webster had his left hand behind him under his coat. As he passed us, he lifted his hat. I well remember being impressed by his wonderful brow and his very dark complexion. My father was a democrat, but we regarded Daniel Webster, who was a whig, as the greatest man living.

About two years after our return to the village, a new school house was built diagonally across the road and only a stone's throw from our house. Until that was ready, Sibyl and I and the other village children went a mile to the red schoolhouse on the so-called back road, a short distance beyond the farm of uncle Chase. One of my studies was Peter Parley's *Geography*, which I especially liked because the answers were so short, for example, "What is the greatest calamity that can befall man? Answer, War." John Goodell, later Doctor Goodell,² and I formed the class. Once the teacher, Corbin Curtice, put the question to me "Was the dark-

² Doctor Goodell, who lived and died in Hillsboro, was a good example of the fine, scholarly, greatly beloved, country gentleman and doctor.

ness of the middle ages moral or physical?" I answered "physical." He immediately put the same question to John, who answered "moral" and went to the head of the class! It was that winter that I gave my first declamation. It began,

My voice is still for war.

Gods! can a Roman Senate long debate

Which of the two to choose — slavery or death?

My first teacher in the new schoolhouse at the village was Abel Burnham, afterwards for many years a physician at the Bridge Village. I was the only one in the grammar class. I have many times thought of his good temper and wisdom. A teacher I particularly admired was Emeline Dutton, who taught one summer. She had the pupils bring wild flowers, and gave them oral lessons in botany. She also taught singing, and had compositions and declamations alternate Wednesday afternoons, on which occasions the mothers were invited. Besides being handsome and popular she was very energetic. Once when the schoolhouse floor needed cleaning and there seemed to be no one else to do it, she herself on her knees with soap, sand, and water, scrubbed it. She married a well-to-do man in Nashua. The winter and summer terms lasted each only about six or eight weeks, but were occasionally lengthened as private schools. Part of one winter I attended the public school kept by Thomas Goodell over in the brick schoolhouse and boarded at Uncle Jonathan's. When about twelve, one fall I attended a transient "high school" at the Center, and boarded with grandmother. Naturally I took some advanced studies, among them being Watts *On the Mind*. I was fond of literature. We had at home an old copy of Blair's *Sermons* which I loved to read for their style. I wore in the winter a

woolen frock of cloth woven by mother, which did not come quite to my knees. On afternoons when I was to give a declamation, I dressed up in a blue broadcloth jacket, then called spencer, with gilt buttons, and blue black velvet collar, with a white linen one turned down over that.

In our living-room, which faced east and south, there was a large old-fashioned brick fire-place, which consumed a good deal of wood. Among my chores every winter evening was the bringing in of quite a pile, and once or twice a week I had to bring sufficient pine kindlings to heat the brick oven. We also had a tin baker in which biscuits were baked before the fire. Corn bread was often baked in an iron spider over the coals. I sometimes helped mother wipe dishes and wash, but most of my labor was farm work, taking out and spreading manure, riding the mare to plow – rather hard because there were some rocks and she wanted to go too fast – planting and hoeing corn and potatoes, spreading and raking hay and stowing it away in the barn, sometimes in winter felling small trees and clearing land, but carefully sparing young white pines. Two summers I worked a few days for Deacon Russell, at twenty-five cents for a twelve-hour day. Once as we were plowing east of the brook, some bullets came whistling by our heads and we heard rifle reports from the village. They continued, and I was hurried off with the command to “cease firing.” Two or three men, among them the lawyer, Albert Baker, were engaged in firing at a target. They were indignant to find that their shots had gone so far over the mark. We sometimes had our noon meal in the fields. A few times in haying season we had it by a cool spring at the foot of a high wooded bank of the brook. At home Deacon

Russell always asked a blessing at meals in, I thought, an uncommonly impressive way. He sometimes began "Kind and indulgent Parent!" I am sure he was not the deacon who kept the village store and each morning had the following colloquy with his assistant:

Have you watered the rum?

Yes sir.

Have you sanded the sugar?

Yes sir.

Have you sprinkled the fish? (to make it weigh more).

Yes sir.

Then we will go in to prayers.

One or two summers my father raised some crops at the Temple place. It is an elevated situation with beautiful views, in all directions, of the distant hills. Every summer my mother wakened me at five in the morning to drive the cows to pasture. The Roach pasture, a rocky tract sloping eastward, was nearly a mile distant through dense hemlock and spruce forest. When the weather was muggy and a heavy thunder-storm was impending, the cows were always on the higher and most distant ground. A few times I came home with them through the woods in the dark. Once I was caught in the pasture in the midst of a fearful tempest of rain, thunder, and lightning and thought my last moment had come. Occasionally I went fishing and sometimes brought home a handsome string of trout.

I had many happy hours with the village boys in games of ball and "I spy." Oramus Burnham, Henry Sargent, Frank Dutton, and James Parker were of about my age. Oramus was in the Civil War. Frank Dutton, the son of my cousin, Clarissa Wilson Dutton, became a prosperous business man in Boston, and the founder of the firm of Houghton and Dutton.

The muster every September at Cork Plain, six miles distant, I always looked forward to. I started at four o'clock in the morning so as to see the troops march upon the field. There was a company of cavalry, one of artillery, and a regiment of infantry made up of a company from each of the neighboring towns. There were crowds of people and lots of peddlers and refreshment stands. The troops drilled in the forenoon, and in the afternoon were reviewed, the field officers well mounted and uniformed making quite a display. The reviewing officer at one muster I attended was the governor of the state. At another it was General James Wilson, a popular whig orator of Keene, and a man of distinguished appearance. The muster usually ended with a sham battle. Perhaps it was there that I heard Noah Shedd, of Hillsboro county say that he liked Greenfield (N. H.) gunpowder, because if a keg of it got on fire, one could saw the keg in half and save the other half.

The first cigar I ever smoked was given me by my cousin Adeline Wilson, of about my age, whose father kept the tavern. It was a "Spanish" cigar, sold at three cents, but was as good as a fifteen cent Havana of today. I smoked it on the way home and to enjoy it longer, passed the house to the barn. In due time I became awfully sick and it was some relief to confess what I had been doing.

We attended the only church within reach, the Baptist church, midway between the Upper and Lower villages. In going into the church at either door, people faced the congregation. I greatly enjoyed seeing them come in and walk up the aisle, especially the Pierce and McNiel families, who were considered great people. General Solomon McNiel, a whig, was a splendid look-

ing man, of great dignity, who would have attracted attention anywhere. His daughter, too, was fine looking. General John McNiel held the then lucrative office of inspector of customs in Boston. He was six feet tall and weighed over two hundred pounds. He was a hero of Lundy's Lane and had a stiff leg from a wound in that battle. Of this he was rather proud and once when a political opponent asked him what caused his lameness, he answered: "Fell through a bridge, damn you! Don't you know more about the history of your country than that?" Then there were the Pierces, one of whom was a colonel in the regular army, and sometimes Franklin Pierce was over from Concord. All these and others came up that aisle near which I sat. In April, 1839, I there attended the funeral of Governor Benjamin Pierce, and saw several prominent men from different parts of the state. I heard Albert Baker deliver a eulogy at the grave, in which he said, "There lies a tongue that never told a lie." My father with the customary neighborliness usually found in a New England village, had sat up with Governor Pierce one or two nights in his last illness. While generals John and Solomon McNiel, though brothers, were not on speaking terms, I noticed that in the funeral procession their two sons walked side by side in a friendly manner. Governor Pierce had fought at Bunker Hill at the age of eighteen, and had settled in Hillsboro soon after the war. His first wife was Elizabeth Andrews, a niece of my great-grandfather, Ami Andrews. The house Governor Pierce built on his farm at the Lower Village, and the one in which he died, was a good sized two-story frame dwelling, painted white, with green blinds. It is still standing, and the imported French landscape paper in one of the rooms still remains as it was. In

front of the house are large sugar maples which he planted. In his last years I saw him a few times at the Upper Village, and he then used a small-wheeled wagon into which he could easily step as it was not more than a foot or two from the ground. He was small, thin, considerably bent, but of jovial temperament.

Owing to a split in the church the "world's people (non-church members)" got Alonzo Miner, a universalist, to preach several Sundays one summer. We all liked him because he tried to be instructive. It may have been in the summer of 1842 that I walked up to Windsor one Sunday to see some people baptized in White pond. They were converts to the preaching of a Miss Orn, a thick-set woman something over thirty, with black hair and florid complexion. She was fluent and animated, and affectedly sanctimonious. In speaking with people she would, for example, say, "How do you do sister Smith? Bless the good L-lord. How do you do brother Jones? B-bless the good L-lord." Quite a revival resulted from her efforts, and a small Methodist church was erected in Windsor, on the turnpike, about four miles above the Upper Village. William Miller, the Second Adventist, born at Pittsfield, Massachusetts in 1782, preached that the world was coming to an end in 1843, and many Millerites prepared their ascension robes. At Hillsboro, this doctrine had many adherents in the northern part of the town, and at least one of the schools was closed because of the close proximity of eternity.

I think it was in March 1842 that I walked over to Bradford alone in maple sugar-making time to visit for some days my cousin Elijah Fulton. Before I left, his sister Jane came home from Nashua just beginning to

be ill with the measles, and in due time after I got home I had it myself. Some of the neighboring boys came to look at me through the window near which I lay downstairs. When I was convalescing, mother let me learn to sew on some squares of calico patchwork. Our physician, Dr. Elisha Hatch, whose house Doctor Goodell afterwards owned and occupied, was a man of superior ability. When he came into the house he always had something cheerful to say. One winter Sibyl was sick with a fever, and according to practice in those days was bled in her arm.

One winter I accompanied Christopher Austin to Concord with a two-horse load of white ash lumber sawed into measured pieces for making Concord stagecoaches. It was a high load, and tipped over in Henniker and had to be reloaded, so we got into Concord after dark in the midst of a snowstorm. I visited the famous stagecoach factory, and the State Capitol, and remember seeing Franklin Pierce's law office sign on the main street. The hotel where we stayed was where the depot now stands.

In the early part of 1843, Alonzo, then about twenty-eight, and Richard Ward of about the same age, as partners, purchased the business and fixtures of a provision store which had a fine retail trade, at 9 Bromfield Street, Boston, within five minutes walk of Park street Church and the Common, and near the Old South Church. I never thought to ask who suggested it — it may have been my brother Charles — but towards spring I learned it was intended I should go to work in that store.

Finally (May, 1843), the time came for me to go, I being then thirteen years and seven months old. The apple trees on our place were in full blossom; every-

thing in nature was lovely. I walked up the turnpike a few rods to watch for the stage, which was due at nine o'clock in the morning. When it appeared, I said goodbye to my mother and sister, and with my father walked down to the tavern where the horses were always changed. There, having taken leave of my father, I mounted the stage and was off, not without feelings of sadness yet with high hopes. At Nashua I took the train. In coming down the long hill in Mount Vernon, a different landscape, level as the sea, came in sight towards the south and east.

It was nearly dark when I reached Boston, but my brother Alonzo was at the station to meet me. After a visit with Charles, and with the Tanners, I was left at the boarding-house of Mr. and Mrs. Taft, corner of Franklin place and Hawley street, then a nice residence part of the city.

In one of my early letters home I wrote of having been to an auction of books. I also told of how a letter to my brother Charles at Boston from cousin Gardner Chase at Albany had had eighteen cents charged on it. All these letters were simply a sheet or two of paper folded and fastened together with sealing-wax, no envelope being used.³

For some weeks I roomed with Mr. Richard Ward, my brother's partner, and afterwards with a Mr. Bram-

³ The *Boston Almanac* for 1843, page 50, gives the postage rates as follows: On a single letter composed of one piece of paper.

For any distance not exceeding 30 miles	6 cents
Over 30, and not exceeding 80 miles	10 cents
Over 80, and not exceeding 150 miles	12½ cents
Over 150, and not exceeding 400 miles	18¾ cents
Over 400 miles	25 cents

A letter composed of two pieces of paper is charged double. Of three pieces triple; and of four pieces quadruple postage; and at the same rate should the weight be greater.



CHRISTOPHER C. ANDREWS
Aetat 14

hall, both of whom I have always remembered with regard and sincere respect. It happened that my regular place at the table was on the left of Mr. W. H. Smith, stage manager of the Boston Museum, an Englishman whose real name was Henry Sedley; opposite me sat Mr. Bartholomew, scenery painter at the same theatre.

The suit of black cloth and the overcoat with cape I wore when I went to Boston, had been woven by mother. In a week or two Alonzo took me one afternoon to one of the best tailors, and had me measured for a nice suit of fine dark cloth. I also got some kid gloves, and felt when I accompanied Alonzo and Mary Ann to church that I was dressed as well as any boy. Though not a church member, Alonzo was a regular attendant at the Universalist church in Warren street near Tremont, of which Otis A. Skinner was pastor. I was fond of hearing Mr. Skinner, and I attended the Sunday School.

The streets of Boston were so irregular it was hard for a green country boy like me to find my way about, but my brother was patient, often taking me with him and trying to fix my attention on localities.

Andrews and Ward's store at 9 Bromfield Street, where I went to work, had come to be the leading retail provision store in Boston. My brother, Alonzo, was buyer for the firm. Early every morning in summer as early as four o'clock he would be at the old Quincy Market, now known as Faneuil Hall Market, to buy fresh supplies. These purchases were brought to the store by a two-horse team driven by a stout and jolly black man. I gradually learned my duties with enthusiasm. Our regular customers were of the wealthy, and then generally regarded as aristocratic class, and

included among others, Col. Thomas H. Perkins, Franklin Dexter, Professor George Ticknor, Rufus Choate, Josiah Quincy jr., Judge Prescott, father of the historian, Judge Jackson, Abbott Lawrence, Samuel Cabot, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Doctor Jeffries, the distinguished physician who attended Daniel Webster in his last illness, and later Edward Everett. Judge Prescott lived in Bedford street and had considerable ground inclosed within a high brick wall. Judge Jackson's ground, partly on Bedford street, was about as large. Professor Ticknor occupied a large house, on the corner of Beacon and Park streets.

It was the practice of two or more from our shop to go every morning to the homes of several of our customers with pencil and paper to take orders, and I gradually became intrusted with a part of this service. Sometimes the lady of the house came down into the kitchen and gave the orders. Once when I delivered some provisions at the home of William H. Prescott, the historian, I asked to be shown his library, and his mother very kindly accompanied me upstairs and let me look at it. It occupied a large fine room and on the walls were a number of portraits he had brought from Spain.

In the spring, summer and fall, I was at the store by six o'clock, swept the floor, did some other work, and went to breakfast at seven. The Old South Church bell was rung every day at 7 A.M., 1 P.M., and I believe at 9 P.M., so it was easy for me to know when it was breakfast and dinner time. In the winter I got to the store soon after daylight and built a fire – of hard coal – in the stove in the back room. There was never any fire in the front shop. Except on Saturdays, the store was closed at 6 P.M. I therefore had my evenings.

On Saturdays we kept open in the evenings and did almost a double day's work. I used sometimes to get very tired.

I wanted very much to see a fire. On such occasions the church bells in the vicinity rang furiously. If I could get away, I ran and kept up with the engine. The alarms generally proved false. They had the old-fashioned engine for hand-pumping, drawn by thirty or more men with a long rope. During my first months in Boston, while I was boarding with the Tafts, the captain of a fire-engine company boarded there. If an alarm of fire occurred in the night, the city watchman would ring his rattle repeatedly near by, and call out "Fire at North End" or "Fire at South End" as the case might be. So far as I remember there were no policemen visible in the streets in the daytime; but after dark, watchmen without uniform, tremendously bundled up, could be seen moving along at a slow pace. There were city criers, who in case a child was lost or something urgent was to happen, rang a bell at street corners and cried out the fact.

As Charles had been to sea three years, he frequently took me while out walking Sunday afternoons, aboard sailing vessels. He would occasionally take me to hear some noted preacher or speaker. Once we went to hear Father Taylor, an eloquent and somewhat eccentric preacher. We heard Theodore Parker soon after his return from a long stay in Europe.

I had not been in Boston more than about two weeks when I heard Daniel Webster. He had just resigned the office of Secretary of State in President Tyler's cabinet. A public dinner had been given him in New York, and on his arrival in Boston he was met by a delegation of citizens, and with a procession was taken in

an open carriage drawn by six horses to his residence. He made a short impressive speech, standing in the carriage opposite the United States hotel. I stood on the steps of the hotel not more than twenty-five feet from him. June 17, I heard his oration at the celebration of the completion of Bunker Hill monument. We could see him and hear his voice, but could not distinctly hear all he said, we were so far away. A hundred thousand people were present. On the platform from which Mr. Webster spoke, there were, among many other people, one hundred and eight Revolutionary soldiers, from eighty to a hundred years old. The old soldiers were so touched by the cheering they received that tears ran down their cheeks. We left before Webster finished, and while dining on Tremont street saw the returning procession. It happened that the open carriage in which were President John Tyler and Webster stopped near our window. I remember something so amused Mr. Webster that he leaned back and laughed heartily.

Many of our customers were out of town in the hot weather and business was light, so Charles arranged for my attending private school afternoons. James E. Murdock taught elocution in a room overhead. The next winter I attended a private school next to the auditorium in which Macready, one of the greatest actors of modern times, played that November. I could hear his voice and the applause given him. From his *Reminiscences*, I find that Daniel Webster, Emerson, Longfellow, Prescott, Bancroft, Sumner, and Ticknor were part of his audience.

I joined the Mercantile Library association, took out books, attended its course of lectures in the old Odeon, Federal street corner of Franklin, and heard among

others Ralph Waldo Emerson on Napoleon. Unfortunately, I can remember only that Emerson was a very tall, pleasant-faced, light-complexioned man, with a very large nose, and that he *read* his lecture to a full house.

The first theatrical performance I ever attended was at the old National theatre, Haymarket square. Mr. Ward had some friends come from the country and took them and me in a cab to see "Alaric, or the Last of the Goths." We sat in the dress circle, and to me it all seemed wonderfully grand. Among the stock company were Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert and Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Thorn. There was a negro minstrel performance after the tragedy. At that time what is now the parquet and most expensive part of the house was the pit. It was filled with men only. Seats there were twenty-five cents, and in a maritime city like Boston, it was occupied principally by sailors. It is interesting that a custom of Elizabethan times should have still been in existence in Boston in 1843. The Tremont theatre about opposite the Tremont house, then the finest hotel in town, was burned not very long after I went to Boston. It had a classic front with two heroic statues, one of Shakespeare. It was rebuilt as the Tremont Temple.

One summer afternoon Mr. Ward drove out to Quincy and took me along. I there visited the home of John Quincy Adams, which I believe had been also the home of John Adams. On many of the library shelves the books stood three tiers deep.

The streets of Boston were then paved with cobble stones and there were frequent depressions that increased the roughness of travel. The principal residence streets such as Beacon, Chestnut, and Mount Ver-

non, were not paved. There was scarcely more than one really handsome building in State street. The highest building on that street was the Exchange Coffee House, eight stories high. Quincy market, of granite, was then one of the most remarkable buildings and it will long remain a noble monument to Josiah Quincy, the mayor, in whose time it was built. Not far from where Washington street begins, there then stood one of Boston's ancient buildings, blackened with age, a story and a half high, with "1660" marked on its gable front. Fort Hill, a considerable eminence a short distance from the custom-house, had not then been levelled. King's Chapel of dark brown stone, with its little burying ground attached, looked as it does now. The Governor Hancock house near the State House was then standing. A part of Pearl street and all of Franklin, Summer, and Bedford streets were used for residences. Masonic Temple, corner of Tremont street and Temple place, had been built, and its hall was frequently used for public entertainments. Boston Common was beautiful, but what has since been known as the public garden was then a dumping ground. Many of the eighty-nine wharves were lined with sailing vessels, and were the scene of great business activity. There were omnibuses, but no street cars. The greater portion of the present south portion of Boston was then water. Though the population of the city was only about one hundred thousand, it had eleven daily newspapers. The State house – its dome not then gilded – and Beacon hill were striking objects at quite a distance. A great many Irish immigrants lived in Broad street, close to the wharves. The worst street in the city for sanitary and other conditions was Ann street in the North End; in later years its name was changed to North street.

My brother Charles paid my expenses and sent me to Francestown academy for two terms, so about the first of March, 1844, I temporarily left Andrews and Ward. I had never asked or been told a word about my wages, but on settling up I found I had been allowed eight dollars per month besides my board, and with this I was well satisfied.

Early Law Practice in Massachusetts

There was deep snow on the ground, when in March 1844, I returned home to the Upper Village, which seemed to have changed immensely. The distances between the houses, and the length of the village itself, seemed longer than before.

After a visit of a few days, father took me one morning in a sleigh with my trunk to Francestown, twelve miles distant. It was arranged that I should board with Jesse Woodbury who lived in a large yellow house at the lower end of the village, about five hundred yards from the Academy building. His brother, Levi Woodbury, then a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, had been Secretary of the Treasury in the cabinets of Jackson and Van Buren. I once referred to his brother Levi and he laughingly said, "I know more than he does." The price of my board was one dollar and fifty cents per week. Mr. Woodbury was of large size, simple in manners, and did the family washing. He offered prayer morning and evening in a deep, rich, voice. He was quite anti-slavery in his politics. Harry Brickett, the principal of the Academy was, I suppose, a little over thirty, had worked his way through Dartmouth college by teaching, and was a graduate of the medical school there. He was an excellent teacher, and of much more than average natural ability and enthusiasm. In the morning while the students stood, he opened the school with a short prayer which I thought singularly gifted and which helped to

maintain good discipline and a high tone. He never scolded nor spoke crossly. If there was a little disorder he would simply pause and look around astonished until order was restored. There were about one hundred students, from different parts of Hillsboro county, varying from fourteen to twenty-five years of age. My studies were English, Latin, arithmetic, algebra, and natural philosophy. During a recitation of some sort – perhaps it was commission business in arithmetic – Mr. Brickett almost took my breath away by asking “Andrews, what is the practice in that regard in Boston?” The afternoon of the first of May was observed as a holiday. There was a long processional walk into the country by twos, a boy and a girl, and refreshments afterwards at the schoolhouse.

At the end of the spring term there was a vacation of two weeks, which I spent at home helping my father in farm work. On my return for the summer term, I was surprised to find only about thirty students registered. Many of them were new, and for a while I was actually homesick. Among them was my roommate, William F. Holcombe, later for many years a doctor in New York, who always remained a valued friend. Among my other friends were Bixby and Ramsay. Alonzo and Charles occasionally sent me a Boston newspaper, and I read some of the political news with relish. Sometimes with a yearning for Boston, I would look down the turnpike a mile, to a hill where the coming stage appeared. There was only one church in the village of Francestown, the Congregational, and this I attended regularly, sitting in Mr. Woodbury’s pew.

It must have been in September (1844) that I resumed work in Boston with Andrews and Ward, where I remained for nearly two years more with scarcely a

day's vacation. I have no recollection of what my pay was.

A Presidential campaign occurred that fall of 1844, Henry Clay being the whig, and James K. Polk the democratic candidate. It was not long after my return to Boston that there was a great whig mass meeting on Boston Common. I particularly remember the stentorian voice of Cassius M. Clay. The same autumn I heard John Quincy Adams deliver an address, which he read, in Tremont Temple before the Young Men's Whig Clay club. Many prominent Boston citizens were on the platform. The house was crowded and I sat for a while on the bannister railing near the staircase in the gallery, where I was near the stage and could plainly see and hear. Mr. Adams had considerable humor in his address. There was much enthusiasm. He was then nearly eighty years old.

One Sunday evening I went to hear Nathaniel P. Banks lecture on temperance in the Harrison avenue Church. It must have been about that time that I heard John B. Gough. Sometimes I would run over to the courthouse—a matter of five minutes—go up into the gallery and watch the proceedings. I used to hear a great deal said of Rufus Choate's wonderful eloquence. I do not know of his ever coming into our store but once, and that was to pay a bill. In a way characteristic of his humor, he told Mr. Ward, who always kept the books, that he had just looked over the bill to see that there were no horses or carriages in it. Once we had some pears for sale at the high price of twenty-five cents each. I remember the actor, Edwin Forrest, came in, picked one up, and apparently wanted to buy it, but said he could not afford it.

Seeing Webster, Choate, Everett, and other great

men of that time in the street greatly interested me, and probably helped to strengthen the impulse that had been growing in me to obtain a better education. So when I left Boston again in August 1846, to attend another term at Francestown academy, it was with the determination to try to work my way through college.

It was interesting to be home again after two years absence, and to handle the hoe and rake with my father. On my return from any such long absence, mother always wanted me to call on every neighbor in the village.

There were generally some students at the Francestown academy who boarded themselves, and during the fall term of 1846 I did the same. As the distance was short, and there was a two-horse stage owned and driven by my cousin-in-law, Robert Moore, nearly every week he brought me food prepared by mother. I continued to room at Mr. Woodbury's and had the use of their kitchen stove and cellar. Dry salt codfish in those days was good and cheap. I could broil a piece in a very few minutes, and with fine mealy baked potatoes, and good bread and butter, I had a palatable meal. I did not use tea or coffee. There were plenty of new apples. It may seem singular that with such an attractive diet I ever could have been willing to accept an invitation out to a meal, yet I certainly did. Boarding one's self may answer as a sort of discipline for one academic term, but I would hardly recommend it for economy or enjoyment.

The term closed with an exhibition in the meeting house. Mr. Brickett gave me as a subject for an oration, "The Classic Interests of the Shores of the Mediterranean." It was a noble theme but beyond my ability. However, I gave it much thought and even went to consult the Honorable Titus Brown, a venerable



VIEW IN HILLSBORO, UPPER VILLAGE, ABOUT 1880
Of the house in which General Andrews was born

lawyer in the village, and one of the trustees of the academy. He was kind and courteous, but all the assistance he gave me was to say that when he had a difficult matter to consider he just sat down, closed his eyes, and thought. I wrote two letter-sized pages and showed them to Mr. Brickett, and the conclusion we both came to was that I had better give it up. So, with his approval, I selected the "Dream of Clarence" in *Richard III* for a declamation, and acted Fitz-james in the combat canto of *The Lady of the Lake* to the Roderick Dhu taken by a student named Campbell. We sent to Nashua for swords and costumes.

Although I was but seventeen, I was anxious, for financial reasons, to teach school the coming winter. I succeeded in securing an engagement in the adjoining town of Deering at eleven dollars a month and "board round" – then rather a common custom in rural districts. There were about thirty pupils in all, ranging in age from four to twenty-one. I finished the term successfully. Among my pupils was a black-eyed, roguish boy, whom I once cuffed with a thin spelling-book for some mischief he was doing. In a few days I heard that his father was coming to the school to give me a thrashing. One forenoon, shortly afterwards, as I happened to look out of the window I saw the father laying down a roll of leather at the farther side of a frozen pond just east of the schoolhouse. He then came and rapped on the door. I had heard that he was somewhat eccentric and felt rather anxious as to what would happen. He asked that his boy might get the bundle left near the pond. I let the boy go, and politely invited the father to come in, gave him the only chair, handed him a book in which he could follow the recitation, and did the same at the next recitation. When

it came time to close the school at noon, I invited him to make some remarks, which he did, and in terms of praise. That was the last of the "thrashing."

A short time after my return home, I called one evening with the young man who was teaching in our district on Mr. Samuel H. Ayer at his office in the Lower Village. He was then only twenty-eight, had been practising law there four or five years, and was regarded as a talented man. He was a graduate of Bowdoin college, and had studied law with Franklin Pierce. In the course of the conversation, learning that it was my purpose to work my way through college and then to study law, he emphatically advised me not to try to go through college but to begin the study of law at once, and in his office. I accepted. Every morning I walked the mile and a half carrying my noon lunch, and walked home for supper. Mr. Ayer was at this time a representative from Hillsboro in the Legislature. The next year he became Speaker of the House. He was a warm personal and political friend of Franklin Pierce, and one of the secretaries of the National Democratic convention that nominated Pierce for president. Before 1852, he removed to Manchester where he served as prosecuting attorney for Hillsboro county. Once after Franklin Pierce had just closed a pathetic appeal for the accused in a criminal case, and was laughing at something, Mr. Ayer in summing up the case to the jury, said: "The gentleman is laughing now; a few moments ago he was crying; but I always knew he could laugh and cry in the same minute." When Mr. Ayer died in 1853, at the age of thirty-four, he was one of the best lawyers and one of the most promising public men in New Hampshire.

His office, when I began studying with him, was a

story and a half frame building painted white, with a good-sized room for an office, and a rear bedroom where he slept. I began with Blackstone's *Commentaries*, and followed that with Kent's *Commentaries*. Mr. Ayer was conscientious and strict about my studies and especially about my drawing up legal papers. He gave me once a severe talking to for having endorsed a writ at the wrong end. His accurate way of endorsing and filing papers, I have never forgotten. He was a great student. Sometimes for successive days he would read law books; at other times he would perhaps for weeks read miscellaneous works – Scott's novels or the modern British essayists. He was an admirer of Christopher North.

There were striking events in those days as well as in the present. The electric telegraph was then coming into use. Texas had been annexed two years previously, claiming the Rio Grande as her western boundary. Mexico would not concede this, consequently war broke out in 1847 between the United States and Mexico. Franklin Pierce, who had declined the position of Attorney General in President Polk's cabinet, accepted an appointment of Brigadier-general of Volunteers and in closing up some of his business before leaving for Mexico, came over from Concord to see Mr. Ayer. He left our office without saying goodbye to me, but had not gone four rods when he came back, shook hands with me, and bade me goodbye.

I was occupied a part of the ensuing winter teaching the public school at the Lower Village, having a little over sixty pupils from the age of five to twenty. Several evenings I met with the older boys in the school to assist them in penmanship, and one evening I met them at play on the ice. One of these boys became a Union

soldier in the Civil War. I boarded with Captain Hiram McColly, the prudential committee man, who had hired me.

A young attorney in Boston, a friend of my brother Charles, advised him to have me attend the law school of Harvard university; so Charles kindly offered to send me there one term at his expense. I began the last part of August, or first part of September, 1848. After I had selected a furnished room at a private house – I was to take my meals at Commons hall – who should appear but a young man about two years older than I, who proved to be Austin Corbin of Newport, N. H., afterwards the well-known millionaire of New York and owner of the famous deer park at Peterboro, New Hampshire. He insisted on my occupying a room with him in Divinity hall. We had a sitting room with open fire-place and adjoining room with one bed, in which we slept together to the end of the six month's term. Corbin was a good-natured fellow, and weighed fully one hundred and sixty pounds, or twenty pounds more than I. He used to roll over on me so much at night that I finally put a stick of wood under the mattress to make him keep to his side of the bed. He had no taste for public speaking, but singular as it may seem he had already written two or three novels which had been published. He would sometimes get up an hour or two before daylight, kindle a fire, light the lamp, and go to studying. He pretended to be in favor of slavery, though it may have been to get up a discussion with me. Joel Parker, ex-Chief Justice of New Hampshire, and Theophilus Parsons, formerly leading commercial lawyer in Boston, were the two principal lecturers and instructors in the law school. Franklin Dexter, an eminent retired lawyer of Boston,

lectured on constitutional law, and Luther Cushing on parliamentary law. We had moot courts, debating clubs, and finally a parliament. I once saw Longfellow in the lecture room. There was a fine library at the school, and it was there I first saw and read the memoirs of Sir Samuel Romilly, great chancery lawyer, parliamentary orator, and criminal law reformer. The work made a great impression on me. I became acquainted also with Thomas Russell, a brilliant young man and a native of Plymouth, Mass. He was a brother of William G. Russell, afterwards leader of the Boston bar. I also became acquainted with Horace Gray, afterwards one of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. I accompanied Thomas Russell two or three times that fall to hear Charles Sumner, who was then in his prime, make Free-soil speeches. His voice was magnificent, his figure, intensity, and power showed the perfect orator.

The undergraduates were required to attend prayers daily in the chapel, and services on Sundays, but the law students were not so required. I, however, sometimes attended. One Sunday I had come just a little too late and was standing on the steps, dreading to go in late, when President Edward Everett came along, a little late himself. Without turning his head to look at me, he said: "Don't stand here. Go in." If he had said this in a kind and sympathetic way, I would have done as he said. As it was, as soon as he had passed by me, I turned and went straight to my room. Mr. Everett was a splendid and noble-hearted man, but his manner was cold. I never saw him smile. There had been sorrows in his family life. Doctor Walker, afterwards president of the university, had different manners.

In those days not many expected to go through a full law course at college. So after I had had one term at Harvard, my brother Alonzo, who was keeping house in Boston, offered to give me board at his house and let me study law in that city. I have sometimes asked myself what my life would have been but for my two brothers. Through a fellow student and friend, Micah Dyer jr., I had become acquainted with a law firm in Boston of which a Mr. Nash was a member. He introduced me to the law firm of Brigham and Loring, who consented to let me study law in their office and do a little clerical work as full payment for my tuition. Their office consisted of two large rooms in the second story, 35 Court street, facing Court square and the courthouse. It was a firm of high standing. Mr. William Brigham, the senior member, was a man of some wealth and of considerable political influence in the Whig party. Mr. John A. Loring, the junior member, was a son of a Unitarian minister of Andover, and brother to Dr. George Loring afterwards Commissioner of Agriculture. Opening into their office was that of Whiting and Russell, one of the leading law firms. I naturally stayed in the back office. Each room was heated in the winter by a soft-coal fire in a grate. The janitor acted as messenger for the office. I had considerable clerical work to do. Stenographers and typewriters were of course not known, and it was rather difficult to copy Mr. Brigham's writing. Mr. Loring, on the contrary wrote a handsome, plain hand. Rufus Choate's writing was so illegible that scarcely any one could read it. He wrote with a quill pen and used a great deal of ink, making regular hen's tracks. I once had to copy a page of this, and had been already an hour or two on the work when I got stuck on a

word. Mr. Sidney Bartlett having come in, I ventured to ask him to help me out, though he was one of the leading Boston lawyers and a man of great dignity and reserve. Mr. Bartlett put on his glasses with considerable gravity, and remarking that he guessed he would have to assist me in the matter, took up the paper, and finally told me what the word was. In view of this kindness, it hardly seems fair to repeat the story that used to be told of him. Yet as it arose from his great dignity of manner, it may be in point right here. Someone, while the bar was present at the calling of the docket, seeing him buried in thought exclaimed: "What is brother Bartlett thinking about?" "Oh," was the answer, "He is wondering whether God Almighty made him, or whether he made God Almighty." Among the incidents of those years were my first efforts at trying cases in the Justice court, and my visits to the Leverett street jail to cross-examine poor debtors. The two following entries from my diary, begun in 1847, may be of interest:

October 25, 1848, I was in the immense crowd of people on Boston Common when under the direction of Mayor Josiah Quincy, jr., the Cochituate water was introduced.⁴ Amid martial music, the firing of guns, and loud cheering, a column of water shot up sixty feet or more from a pipe in little "frog" pond.

January 9, 1849, there was considerable excitement among the Boston people about arresting persons for driving fast with their sleighs.

Frequently on Sunday evenings, I attended the meetings of the Washingtonian Temperance society, where I was occasionally called upon to make an address. In March, 1849, I attended the meeting of the Legisla-

⁴ Nathan Hale was one of the water commissioners.

tive Temperance society in the Hall of Representatives and was called upon to speak. Governor George N. Briggs, a notable figure, who from 1843 to 1851 was governor of Massachusetts, and well-known as an earnest temperance man, was in the chair. He was a tall, straight, strongly-built man with strong intellectual countenance. He was singular in never wearing a white linen collar, but instead an old-fashioned high black silk neck-stock such as men used to buckle behind. He was the "Guvener B" whom Lowell made famous in "What Mr. Robinson Thinks" in his *Biglow Papers*.

Guvener B. is a sensible man;
 He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks;
 He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
 An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes;
 But John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

During this time the California gold-mining excitement began and many went west. Most went by way of Cape Horn or through Mexico. It seemed as if they were going to the ends of the earth. I remember the pride with which once when I was alone in the office I drew up a contract for a man who was going to California.

In my journal I find mention of a variety of incidents. At an anti-slavery convention May 30, 1849, much enthusiasm prevailed. A fugitive slave was present who had come from the South to Philadelphia in a box hardly large enough to hold him. Only the preceding month, Sunday evening, April 1, 1849, at the Tremont Temple, Wendell Phillips had said:

Here in this city of the Hancocks and Adamsses, fugitive slaves are not safe. Every law and statute is their foe. Humanity should be strong to trample on this law. You are all against these fugitives

because you support the law which is against them. The churches are against them. They sympathize with the Sandwich Islands — with the heathen, but when has the church attempted to free these millions of their fellow men from bondage? Never. The religion of Jesus ought to lead the vanguard in this work. The ship of the Free-soil party has had a lie flying from its masts.

May 25, 1849, I saw the sword this morning, which is to be presented to General Pierce of New Hampshire. It is said to have cost five hundred dollars. I think New Hampshire had better give her money to promote the cause of common school education or something of that kind.

May 28. I heard Charles Sumner deliver his peace oration before the Peace society at Park street Church. It occupied a full two hours. He denounced war as an arbiter of justice, although it might be necessary in a struggle for liberty.

Wednesday, June 20, I attended the inauguration of President Sparks of Harvard. The programme was a long one.⁵ In going into Harvard hall to the collation, after the governor had entered and most of the big bugs including invited guests, the undergraduates thought it time for them to go in. The police, however, did not want them to be in a hurry and so pushed them back, which resulted in a ten-minute fight. No particular harm was done, I think. The hall was full when I got in.

June 28. I found from statistics at the Mercantile Library association that during the year ending June 30, 1846, there was \$410,103.00 worth of spirituous

⁵ I Voluntary on organ: II Gloria: III Prayer by Reverend Doctor Walker: IV Address and induction into office by Governor Briggs: V Reply by President Sparks on the importance of inculcating religious truth: VI Benediction: VII Oration in Latin by Charles Francis Choate: VIII Latin Hymn by S. A. Lane: IX Inaugural address by President Sparks (It occupied an hour): X Prayer: XI Doxology: XII Benediction.

liquors exported from the United States, and the year ending June 30, 1847, \$379,104.00, whether because there was less made or more drunk, I am not able to say. During the last year there was \$3,130,085.00 worth of intoxicating liquors imported and \$472,872.00 of books.

July 31, I wrote: One week ago last Monday night Frank Dutton and I went up to Dr. Sanborns's farm (in New Hampshire) to help with the hay. We commenced work before sunrise and did not leave off till after sunset. I received five shillings per day. [In those days a shilling was one-sixth of a dollar or sixteen and two-thirds cents.] August 3 was appointed by President Zachary Taylor a fast day in consequence of the fatal ravages of the cholera.

Friday, August 24, 1849. I attended a Free-soil meeting in Phillips place, which notwithstanding the severity of the storm was a very full meeting. It was a business meeting, but as it was announced that the honorable S. P. Chase, United States senator from Ohio, would address the meeting, I went, and was highly entertained. A committee was chosen to nominate delegates to the Worcester convention. After they had retired, Mr. Sumner and Mr. Chase came in, which aroused the enthusiasm of the audience. Before their coming, however, at the call of the meeting, Elizur Wright, editor of the *Chronotype*, came out and made a few remarks mostly upon the character of Mr. Chase, who he said was a son of New England but was now one of the first men in Ohio; that he had shown himself to be the friend of freedom and free-soil; that one of the very first acts of his life after he had established his reputation at the Cincinnati bar, clearly identified him with the cause which we were endeavoring to advance, which was to protect and defend a fugitive slave. Mr.

Sumner being called for, made some animated remarks and concluded by introducing the honorable Mr. Chase. His speech was not restricted to any particular topic, but he took a general view of the Free-soil question and its position in different states.

November 9. Last night I attended a Free-soil meeting at Faneuil hall. The fact that the honorable John Van Buren of New York was to address the meeting, drew a large crowd of people together, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. Van Buren, after acknowledging the honor they had done him by inviting him to speak to them, remarked that since the achievement of our independence the people of the country had been endeavoring to establish freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of schools, etc., but about eighteen months ago a portion of them had begun to do something about establishing the freedom of man. The Free-soil party was often asked what it was going to do after the Wilmot proviso was established; wouldn't they have to disband their ranks. He wished to know what our Revolutionary fathers would have said if they had been asked, when engaging in the battles of their country's freedom, what they would do when they had accomplished their purpose; just as if they were to continue to perform military duty all their lifetime. Mr. Van Buren was down upon "Old Zack" as the saying is.

February 2, 1850. I paid my annual assessment of two dollars to the Mercantile Library association. One dollar I had received that day as a fee, a half dollar I had by me, and the other half I borrowed of my friend Russell. I earned my first fee of one dollar by persuading an Irish girl, who had stolen flour from her mistress, to own up and make reparation.

April 16. I went to a temperance meeting at Tremont Temple, the ticket of admission being six and a quarter cents. This was a little silver piece called "fourpence" and was half the value of a silver piece worth twelve and a half cents which was called "ninepence."

At this time there was a wonderful galaxy of orators and literary men in and near Boston, such as has never been since. Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, Hawthorne, Emerson, Lowell, Bancroft, Prescott, Choate, Webster, Wendell Phillips, Channing, Sumner, Parkman, and others, could frequently be seen on the streets. There were some great pulpit orators. I occasionally went to hear Doctor Lothrop at the Brattle square Church. He wore a silk robe, was large and of imposing presence, and had a splendid baritone voice. He was a fine writer and speaker, yet I have seen his church only half filled. It had at each corner of the tower an angel. A friend tells me that Mr. Durant, the founder of Wellesley College, once said that each was blowing his trumpet a different way. E. H. Chapin also was a pulpit orator of great ability. So rich was his voice that it was a pleasure to hear him even read a hymn. T. Star King of Hollis street Church, who afterwards went to San Francisco, was simply a wonder. One summer I was quite ill. Dr. Walter Channing, my brother's family physician, and a brother of the great William E. Channing, attended me. He once said: "My brother preaches, and I practice."

The nineteenth of April, 1850, was the seventy-fifth anniversary of the battle of Lexington. I went up to attend the celebration and heard Mr. Choate and Edward Everett make addresses. Robert Rantoul and

John G. Palfrey, the historian, also spoke. Judge Hoar was president of the day. On the platform was an old Revolutionary soldier. When he arose to put on his overcoat, Edward Everett rose to assist him and said so that all could hear, "Very pleasant art thou to me Jonathan." Three or four thousand people it was said sat down to the luncheon provided by the town.

During the winter of 1849-1850, I arranged by correspondence to make a temperance address on successive evenings at East Washington, Francestown, and Hillsboro Bridge. At Francestown I was the guest of Mr. Brickett. In my diary I mention having spoken nearly two hours. It gives me a pang to think how I must have tired the good people who came to hear me. At that time it was not uncommon for a great lawyer to occupy three days in an argument, and I must have thought it a mark of ability to talk a long time.

As I expected to be admitted to the bar and to commence the practice of law when I was twenty-one, I began in the summer to look about for a location. I visited Fisherville and Warner, N. H., and Gloucester, Mass., but learning that Nathaniel Partridge, who had just ceased practising law at Newton, Lower Falls, had a little office in that village which he wished to sell, I went to see him. With one hundred dollars, borrowed from one of my brothers, I bought the office building, not including any real estate. It was situated on the main street, and in sight of the Charles river. It had been formerly owned and occupied by Amos Allen, an attorney, who was then about seventy, but who in previous years had long served as postmaster. He was a graduate of Dartmouth, with all the old aristocratic ideas which pertained to college education a century ago. He lived half a mile distant in Needham, where

he had a nice home and beautiful grounds which he cultivated with his own hands. He used to come to the village every morning for his mail. When I got located, he always called in for a minute to see me.

I reached the age of twenty-one, October 27, 1850, and on October 29 was admitted to the bar of Massachusetts to practice in all the courts of the commonwealth. The Supreme Court was not in session in Boston at that particular time, but at East Cambridge. As it was not quite convenient for either Mr. Brigham or Mr. Loring to go over there, Mr. Brigham gave me a letter of introduction to Benj. F. Butler, afterwards the well-known general in the Civil War and Governor of Massachusetts, and then the leader of the Middlesex county bar. He very kindly moved my admission, which was granted, he presenting at the time certificates of my having duly studied law for three years. A certificate of my admission to the bar, under the seal of the court, was then issued by its clerk, Seth Ames, a brother of the well-known statesman of early days, Fisher Ames.

Nearly all the time I was at Newton Lower Falls, I boarded in a private family, attended the only church, an Episcopal one, and sang bass in the choir. It was a fine village—the manufacture of paper its principal industry—and I was kindly treated and welcomed by its people. I was very soon appointed to fill a vacancy on the board of the superintending school committee of the town of Newton, which contained a normal and model school and a seminary, and was then the home of Horace Mann, Barnas Sears, and Nathaniel Hawthorne. When my term expired, I was reëlected by popular vote, my name being on both the democratic and whig tickets. I have always considered this one

of the greatest honors I ever received. S. F. Smith, author of "America" was a colleague as were also Doctor Bigelow, and Doctor Dearborn. Mr. Welch who had been my fellow student in Boston, of his own accord gave me the free use of his membership in the Athenaeum library, then as now a great library in Boston. It was a great enjoyment indeed to bring out to my office some fine English editions of the books I wished to read. I made it a practice to read only law books in the daytime; so it was a luxury to sit down in my office in the evening and read real literature. During my law apprenticeship I had read, besides law works, translations of Horace and Virgil, Burke's *Correspondence* and *Works*, Macaulay's *Essays*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, the *Letters* of Horace Walpole, the *Life* of Sir Samuel Romilly, the *Memoirs* of Sir James Mackintosh, the *Life* of George Canning, Mackintosh's *History of Civilization*, Gibbon's *Autobiography*, Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, Allison's *History of Europe*, and others.

There was a course of lectures at Newton Lower Falls in the winter, and Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Horace Mann, and Edwin P. Whipple were among the speakers. Mr. Phillips gave his address on "The Lost Arts." I was invited to give the closing lecture, which I did on "The Social Compact." It took me some weeks to prepare it. That practice of preparing a lecture every winter for some literary society, which I delivered without pay, I kept up for years. The second Lyceum lecture I wrote while in Newton was on "The Formation of our National Constitution" and my study for the purpose deeply impressed me with the serious condition of the country under the Articles of Confederation, and the patriotic spirit of compro-

mise which actuated the people north and south in adopting our Constitution.

One rainy forenoon, Fred Curtis and I were playing chess in my office. I had never done such a thing before and never have since. I regarded it as highly improper to indulge in any such amusement during office hours and in a business office, but it being a rainy morning I had felt sure nobody would come in. However, it was not long before my old friend Amos Allen called. He, of course, looked terribly shocked. Had I been committing a felony, he could not have looked more distressed.

The village of Newton Lower Falls was at that time partly in Middlesex and partly in Norfolk counties, the Charles river being the dividing line, so I naturally attended court in both counties. I used to walk sometimes the eight miles to Dedham, the county seat of Norfolk county. To obtain practice before a jury, I defended without pay several persons indicted for crime. My first case was that of a man who was tried for burning during the night, a barn near a dwelling, a high crime with severe state's prison punishment. The trial occupied a whole day. He had no witnesses, and was convicted, but told me he was well satisfied with what I had done for him. My client in a case in court in Concord was a stable keeper. For him I obtained what was considered a remarkably good verdict of damages. He told me that some one asked B. F. Butler, who was present in the court, who I was, and that Mr. Butler replied "He is nobody's fool."

It was while sitting in the back office of Brigham and Loring in Boston, that I read Webster's seventh of March speech, "The Constitution and the Union," very soon after it was delivered in 1850. It was a speech

which made a great sensation at the time and a deep impression on me. I then felt, and have always felt, that in making that speech he was actuated by motives of the highest patriotism. It was indeed a great speech. While my sympathies were strongly anti-slavery, I felt it to be the duty of every patriot to uphold the compromises of the Constitution. I think it was in the early part of 1852 that a communication of mine advocating the nomination of Webster for President was printed in the Boston *Daily Advertiser*.

I had often heard Webster speak. In a divorce case, pending before Justice Fletcher of the Supreme Court at Cambridge, Mr. Webster appeared for the husband, the petitioner, and Mr. Choate for the respondent, the wife. Mr. Webster took down the evidence with his own hand using many quill-pens, and his son Fletcher sat by his side busy mending the pens. The parties were young, there had been indiscreet frolicking on the part of the wife, but Mr. Choate whose argument was replete with pathos and philosophy, urged that the conduct did not justify a final sundering of sacred marriage relations. The court held the same view, delayed a decision, and there was a reconciliation. Mr. Choate's interpretation of the springs of human life worked reformation in many a litigant. Mr. Webster in beginning his argument warmly complimented Mr. Choate whom he compared with the great Athenian orator. Referring indignantly to the young man whose indiscretion had caused the trouble, Mr. Webster threw both his hands up over his left shoulder and bringing them down forcibly, exclaimed, "Why didn't she knock him down with a broomstick?"

I had heard Daniel Webster on many occasions when the opportunity for hearing was of the best. I had

heard him in the United States court and had sat in the bar of that court by the hour just to look at him. Among other addresses, I had heard his eulogy on Jeremiah Mason and his two last speeches in Faneuil hall. There were no seats on the main floor of Faneuil hall. The audience stood packed together. Each time that I heard him there I stood in the crowd about thirty feet in front of him. I do not know of any place in this country so much like the old Roman forum as Faneuil hall. Webster generally had copious notes on separate sheets of paper neatly folded and indorsed so that he could easily refer to them but he did not often do so. He always wore in public a loosely fitting swallow-tail coat – such as were then worn in business hours – buttoned up, the tail part wide, trousers of the same material, a white cravat and turn-down collar. His clothing was of the richest material and always seemed new. As an orator he was an artist in voice and manner, yet in no sense artificial. There was such natural grandeur and majesty in his appearance when he stood on the platform before an audience that it was enough to look at him without even hearing his voice. His eyes were wonderful. “His look drew audience still as night.” No wonder that the people of his time called him god-like. There was at times a terribleness in his oratory which was all impressive and which like the charge of a phalanx carried everything before it. The more I read his productions and the more I think of his wonderful personality, the more do I feel that it will be a thousand years before the world will look upon his like again. I have seen many portraits, busts, and statues of Webster, and think the truest likeness of him – the one that portrays most truly the real majesty of his expression – is the bronze statue in front of the state house at Concord, New Hampshire.

His speech, delivered in Faneuil hall, October, 1848, for the election of Zachary Taylor, was an elaborate argument for a high tariff. He began it with those well-known words: "Once again, friends and fellow citizens, once again, and quite unexpectedly I find myself in Faneuil hall. And I feel all the recollections of the past gathering upon me. I hear a thousand voices, silent elsewhere, but always speaking here, admonishing me, and admonishing you, to perform the whole duty which we owe to our country." I think it was on this occasion that Rufus Choate introduced him in a short address of characteristic eloquence in which he applied to Webster the lines,

Though born for the universe he narrowed his mind
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

Choate's marvelously rich voice never was more charming than on that occasion, and I vividly recall Webster's serious, almost amazed look as he turned his eyes up to the speaker. Affectionate relations always existed between the two men. Genuine touches of humor were scattered through Webster's speeches. In this one he read a very short letter by Martin Van Buren, opposing candidate for the presidency, disapproving the tariff of 1842. It was a little clipping only about an inch wide, and after reading it, Webster, with both hands, slowly, as if it was as much as he could possibly do to lift it, laid it upon the table with a grimace. At another time, when speaking in answer to some one's clamor against the country's getting so into debt, Webster exclaimed, thrusting one hand into his trouser's pocket, "What is the public debt? I'll pay it myself."

His last speech delivered in Faneuil hall was made May 22, 1852. During the first part of his speech, his left arm was in a sling, from the effects of his fall from

a wagon the previous week at Marshfield. He took the two or three steps on to the platform very quickly as if to indicate strength and activity. Yet it was known that he was not in good health. It was in that address, which was non-partisan, that he paid a touching encomium to that merchant prince of Boston, Col. Thomas H. Perkins, founder of the first blind asylum in this country. At his request, Colonel Perkins, who was seated on the platform just behind Mr. Webster, modestly stood up for a moment that the audience might see him. That day I wrote in my diary: Went into Boston this afternoon to hear Webster speak in Faneuil hall. The time appointed for him to speak was four o'clock, but at about three the hall was densely crowded. He spoke on general matters and not upon politics except to say that he had no new opinions to express, no assurances to make, no platform but his life and character. Times before have I heard him in Faneuil hall when his speeches were received with more enthusiasm because they were heard; but never have I seen him when he himself excited so great enthusiasm. When he entered and came on to the platform the cheering was very loud and protracted. And it was the same again when he came forward to speak. He was dressed in very fine taste having on a dark green dress-coat, a handsome buff vest with gold buttons, and black trousers.

But the Whig convention which met in Baltimore in June, 1852, did not nominate Webster for the presidency. He was doubtless greatly disappointed. Yet Friday, July 9, I wrote: Mr. Webster was received with great pomp and display by his friends. Thousands of citizens were in the procession which escorted him through the streets to the Common where he was

welcomed by the Honorable J. T. Stevenson of Boston. The heat was excessive so that the demonstration made by the people was a sure test of their high regard for him. I saw Webster and the whole procession from Mr. Brigham's office windows.

On October 22, news was received in Boston that Mr. Webster, who had been ill some weeks, could probably live but a few hours.

On Sunday October 24, I wrote, in Newton Lower Falls: This morning I took a long walk, and when returning at about half past nine, heard the report of a number of heavy cannon, probably from Boston, which I doubt not were intended to proclaim the death of Mr. Webster. We shall know tomorrow morning whether he is yet alive. We were but twelve miles from Boston proper, but the telegraph was not yet very common, and the telephone unknown.

Monday October 25. The court adjourned till two weeks from today in consequence of the death of Daniel Webster, who died at his home at Marshfield yesterday morning at twenty-two minutes before three. His last words were "I still live" uttered a few hours before life was extinct. He breathed his last calmly. From the expressions of respect and sorrow which are everywhere observed, one might well infer that "the foremost man of all this world" was dead. Swift as light the sad news spread to the farthest cities in the land, and we heard by noon today of the action taken by the Mayor of New Orleans in regard to the event.

November 8. Edward Everett takes the place of Mr. Webster as Secretary of State. The appointment meets with universal satisfaction.

From my diary, May 3, 1854: Attended a supper of the Parent Washington temperance society at Cochitu-

ate hall . . . I was introduced to Rev. Theodore Parker and had some conversation with him about his discourse on Mr. Webster. I told him I never believed his strictures on his character were owing to ill-feeling in the least toward him. "Far from it! Far from it, sir!" said he with emphasis. He added "What I said was true and that will be the judgment of posterity. In regard to Mr. Webster's course on the northeastern boundary question, I obtained information which only two other men in the country possess—information which I am convinced Mr. Choate did not have. Mr. Choate's eulogy is the eulogy of an advocate."

In my diary, on Sunday, March 8, 1857, I noted. Finished Mr. Webster's seventh of March speech. I am astonished. That speech went beyond the sentiments of New England at the time it was delivered. I know it went beyond my feelings. I thought Mr. Webster a demagogue. Now if a man should deliver such a speech he would be considered a "black republican" or free-soiler. Mr. Webster is now left behind public opinion on slavery; certainly behind the recent decision of the Supreme Court. I have read his speech four times or more. I appreciate it and think him to have been actuated by patriotic motives. It is fair and impartial.

Later, after I had moved back to Boston, I acted with the independents in a municipal election, in electing as mayor Jacob Sleeper, later a founder of Boston university and of Jacob Sleeper hall. He had been one of my brother's customers and I knew his character. In his interest a mass meeting over which William Brigham presided was held in Faneuil hall. There were to be several speakers, I among them, but as the time approached for me to be called upon, a feeling of

awe at standing on that platform, where I had seen Webster, overcame me, and I asked Mr. Brigham not to call on me.

Henry Clay had died the previous June. In my diary I noted, that in an address delivered by Mr. Clay before some law association, he said that in his early life he spent much time acquiring a faculty for extempore speaking, and was accustomed to go out into the barn and speak for an hour or more at a time with the cattle for his auditors.

An accommodation train ran several times a day from Newton Lower Falls to Boston. Late in the afternoon of June 5, 1852, Mr. Lemuel Crehore, Thomas Rice, and a few other business men of the place who had just come from Boston on the train, came into my office and gave me the surprising information that Franklin Pierce had been nominated by the Democratic National convention for President, and wanted to know of me what kind of a man he was. Pride in my native state and in his father, Governor Pierce, made me give a glowing account of him. He did not have a vote till the thirty-fifth ballot, when he received fifteen votes from Virginia. On the next ballot he had thirty votes, and for the nine succeeding ones he had twenty-nine. Then he received forty-one, then forty-nine, fifty-five, two hundred and eighty-two, or all but six of the votes cast. General Lewis Cass was the leading candidate throughout. Buchanan, Douglas and Marcy were prominent candidates, as were General Houston and General Butler.

Some weeks later, on a trip to Hillsboro, I called at General Pierce's office in Concord. He was alone, occupied in filling a bushel basket with unopened newspapers. On my referring to his prospects for election,

he simply said that the Democratic party seemed to be well united, which was certainly the fact. General Pierce was looking well. He wore a Prince Albert coat, a light colored or white vest, and when in the street a light colored stove-pipe hat with wide black band as was then the fashion. He always was very erect. On election day I happened to meet him again at the Concord railway station. He was about to take the train for Hillsboro to go to his brother Henry's at the Lower Village, evidently to escape the election excitement. He wore a glazed cap, looked very pale, and seemed almost in disguise.

It was something to have paid my expenses in Newton in those early years, but as the prospect there for much practice was not promising, I removed to Boston the winter of 1852-1853, and shared an office with a Mr. Pierce at 35 Court street, on the same floor with Brigham and Loring. For some weeks I boarded with Charles, who had married Miss Julia Seavy. Later I had a room on the fourth floor of the United States hotel – a good many stairs to climb, there being no elevators in those days.

At that time it was the practice in Massachusetts, and perhaps still is, for the Supreme Court judges to hold jury trials in certain cases, one judge presiding in certain civil cases, and three judges presiding in capital criminal cases. January 1854, I was appointed by the Supreme Court junior counsel (Richard H. Dana jr. author of *Two Years before the Mast* and one of the leading lawyers, being the senior counsel) for a prisoner who was to be tried for murdering his wife. Chief Justice Shaw, a great jurist, and justices Merrick and Bigelow (afterwards Chief Justice) were the judges. Rufus Choate was attorney-general assisted by George

P. Sanger, district attorney. I believe it was the first capital case in which Mr. Choate appeared as prosecutor, and that alone would naturally excite unusual interest. His presence in any such case always packed the court room. In capital cases the prisoner has a right to object to quite a number of jurors. I informed myself of the names and occupations of the jurors who had been drawn and formed the resolution, which I believe was unsound, to obtain a jury of men in humble life, thinking they would be more likely to have sympathy for the prisoner. As it turned out, the two men who held out for acquittal were of the middle class and of more than ordinary intelligence. As junior counsel it was my duty, after the state had presented all its evidence, to make the opening address in behalf of the prisoner. I naturally had done my best in preparing my address. I quoted from text books and decisions to explain the principle that the prosecution must prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the prisoner was guilty of the crime with which he was charged. I dwelt upon the prejudice and suspicion usually excited against any one openly charged with a high crime, and of the readiness of people to believe the worst before knowing the facts. I quoted from an old English writer, Doctor Barrow, that "the punishment of the guilty is a remote uncertain good; the punishment of the innocent is a near-certain evil; wherefore, it is better that a hundred guilty persons escape than that one innocent person should suffer." In referring to the mistakes juries are liable to make in deciding cases on circumstantial evidence, I mentioned the volume I had before me of Wills on *Circumstantial Evidence*, which contained many capital cases wrongly decided, where innocent persons had been executed. Upon that Mr. Choate got

up and kindly whispered to me that the Court would not allow me to read any of those cases. I thanked him, but I was already aware that the Court would not let me read the cases to the jury, they being historical statements and not rules of law. I thought, however, that it would do my client good to be denied something, and as it turned out, I was right. So in due time I took up the volume and said I would read some of these statements of erroneous verdicts. Immediately Chief Justice Shaw interposed and said it would not be proper for me to read them. Some weeks after the trial, in a talk I had with one of the two jurors who stood out for acquittal, he of his own accord alluded to the Court's refusing to let me read from the book I wanted to and said he thought the Court ought to have allowed me to do so. Mr. Choate, in course of his argument, referred to my address as "the clear opening of my young friend." To be so spoken of by the foremost lawyer and orator of the country was extremely delightful to a boy of twenty-four. Mr. Dana in his argument the next day remarked that all I said was well said, and inquired of me later who was the old English philosopher I had quoted.

Rufus Choate was about six feet in height, well built, and must have weighed about 160 pounds. He had a fine head, prominent straight nose, black and brilliant eyes, high cheek bones, black curly hair, swarthy complexion, shaved face, except some rather thin whiskers down the sides of his cheeks. He had a deep, rich, musical voice which was wonderfully effective in his nervous style. I very often saw and heard him in the courts. I quote from my diary: September 20, 1848. I went over to Boston to hear Choate in the Burton case. After most people interested had come in, Mr.

Choate appeared and there was some little sensation especially among the students. He had under his arm a green silk bag containing his papers, and a green silk umbrella. He wore a white hat and snuff-colored coat. We soon ascertained, however, that not having completed the examination of his witnesses, it was doubtful whether he would speak today, so in a short time we left. A few days later, Choate spoke considerably over two hours for the respondent. Webster followed with a very brilliant argument of two hours and ten minutes for the litigant.

The following May, Choate spoke in the Crafts case. Crafts and his wife were two escaped fugitive slaves, the wife nearly white, and it was said a descendant of an aristocratic Georgia family. I had heard Crafts give in Tremont Temple, an account of their journey north. Narrated in his crude manner, it was very amusing and interesting. The man came as servant or slave to his wife, who, disguised in men's clothes passed for his master. Wendell Phillips had spoken after him, endeavoring to excite sympathy for the slave and indignation against the laws which support slavery. May 28, when Choate was to commence his argument in the case, the court-room was densely crowded half an hour before the judge came in. About fifty ladies occupied seats behind the bar. Quite a number of country clergymen were present. I was obliged to stand up all the time in the crowd. I stayed till interruption time. Mr. Choate commenced by saying that he did not know, as the world goes, that Mr. Crafts, his family or friends, had much cause to wonder that a feeling or prejudice existed against him. There was such a combination of circumstances and artificial influences it was impossible it should be otherwise. The

finding of the letters gave an irresistable impulse in that direction. Added to this was the readiness of a certain class of people to believe the worst thing of the best man or woman after a suspicion of something wrong has been hinted. By this time Mr. Choate had spoken for an hour, his collar was turned down by perspiration and looked quite dingy. This I had noticed on many occasions. Two days later Choate concluded his argument in the defense of Crafts. It was said to be one of his best arguments. His tremulous tones were tears without their weakness. He was not excessive in gesticulation, but his whole frame was often in motion. He took down testimony himself, and when not speaking was always writing with a quill pen, except when after his own argument had been made, he had to listen to the closing argument of an opponent. The consequence was that when he rose to speak he had a pile of manuscript before him, a sheet of which, letter size, he would generally hold. His hands trembled. When the afternoon session began he would appear with a fresh collar. He was very humorous as well as pathetic. He quoted frequently from Burke. I never heard Mr. Choate use a harsh or petulant word. He had a royal and kindly nature which endeared him to everyone.

Mr. Loring, of the firm I studied with, was once junior to Mr. Choate in a civil case at New Bedford. He told me that sitting in the railroad car on the way there, Mr. Choate seemed all the time to be thinking of the case and occasionally would ask him how such and such a point could be met. In his eulogy on Daniel Webster, he speaks of Webster at Marshfield and of the "seat, under the noble elm, on which he used to sit to feel the southwest wind at evening, or hear the

breathings of the sea." He closes with the words "Hereafter the same view shall take in and the same emotions greet the harbor of the pilgrims and the tomb of Webster." Such imagery and noble thoughts were characteristic of his jury arguments of which no record has been preserved. Illustrating Mr. Choate's humor, this story was told of a student in his office: Having done some service for a client in Mr. Choate's absence, he later apologized to Mr. Choate for the smallness of the fee he had taken. But, he said, it was all the money the man had.

"Oh," replied Mr. Choate, "if you took all that he had, that was sufficiently professional."

Once in a case he was trying, a witness on the opposite side had been giving his testimony in a very sanctimonious manner. In cross-examination, Mr. Choate first asked:

What is your occupation?

Sir, I am a candle of the Lord.

Of what denomination?

Sir, I am a Baptist.

Oh-ho, then you are a dipped candle, said Mr. Choate.

Jeremiah Mason, who for many years had retired from law practice, was a striking figure I frequently saw. He lived on that part of Tremont street opposite the Common called Colonnade row. He was over six feet tall, of large size, somewhat stooping, had a very large head, high and full forehead, gray eyes, and small nose. Some one once asked Daniel Webster who was the greatest lawyer in the United States. He replied: "John Marshall, of course. But if any one were to get me in a corner with his hand at my throat, and say, 'Now Webster, *on honor*, who is the greatest lawyer in this country?' I should have to say Jeremiah Mason."

Kansas and the Anti-slavery Agitation of 1854 to 1857

The year 1854 was memorable for the reopening of the slavery agitation by the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, repealing the Missouri Compromise.

When the National Constitution was framed in 1787, slavery had existed in most of the colonies over a hundred years. Several had abolished it, and according to the prevailing sentiment of the country, it was an evil that would gradually terminate. Some of the outspoken opponents of slavery were from Virginia. Washington in his will liberated his slaves. In a spirit of compromise and to gratify two slaveholding states, the abolition of the slave trade (importation of Africans) was by our Constitution postponed twenty years. The Act of Congress abolishing the slave trade took effect January 1, 1808, and it was supposed that this would have a powerful effect in extinguishing slavery. The very year, 1787, that the convention sitting in Philadelphia framed the Constitution providing that the slave trade be abolished in twenty years, Congress sitting in New York passed the ordinance excluding slavery forever from all the northwest territory. Slave labor was poor and slow. A friend, the late Horatio Mann, thus described it:

In the late fifties, I was on a plantation in the South, where each slave was given a plot of land to cultivate for himself, after his day's work was done. One day, while walking out into the cotton-fields, I came upon Sambo, and out of curiosity I asked him how much he had to do that day.

Well, Marsa, Sambo mus' go down dis heah row, up de nex, and den down to whar yo' see dat flag.

Now Sambo I said, if you went right to work and kept at it till one o'clock, you could finish your day's stint and have all the rest of the day for yourself.

You all don' understan' hit, marsa, said Sambo, Ef Sambo loaf 'long, den wuk a bit, den stop an' stan' 'roun, den wuk a bit moah, and so keep a gwine till foah or five 'clock, den Sambo don' have no moah to do nex' mawnin'. But ef Sambo wuk rite smaht an' git tru by one 'clock, den dey gibb Sambo moah wuk de nex' day.

A fair example of the efficiency of slave labor.

The southern slaves as a whole were treated kindly. The fact that during the Civil War they remained peacefully toiling at the homes of the planters, so many of whom were absent, shows the kind relations that existed between master and slave. But labor paid only with board and clothes is not the most economical. Before the war the largest cotton crop that was ever produced in the South was four million bales. In recent years, with free labor, the cotton crop has reached fifteen million bales. The invention of the cotton gin, a simple wire machine through which cotton could be drawn and the cotton seeds excluded, gave a great impulse to the production of cotton, and made slave labor more profitable and desirable in the South than it had been. As years passed, pro-slavery sentiment increased in the South and anti-slavery sentiment increased in the North. Out of Louisiana, purchased in 1803 from France, three new slave states were formed. Florida, purchased from Spain, was added as another slave state. Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi came in as additional slave states. Then Texas was admitted with the privilege of being made into four slave states. In all, nine additional slave states were admitted into the Union after the adoption of our Constitution. This

extension of slavery naturally increased the anti-slavery feeling in the North, and when Missouri was admitted into the Union as a slave state in 1820, it was admitted only with the compromise that north of line $36^{\circ} 30'$ slavery should be prohibited. Another thing that intensified anti-slavery feeling in the North was the practice in South Carolina of imprisoning free colored men arriving at Charleston on northern vessels, and holding them till the vessels sailed; this on the ground that they might make trouble with the slaves. It was an illegal proceeding to which the North submitted only for the sake of peace. Yet the great mass of northern people, including such men as Abraham Lincoln – notwithstanding that slavery had extended so much and had become so aggressive – conceded to the slaveholding states absolute control of their local institutions, free from interference. Abolitionists, like Wendell Phillips and his adherents, were an extremely small minority.

The Compromise measures of 1850, supported by Clay and Webster, included the admission of California as a free state; the organization of New Mexico and Utah as territories, with or without slavery as the people thereof might determine; a fugitive slave law, under which an alleged fugitive slave could be returned to his master on the decision of the United States Circuit Court Commissioner, the fugitive's own testimony, however, not being admissible in the case; and a law that a slave taken into the District of Columbia for sale should be set free. The whole of Utah and part of New Mexico were north of $36^{\circ} 30'$ latitude, and the admission of slavery therein was in violation of the Missouri Compromise principle. But as Daniel Webster said in his seventh of March, 1850, speech,

there was no likelihood whatever that slavery would be introduced into either territory; and with the hope that slavery agitation would cease and that better relations would exist between the North and South, a majority of the northern people were disposed to acquiesce in the 1850 compromise. However, through the influence of the slave states and of northern politicians who wished their support, a new aggressive act in the interest of slavery followed within four years. The Missouri Compromise of 1820 had forever excluded slavery from the territory out of which Kansas and Nebraska were organized; but the Act of Congress of May 30, 1854, organizing those territories, violated it in these words: "It being the true intent and meaning of this act not to legislate slavery into any territory or state, nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States." This and the unlawful acts of border proslavery people in Missouri in trying to force slavery into Kansas greatly increased anti-slavery sentiment throughout the North and led to the organization of the Republican party. Although the Democratic party elected James Buchanan president in 1856, the anti-slavery sentiment gained such strength that Abraham Lincoln was elected in 1860.

Unfortunate is the young man with political aspirations. Perhaps it was not strange that I, who so admired Washington, Adams, and Webster, should have desired to attempt to emulate them. Yet I wish some one could have shown me how much more truly influential is the man who is absolutely independent of political preferment. I had had thoughts of emigrating

either west or south, and even had thought of Florida. Naturally the organization of the new territories, Kansas and Nebraska, fired my ambition and I decided to remove to Kansas. I closed my business, packed my books, which I remember were shipped in several boxes via Ogdenburg and the Great Lakes, and went to Hillsboro to take leave of my parents. When I said good-bye to my sister Sibyl, she shed tears and said she would never see me again. Kansas seemed far more remote then, than does Alaska now.

[As indicating the deep interest and public sentiment of the period in what was the greatest issue before the country, the editor has included the following excerpts from the diary of 1854.]

Sunday February 5, 1854. There is considerable talk now about the territorial bill introduced in the Senate of the United States by Mr. Douglas, for Nebraska. One feature of it is the repeal of the Missouri Compromise of 1820, excluding slavery from the northwest territory. Mr. Douglas claims that the Compromise bill of 1850 repealed the Missouri Compromise and yet he wishes his bill to do the same thing. This effrontery is astonishing. Not a statesman who spoke on the Compromise bill of 1850 ever admitted or intimated that such was its effect. On Friday, S. P. Chase of Ohio made an able speech in reply to Douglas.

Tuesday February 7. It appears from tonight's paper that Mr. Cass voted in favor of Chase's amendment to strike out of Douglas's bill the clause repealing the Compromise of 1820. The vote stood: For the amendment thirteen; against it thirty.

February 9. Went this evening to hear Henry Ward Beecher at Park church on slavery. The house was full and hundreds went away unable to gain even ad-

mission. The lecture was nearly two hours long. The feeling relative to the Nebraska question gave a peculiar interest to the lecture. Mr. Beecher gave a history of slavery in the United States. It had grown in consequence of northern concession. When the Union was created, slavery was regarded even by Southerners as a disgrace and an evil which ought to be abolished rather than increased. The South always stood as a unit in defence of their institution; the North was always divided. The South did the governing, and the North did the work and made the country rich. The North made the houses, ploughs, rakes, harnesses, whips, and other tools for the South. She educated her sons. The South was behind the North in enterprise and business. Carolina was somewhere in the middle ages and Mississippi was behind the pyramids. Northern statesmen neglected their duty on this question. The church was false to the great truths of religion. The North was responsible for the extension of slavery.

Sunday February 12. Went to the Music hall to hear Theodore Parker on the Nebraska question. Those states, he said, which had been made of the territory which had been dedicated to freedom by the ordinance of 1787 and compromise of 1820 had no slave soil in them – except what was contained in the shoes of Senator Douglas and his coadjutors. The hall was crowded. Mr. Parker said the Whig party was the money party, the dollar was their idol. The Democratic party adhered to the majority no matter what the majority did; it was gospel to them. They coveted the wealth of the Whigs and when they got it they grew conservative with the Whigs.

Thursday February 16. Considerable excitement prevails here and in fact in most of the northern states

about the Nebraska bill and the repeal of the Compromise of 1820. Mr. Everett has made a speech against the bill. His speech is considerably praised but it was not so strong as Senator Chase's I think. Truman Smith of Connecticut followed Mr. Everett on the same side. Senator Houston of Texas is also against it. In the House several New York democrats have in debates on other topics taken occasion to denounce Douglas's bill in the strongest terms. It will probably pass the Senate, but as matters appear now will be defeated in the House. There is a convention of the Free-soilers today at Faneuil hall, to oppose this nefarious measure. They have a session this evening and I think I shall attend.

February 17. Went to Faneuil hall last evening. The meeting must be regarded on the whole as a failure, I think – at least it does not come up to the reasonable expectations of people.

February 23. Attended the Whig meeting at Faneuil hall this afternoon assembled to protest the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Hon. Samuel A. Elliot presided. As Judge Russell remarked to me, he was the best and the worst man they could have for that purpose – as having voted in favor of the Fugitive Slave law. Hon. George S. Hillard was speaking while I was there and with great success. When I left for tea, Reverend Doctor Blagden was speaking. What he said amounted to but little. In one part of his speech he attempted to justify slavery, but there were loud cries of "Shame! Shame!" and he passed to another topic.

March 4. The Nebraska bill passed the Senate this morning at five o'clock. The discussion was warm – angry, I am told. It passed: thirty-seven yeas; four-

teen nays. Senator Everett stayed till half past three, and then left.

March 6. Mr. Banks says all the offices under the territorial government are bought by votes in favor of the bill.

My departure from Boston for the West, May 30, 1854, was made in the midst of the Fugitive Slave Riots. I had been present in Faneuil hall the previous Friday evening and had listened to the denunciations by Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker of the Fugitive Slave law, and to the resolutions adopted, quoting Philip Sidney that "What is not just is not law, and what is not law should not be obeyed." I had seen the excited crowds of people rush from Faneuil hall up to the courthouse where the negro fugitive slave, Anthony Burns of Virginia, was in custody of a deputy United States marshal and assistants. I had stood but a few rods away when the mob, in the darkness of the night, beat down the door of the courthouse. To me, the sound was awful and wicked. The mob broke down the door, shot, and killed the innocent deputy marshal, the head of a poor family, but did not rescue the slave. The day I left Boston the investigation of the facts as to Burns being a fugitive slave was going on before the United States Commissioner.⁶ The courthouse was guarded by United States marines from the Charleston navy-yard and the courthouse square was thronged with State militia summoned to assist in enforcing the United States law for the return of fugitive slaves. While I hated slavery, I felt that under the compromise of the Constitution there was no honorable escape from re-

⁶ Later the commissioner decided that Burns was a fugitive slave and he was taken down State Street with an ample guard and put aboard a vessel for his destination. Subsequently he was purchased by benevolent people and set free.

turning fugitive slaves. During the years I had been in Boston, I had frequently heard the abolition orators, Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison and had also occasionally heard escaped slaves relate their experiences, but my loyalty to the Constitution had not been lessened.

I went to Kansas, via Albany and Buffalo, where I saw my cousin, Harrison Chase, and thence on the Grand Trunk railroad through part of Canada to Chicago, then a city of about one hundred and fifty thousand people. It was undergoing elevation, and the high wooden sidewalks were reached by steps. The railroad from Chicago to Alton was unfinished and at La Salle the passengers had to walk over a hill. I was very tired, for I had travelled about a week, day and night, and had lost considerable sleep. There were then no sleeping-cars. From Alton I went by steamboat to St. Louis, and I felt deep emotion at being for the first time on the bosom of the great Mississippi. From St. Louis another boat took me to Fort Leavenworth. Most people travelled by steamboat then. The river boats were much superior to what they are now.

[Conditions in Kansas during Mr. Andrews's first months there are perhaps best set forth by excerpts from his diary here given.]

Wednesday June 7, 1854, on board steamer Isabel, Missouri river. It is now half past five P.M. and since one o'clock the steamboat has been aground in the middle of the river and the prospect of our getting started again seems dubious. May 29, I had the pleasure of settling up the case of Daily vs. Winslow. I received upwards of one hundred and fifty dollars. Left Boston Tuesday morning, May 30, at nine o'clock; reached

Albany at half past five, where I stayed over night with my cousin, Luther A. Chase. Wednesday, May 31, left Albany at half past seven on the New York Central, passed through Schenectady, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo, and reached Niagara Falls at half past nine P.M. Put up at the International hotel. June 1. I went over Suspension bridge and went through Canada to Detroit, which we reached a little before ten. June 2, left Detroit at nine o'clock for Chicago via the Michigan Central road. In Michigan, beautiful groves of large elms of the noblest shape were visible from the cars, with farms and villages intermingled. Arrived at Chicago at eleven o'clock. Went first to the Tremont house but that was so full I could not get a room. I then went to the Lake house which I found convenient and tidy. Left Chicago at half past nine June 3, on the Illinois Central for Alton, which I reached at half past three the next morning, Sunday, greatly fatigued. Started at five on the steamboat *Reindeer* down the Mississippi and reached St. Louis at seven A.M. I was greatly surprised to see the streets so desolate and to see so many bar-rooms open at different corners. Everything down to the minutest piece of furniture appeared different from what I had been used to seeing in Boston. At four on Monday came aboard the *Isabel* and left the levee at eight.

Thursday June 8. The steamer got detached from the sand-bar at eight o'clock last evening, and we have been coming on ever since. It is tedious.

Saturday June 10, Weston, Missouri. At two o'clock today arrived at Fort Leavenworth. With Mr. Finch, editor of the Weston (Mo.) *Reporter*, and Mr. William C. James of Council Bluffs, I went on shore and called on Colonel Fauntleroy and then on Mr. Rich

and delivered the letters of introduction from Captain Ingals. I was told that Mr. Mix was the only one who entertained people at his house, but I found that although the garrison was crowded I could obtain board there for a limited period at the rate of six dollars per week. Mr. Finch advised me to come here to Weston four miles from Fort Leavenworth as even better board could here be obtained at a cheaper rate.

Sunday June 11, I am located at the City hotel. I do not like the place. The house is crowded and the price is a dollar a day, while the accommodations are not an equivalent for that money. Weston is not very well situated for a city. It has a number of high hills. Its streets are filled with dirt.

Tuesday. Spent a few minutes in the court of Common Pleas. Judge McCurdy to whom I was introduced yesterday presides. He seems to be a gentleman. But there is little dignity in the court. The court room is up two flights of stairs; it is badly enough furnished and had formerly been used as a theatre on a small scale. There are two old tables and a few chairs, some without backs. Some of the lawyers were lying down. The judge had his feet up on a desk. Mr. Voohries and Mr. Pitt, the democratic and whig candidates for Congress were present. They would hardly pass for ordinary men in Boston, it seems to me. Every one seems to affect a carelessness in dress. Pitt had on a coat exactly like that worn by Squeers in *Nicholas Nickelby*.

Wednesday June 14, Fort Leavenworth. Left Weston this morning and came to Mr. Mix's. Have a large room on the lower floor. He furnishes food for the officers; will charge six dollars a week.

Friday, June 16. Where I am boarding are a num-

ber of lieutenants of the army. Mr. Thomas, a district-attorney in some county in Indiana, spent the night here. This forenoon he came in with a Mr. John A. Halderman of Lexington, Kentucky, an attorney who has been in practise about six months and proposes to try his fortunes here.

Saturday June 17. This forenoon I was introduced to Judge Thompson of Westport, Missouri, who is a candidate for the governorship of this territory. I am told he possesses considerable natural ability but is entirely uneducated. I understand Dr. Lowery of Missouri, stands a good chance of getting the appointment. The Missourians seem to think themselves entitled to all the offices in the territory. They appear determined, about here at least, to introduce slavery into the territory, and throw out threats and intimidations against all who wish otherwise. At a meeting at Westport the people resolved that though wishing nothing but peace, they were ready to resort to the last argument in defending their right to introduce every species of property here.

Though it was very hot today, I walked down to Salt Creek, three miles and back. There is a store there, and a registry of land claims has been established there by the squatters. About four hundred Mormons are encamped (under their wagons) there. I was told a number were sick. Saw a sad sight of a burial on a hillside of three victims of disease.

Wednesday June 21. This afternoon, though it was very hot, I walked to Salt Creek to attend an Indian council. A mile from here I found a man by the roadside ill with cholera. There were three men with him. On arriving at Salt Creek I saw a number of Indians sitting on the grass, but I learned that the principal at-

traction was a squatter's trial at the house of a trader near by. On going there I found a room full of men. Three were sitting on a bed acting as judges. The middle one was Mr. Finch, editor of the *Weston Reporter*. The question was: had A. who made his claim to land before the territorial bill was passed, or B. whose claim was since made, the valid title to the land. Barnes of Weston appeared for the subsequent claimant, and Abell for the prior one.

Thursday June 22. Learned today that the cholera patient I saw yesterday was taken to the hospital but died that evening. He had started for New Mexico, eight hundred miles, but had gone but one mile. A boat from St. Louis reached here at four o'clock. Seven on board had died of cholera on the trip up. It prevails in many parts of the country.

Thursday June 29. I have not seen a New England paper since I arrived here. I occasionally get hold of the *St. Louis Republican* or *Intelligencer*. The *Louisville Courier* is taken by Mr. Mix. By the latest papers it appears the New Hampshire Democrats in the legislature do not succeed well in electing a United States senator. John S. Wells, the regular nominee of the Democrats lacked seven votes of an election. Mason W. Tappan of Bradford, Free-soiler, had fifty-two votes.

Wednesday July 5. There has been no mail for about a week. It was to have arrived daily on and after July 1.

July 6. The stage which should have brought the mail, came in at one o'clock, but the mail bag had been left on the way in consequence of the forgetfulness of the driver.

July 12. Have had one professional call -- from Mr.

Flemming in regard to a land warrant, owned by an adopted son who died in Mexico. He has endeavored to get it located in his name in two or three different ways and failed. It will be difficult to succeed in securing it for him.

Wednesday July 19. A very hot day. I understand that a rumor prevails extensively hereabouts that I am an abolitionist, and that the squatters have intimated that some personal violence would be done me. It is exceedingly strange that such sentiments could be entertained and such reports circulated. I have not attempted at all to conceal my opinions on slavery nor sought to proclaim them. I have not hesitated to say that I am opposed to the establishment of slavery in Kansas. At the same time I have said that I have always heretofore been national in my views and willing to guarantee to the states where slavery exists all the securities which the constitution admits of.

Friday July 21. There seems to be considerable excitement on the subject of slavery in and about Weston. Three slaves recently ran away from there, and yesterday a female slave of Doctor Mills, of the army, escaped across the river opposite the garrison. He had whipped her previously. A fact not very creditable to the early history of Kansas was told me a few days ago. Colonel Buel, an officer of the garrison, had a female slave in his family whose child strayed up from the kitchen to the door of the sitting-room. The gallant officer roughly removed it and its cries called the attention of its mother who began to mutter forth her indignation. At that the colonel began to chastise her, when a scuffle ensued between them. But the master prevailed and so beat his unfortunate slave, who had dared to show a mother's feelings, that it was ten days before

she recovered from the injuries he inflicted. A young lawyer named Phillips, formerly from Tennessee, but for the past year a resident of Missouri, arrived here this afternoon.

Saturday July 29. Although the weather was exceedingly hot, I rode out to Salt Creek, at eleven, in company with Doctor Phillips to attend a squatter meeting. At about two those present – somewhat over thirty – were called to order. The object of the meeting was to promote the security of their claims to land. After the deliberations were over and a pro-slavery speech had been made I was called on to define my position. I spoke first about the favorable prospects before them as land owners. Then regarding myself said I had never been an abolitionist but had stood up in behalf of the constitution and the compromise measures. Yet I had grown up to love free institutions and my vote would be to make Kansas a free state. There were some pro-slavery men in the audience. Yet they listened to my speech with close attention and at its conclusion I was given three cheers. This was the first free state speech ever made in Kansas. Among my auditors were Lieutenant R. C. Drum, afterwards adjutant-general of the army, and Lieutenant E. McK. Hudson who served on General McClellan's staff in the Civil War. On our return to the fort, Lieutenant Drum said to me: "You have today done the best thing you ever did in your life."

Wednesday August 8. Edwin Davenport arrived here this afternoon with Mr. Blood, agent of Amos A. Lawrence of Boston.

August 18. Captain Hunt invited me to take a horseback ride with him. We went through Salt Creek valley, called on Mr. McMagaw, then went south by

way of Mr. Bucannan's house, thence southeast to the top of Pilot Knob. Mr. Bucannan said he thought three-fourths of the people were in favor of having a free state. He was the son of a slaveholder but would not bring any slaves with him. He thought in that vicinity raising stock would be the chief business.

Friday September 1. Rode out to Salt creek with Captain Hunt and Lieutenant Drum to attend the squatter meeting. There were a hundred present. Gwinner introduced some resolutions the first of which was that Kansas ought and should be a slave state. The meeting soon broke up in confusion before anything had been transacted in order. When Gwinner asked who were in favor of Kansas being a slave state, a majority raised their hands.

September 17. The first number of the *Kansas Herald* appeared today though it is dated the fifteenth.

September 19. I concluded to accompany Messrs. Babcock, Davenport, and Whitney to the New England settlement on the Kansas river. There will be some others in the party.

Thursday September 21. Started for the Kansas river. The whole party consists of Edwin Davenport, C. W. Babcock, Colonel A. J. Whitney late of Minnesota, Mr. Star, Freeman, Brooks, Hughes, Hammerman, and myself. We went in a southwest direction, all on horseback, following an Indian trail part of the way, and part of the way we had no path of any kind. We saw only four Indian houses in over thirty-five miles. At one of these, Tongenoxey's, the halfway house, we stopped to dine and bait the horses. A large cornfield well fenced showed that the proprietor was a person of more than ordinary enterprise and industry for a red man. Madame Tongenoxey, in the absence of her

spouse, readily made arrangements to accommodate us, although we could not speak her language nor she ours. Our horses regaled themselves on unthreshed oats. One of the little Tongenoxeys and a dog made chase after two tolerably-sized chickens, which were soon overcome and slaughtered for our benefit. These, a little pork, some plain flour bread, with tea and coffee, made our repast. It was well cooked, and though we had no milk or butter, for they had no cows, the dinner was not bad. We paid "four bits" each. There was then but one house at Lawrence, and that was built of logs. Indian houses were built of black-walnut logs. In one of them, where I took dinner, I saw a piano. We forded the Kansas river. Took tea at Mr. Stearns's. Saw Doctor Robinson, the mayor, in the evening.⁷ Slept cold under a thatched tent with only a roof for protection. Was highly pleased with the location.

Friday September 22. Was introduced to a number of the people from the East. At eleven o'clock Whitney, Davenport, and myself started for home through the Shawnee country. We rode nearly thirty-five miles today, and at half-past seven Whitney and myself reached the Quaker mission, though not without difficulty as it was dark and the house off the road. We were charged only ten cents for meal and ten cents for lodging. Davenport lingered behind and stopped at an Indian's house — Donaldson's.

Saturday September 23. Left our hospitable and conscientious host, Mr. Mendenhall, who charged us only fifty cents each for supper, breakfast, lodging and horse feed. Came up the Independence road and arrived at the fort at four-thirty P.M.

Sunday October 1. Lieutenant Bowen arrived here

⁷ Dr. Charles Robinson, later the first governor of the state of Kansas.

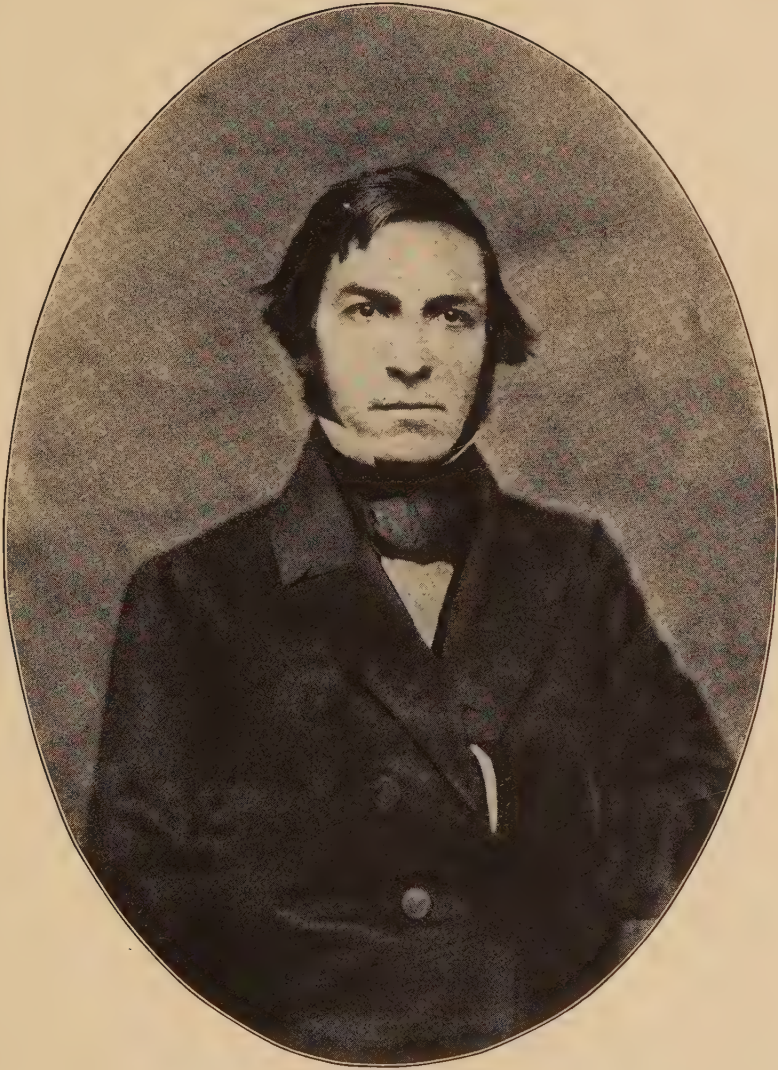
this morning with recruits, one of whom had been stabbed last night by a citizen named Finney, as was alleged. Finney, a young Irishman, of more than ordinary intelligence was kept under arrest by Lieutenant Bowen, and he sent for me to act as his counsel. Went to Weston today with Mr. Bowen, a witness, and the prisoner. I introduced him to E. S. Wilkinson, Justice of the Peace, who heard the complaint. Tomorrow is fixed to hear the examination.

Monday October 2. Went to Weston. Finney was bound over, though I thought the evidence insufficient and so argued. Came away with the determination to go over again and apply for a writ of habeas corpus of the Judge (McCardy).

Tuesday October 3. Walked up to the Weston ferry. The wind was so high that the ferryman (with flat-boat, steamer being up for repairs) would not take me, with others, over the Missouri. Had to walk back. Crossed at the ferry opposite here, procured a horse on the other side, and then rode up to Weston. Arrived there at noon. At the suggestion of Wilkinson, my client had engaged C. H. Burns to assist him. We coöperated. I had drawn up a petition. After a hearing, the judge discharged him (Finney) on the ground that the only evidence was hearsay and had been objected to by me at the examination.

Saturday October 7. Governor Reeder arrived to-day and was cordially entertained at the house of Captain Hunt, the commanding officer. A salute was fired. Governor Reeder is a good appearing man, fine-looking, and I should think well qualified for his office. Two of the judges who came went on to Weston, as also the District-attorney.

October 30. Went with Mr. Conway down to the



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town of Kansas, Mo. At Kansas I saw Mr. Pomeroy, and at Westport met my friend Babcock, who suggested very earnestly that I should be a candidate for Congress. Mr. Drum has concluded not to be a candidate. I told him I had not looked for such a position at all, yet if I could have the full support of the eastern men, I thought I could be elected as an anti-slavery man.

Saturday November 4. Attended a squatter meeting at Leavenworth, although I have a severe cold. My chief object in going was to read to the meeting a letter which I received from Senator Atchison last evening favorable to the object of the settlers on the Delaware land and pledging all his influence to secure it. Also made some remarks. Judge Flannekin made a speech. Mr. J. A. Halderman arrived here today and tonight Mr. Babcock came up from Lawrence.

Congress had hurried through the Kansas-Nebraska bill before the Indian title to the land had been completely extinguished. There was therefore not a settler in Kansas, nor any spot where a newcomer could stop, except at the military post of Fort Leavenworth. I was surprised at the magnitude and importance of that post. Situated on ground several hundred feet above the Missouri river, it had several large stone store-houses, an ample parade ground with enough fine trees to give it a park-like appearance, soldiers' barracks on one side, and officers' quarters, hospital, and various buildings on other sides. I had letters of introduction to the commanding officer from Captain Rufus Ingals (afterwards quartermaster on General Grant's staff) and was soon comfortably located. I had good table board at the officer's mess and was allowed a room for office and lodging in a vacant build-

ing. Colonel Fauntleroy of Virginia was in command, and an expedition of three thousand men under him was being organized to go out on the plains. The situation was therefore exceedingly novel and interesting. The military drills that I saw every day during my six months stay at the fort, gave me an insight into military discipline, which proved very useful during the Civil War. A letter written to me at this time by Richard H. Dana jr., contains such good advice for any young man that I here insert it.

BOSTON, August 11, 1854

MY DEAR SIR: I am very glad indeed to hear from you in your new home, and hope you will continue to write me. It will give me much pleasure to hear from you, not only on your own account, but for the interest we all feel in the fate of your new empire.

It was a great sacrifice for you to give up the refinements, courtesies, and luxuries of an Atlantic life, for the rough, unformed state of society into which you are thrown. Yet it is well for us to bear the yoke in our youth. *Action* is the best college, the best school, the best library. You are young, and can grow up with the state. Identify yourself with it from the beginning. Preserve all documents and facts relating to its history. Begin now to keep a journal. Be, a few years hence, the best informed man in the state as to its history. Then, at middle life, when you are living in the midst of a surrounding civilization, write the history of the state.

There is no reason why the highest honors of its judicial and political life should not be open to you. I can see that much endurance, self control, and patience are necessary; but it may be that this is the very school in which you are to form that *strength of character* which, after all, marks the man more, and has more to do with determining his fate, than learning or what we ordinarily call talents. To be sure, the lives of Romilly, Talfourd, and Follett, of whom you speak, are not to be followed in form, in a western territory, but imitation, copy, is always inferior, and if one can there cultivate the same virtues, and keep his mind and heart open to nature, with such books as he can gather about him, he may produce a similar life in a new form, the more marked from its peculiarity. True culture comes from a few books; and, by the way, let me recommend to you to have

by you as much of Bacon as you can get – his *Essays and Advancement of Knowledge*, etc.

I sincerely wish you success in your new field, and am the more gratified by your brave and earnest advocacy of the cause of freedom there. You are right in saying that the choice is between the healthy growth of freedom and the sickly spread of slavery. If you do “exert yourself in every proper way to make Kansas a free state,” you will do not only the work of a patriot and a friend of man, but a work which will bring peace at the last. Believe me very truly yours

RICH. H. DANA JR.

It is interesting to note that at this time Dana was just thirty-nine.

Before leaving Boston I had entered into an agreement with Col. Charles G. Greene, editor and part owner of the *Boston Post*, to write a letter from Kansas to the *Post* twice a month, at three dollars a letter. I was to give special attention to the natural resources. These letters were extensively copied into other papers, and possibly stimulated immigration to Kansas. As it was not customary in those days for the correspondent's name to be given, they were signed “Leavenworth,” “Kansas,” “Pioneer,” and “Shawnee.” In looking them over in my scrapbook, I find that I was apparently most impressed by the fertility of the soil, the smooth level fields – very different from the rock-strewn fields of New England – and by the groves of hardwood, elm, black-walnut, oak, and ash. I quote a few extracts:

It is estimated that over two thousand people have already come into the territory to settle. Most of them pass here on the road leading to the prairies. There is almost a constant stream of them, some in wagons with their families, some on horses. Some are Mormons on their way to Salt Lake City. Many go through the ceremony of making their “claim,” by driving down a stake, or peeling the bark from a tree and leaving their names.

Men who have lived in this section, say that hemp and tobacco are peculiarly adapted to the soil. The Missourians bordering on the

territory are quite sensitive on the subject of slavery, and seem determined to bring it in in some way or another. It is not uncommon to hear violent threats thrown out against those who are opposed to its introduction.

Steamers arrive from St. Louis nearly every day. Some make the voyage, four hundred and sixty-eight miles, in three days; others occupy five or six. The expense is twelve dollars which includes very good fare. The boats are neat and capacious. It is a great pity there is no railroad through the State of Missouri, for then the journey could be performed four days quicker than now, and of course at much less expense. It is confidently affirmed, however, that a railroad across Missouri to St. Joseph will be completed in two years from this time.

My letter of September 5, 1854, began with an account of the massacre at Fort Laramie:

An express has arrived this afternoon from Fort Laramie, Nebraska territory, bringing the most appalling intelligence. It appears that the Sioux Indians, who occupy a large tract of country surrounding that fort, have repeatedly taken advantage of the weakness of the force stationed there, by trespassing on the property of overland emigrants, and otherwise annoying them. A few days previous to the nineteenth of August, one of the tribe deliberately shot an ox belonging to a Mormon emigrant. This outrage the commanding officer of the garrison, Lieutenant Fleming, in the absence of Captain Ketchum, felt bound to notice, as such acts had before occurred. The chief of the tribe "Bear" said he would give up the offender, if he were sent for. Accordingly on the nineteenth a detachment under command of Lieut. Grattan, consisting of an interpreter, a sergeant, a corporal, and twenty privates, went in pursuit of him. On arriving at the camp of the Indians, the offender said he would die rather than be given up, and stepping forward, fired an arrow at the soldiers. The soldiers returned the fire, when the other Indians commenced a fearful attack. There were about twelve hundred present, and in less than five minutes they had slaughtered the entire detachment, including the fearless lieutenant in command. Only one Indian, the chief, was killed. The messenger who brings the report started from Laramie on the twenty-third.

The prevailing sentiment among the army officers at Fort Leavenworth was pro-slavery. The sutler,

trader to soldiers, a man of some wealth and a slaveholder, though a native of Vermont, was intensely intolerant. He would frequently and excitedly denounce abolitionists, a term which there seemed to include everyone who opposed the extension of slavery. The adjacent part of Missouri included the fertile and populous county of Platte, then containing many slaves, and occasionally on the road I met going or coming, mounted parties of thirty or more Missourians who had already begun to hold pro-slavery meetings in Kansas. They were not going to permit the actual residents of Kansas to have the square deal which the Kansas-Nebraska bill promised. Their aggressive acts finally brought upon them the term of "border-ruffians," and in some sense were the beginning of the Civil War. Who could have believed that in a few months the governor of the territory of Kansas, appointed from Pennsylvania as a national democrat of the highest standing, would have to flee from Kansas disguised as a deck-hand on a steamboat to escape the pro-slavery mob violence of Missourians.

In the course of the summer (1854) the townsite of Leavenworth was surveyed into lots. Two hundred dollars that I had saved from my legal practice before leaving Boston I invested in half of one of the townsite shares, but in a few weeks sold my half share and purchased a whole share in the town of Kickapoo, the title there being perfect. If I had left my money in Leavenworth it would in a few years have increased to eleven thousand dollars.

[Mr. Andrews's interest in Kansas continued keen. I insert extracts regarding the troubles there from his personal letters, letters to various newspapers, and from his diaries of 1855-1857:]

Affairs in Kansas got steadily worse. The first ter-

ritorial election took place November 29, 1854. Sixteen hundred voters under the lead supposedly of Senator Atchison, democratic senator from Missouri, crossed the Missouri, and stuffed the ballot-boxes. The result was that pro-slavery men were elected to all the territorial offices. In December, 1854, the free-state element led by Dr. Charles Robinson, a conservative Free-soiler, adopted the Topeka constitution, and sent a contestant delegate to Congress. The pro-slavery legislature was repudiated. Border warfare became more serious and the free-state people took up arms as the pro-slavery men had done some months before. Whitfield, a former Indian agent and a pro-slavery man, was the regular delegate to Congress.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Kansas Territory, Nov. 10 (1854)

DEAR SIR: The meeting yesterday at Leavenworth was a complete fizzle. A resolution was passed without a dissenting voice, declaring it inexpedient to nominate a candidate for Congress. Gen. Whitfield made a most lame and impotent harangue. Speeches were made by some half-dozen boisterous fellows, in which the Governor was most indecently assailed, and the greater portion of the settlers of Kansas stigmatized as "Massachusetts paupers." Resolutions were adopted appointing a committee to set forth to the government the necessity of holding an election for the legislature at once. This is the sum and substance of the whole affair. Yours hastily,

M. J. CONWAY.

If the Kansas question is rightly treated it will yet redound to the success of your administration, and the harmony of the country. This great fact should be kept in mind, that the Nebraska-Kansas Act must be faithfully carried out. Toleration should be maintained in Kansas on this question. The course which the *Union* [The Washington *Union*] has taken recently, therefore, in denouncing the free state men there, as abolitionists I am extremely sorry to see. Those men are not principally Massachusetts abolitionists, but to my own personal knowledge are mostly democrats of the Jackson stamp. There are men there of ability too, and they will not patiently suffer themselves to be ranked as abolitionists merely because they oppose the

tyranny of a spurious legislature. If Democratic papers keep steadily in view the principles of the organic act of Kansas, we shall have the support of the free states or a part of them. — *From a letter by Mr. Andrews to President Pierce, September 29, 1855.*

March 11, 1856. Went down to the House and heard Mr. Stephens of Georgia on the question of sending for persons and papers in the Reeder election case. His speech was listened to attentively. His argument was that whether the legislature of Kansas was a legal body or not was a question for that body and none other to determine, and that the House would be usurping authority by interfering. It was as if, he said, a judgment had been rendered. The council and house of representatives of Kansas consider themselves duly elected and therefore the House must do the same. He was followed by Mr. Dunn of Indiana who advocated sending out a commission. Reeder and his friends do not want a commission sent out.

March 19. The House of Representatives today, by a majority of nine, passed a resolution authorizing the Speaker to appoint a committee of three to go to Kansas and investigate the cause of the troubles in that territory generally and more particularly to inquire into the validity of the Governor's election. The Republicans or Free-soilers claim this as a great triumph. I saw Governor Reeder at his room this afternoon and he said he should accompany the committee; he read extracts from a letter just received from Kansas showing that the writer was quite apprehensive that fatal personal violence would be used towards him if he came out.

May 3. This evening called a few minutes on Mr. Sumner. He says he intends to speak on the Kansas question as soon as he can get the floor. Mr. Cass intends to speak next Thursday in defense of the principle of popular sovereignty.

May 20. Went to hear Mr. Sumner finish his speech. He spoke in a masterly style today from one till past three. When he had finished Messrs. Cass, Douglas, and Mason replied in rather personal remarks. Douglas and Mason were extremely so. Sumner rejoined with readiness and severity. There were two things in Sumner's great speech which I disliked: a redundancy of classical allusions, and his saying that Reeder went to Kansas as a tool of slavery. This last is quite unjust.

May 22. The news this morning from Kansas is really alarming. The prospect is that civil war may break out. The town of Lawrence is again besieged. . . Mr. Sumner was violently assaulted a few moments after the adjournment of the Senate today while sitting in his seat by Mr. Brooks M.C. from South Carolina. He beat him badly with a heavy cane. The friends of freedom in Kansas in the House hold a caucus tonight. It had been called on account of Kansas; but probably the assault upon Mr. Sumner will be attended to.

June 7. There was a meeting this evening to ratify the nomination of James Buchanan for the presidency. General Cass and S. A. Douglas made speeches. General Cass spoke in a sneering manner of Sharp's Rifles [an organization of Kansas free-state men] indirectly throwing obloquy on the cause of the free-men of Kansas. He began awkwardly, but spoke in high terms of Buchanan, the extent of his eulogy being that Buchanan had filled many high places with credit. Mr. Douglas appeared half-intoxicated but made a forcible and plausible speech. He eulogized General Pierce warmly. The crowd then went up to serenade the President. He made a glowing speech saying he cordially con-

gratulated them on the object of their call, that all personal feelings and prejudices would be buried during the contest, that his acts had met the sanction of his best judgment and "tonight meet the approval of my judgment and my conscience." He was warmly applauded.

The following is a letter from Dr. Charles Robinson of Kansas [who was being kept a prisoner, in danger of his life by pro-slavery territorial officers].

CAMP UNITED STATES CAVALRY, July 17, 1856.

C. C. ANDREWS Esq. Dear Sir, You have the thanks of the prisoners for the interest you have manifested in our behalf, and any assistance you can render as you propose will be gratefully accepted, and I trust you would not go unrewarded by the friends of Free Kansas.

The charge against us is most ridiculous and I hardly believe they will bring us to trial.

The principal object in view by our persecutors is to keep us confined till the "crushing out" and "subduing process" is complete in Kansas, and then we will be most mercifully discharged.

This administration is more tyrannical than Nero, and has more crime to answer for than all the administrations from Washington to Pierce. Very respectfully yours,

C. ROBINSON

September 6. Today's *Union* contained several columns of official correspondence relative to the troubles in Kansas. It appears that Lane, who last winter was elected one of the senators by the provisional Free State legislature, is near Lawrence with from one thousand to one thousand five hundred men. The Missourians under Atchison have mustered to repulse his forces. General P. F. Smith in command at Fort Leavenworth appears to be a very prudent officer. His instructions to Major Sedgwick in command at Lecompton are wise and human. The Secretary of War has called upon

the governors of Kentucky and Illinois for militia, to be mustered when General Smith shall call on them. The correspondence appears to be impartial. But it is hardly a virtue to be impartial now, when it is remembered that the atrocious outrage on the right of franchise in Kansas, and other trespasses by the Missourians were the sources of the present troubles.

September 19. There appears to be great excitement in the political world. Each party gets up large and enthusiastic meetings. The late triumph of the Republicans (a party just formed in opposition to the Nebraska Act and its unjust execution) in Maine gives great courage to the Fremont men. First Iowa, then Vermont, and then Maine gave large majorities for the Republican ticket. For my own part, I have had no doubt of Buchanan's (democrat) election. But the opposition to him is tremendous. If the entire opposition to the principles and policy which he represents could be united, everybody knows his defeat would be certain. As it is, however, the Opposition is divided between Fremont and Fillmore. The Fillmore party, which consists of the Know-nothings and Whigs, hopes to defeat an election by the people thinking their chances good if the election should come into the house of representatives. In 1840 there was great interest in the campaign, but then business was depressed. Now business is everywhere prosperous, yet the stir among the people is infinitely greater than in 1840. The cause is the wrongs done Kansas. The people feel that liberty and justice have been outraged there, in order to serve the purposes of the admirers of slavery and those ambitious demagogues, like Atchison, who wish profit by its extension.

September 20. Governor Geary has arrived in Kan-

sas and the report comes that he has caused the prisoners "Robinson and others" at Lecompton to be released on bail. Public opinion begins to revolt at the outrages committed by the pro-slavery party in Kansas. The account of the driving of peaceable people from Leavenworth on account of their principles awakens indignation in every mind.

November 5. There is little stir here relative to the election. But it appears clear that Buchanan is elected though by a small majority. The vote shows him to be in the minority among the people. Sumner was received by a great collection of people at the city limits of Boston. He was there welcomed by Josiah Quincy, senior, and afterwards escorted to the State house, where he was received by Governor Gardner. He compared his misfortune in not being able to engage in the campaign to the repining of the Grecian chief who was compelled to stay behind the expedition to capture Troy, on account of the stealthy bite of a snake.

November 6. New Hampshire has gone for Fremont by about five thousand. Mr. Streeter was in the *Union* office day before yesterday and heard the President (who was there) assure Senator Slidell most confidently that New Hampshire would go for Buchanan. The fact is the people of New Hampshire will vote as they please or as they think is right. In the days of Jackson, influence, wealth, aristocracy, and corporative power in New England ridiculed and frowned upon democracy; but the people of New Hampshire thought the measures of Jackson and the democratic party to be liberal and promotive of equality and so they voted for them. They will sacrifice their Titus if they think justice requires it.

November 8. In an interview with Attorney-gen-

eral Cushing yesterday, he for the first time volunteered to talk on politics. We began soon to speak of matters in Massachusetts. I remarked that the telegraphic report that Mr. Sumner would decline a re-election to the Senate in favor of Burlingame was ridiculous. "I don't know about that," said he. "The fact is Mr. Sumner probably dreads to go back to the Senate. It is wounded pride that ails him; for certainly a flesh wound such as he received could not cause so protracted debility. I am not so sure but what that report is true."

February 26, 1857. Sumner arrived here last night, and this evening I called on him. He was lying on his bed. He says he is improving but he has been obliged to lie down every evening. He said he could not stand long enough to make a speech, and was not able to prepare one. He will sail for Europe the seventh of March, his object being to improve his health. He said he never knew how to prize it until it was taken away from him.

March 20. Saw C. W. Babcock of Kansas at Willards. He says there will be trouble if Geary⁸ does not go back; that if there is another collision there the free state men will invade Missouri. Shaw, the correspondent of the *Herald*, says he has it from the highest authority (General Cass, I suppose) that Geary will be sustained even if the government removes every officer there besides him.

⁸ J. W. Geary resigned as territorial-governor of Kansas, March 4, 1857, on the grounds of "being so ill-supported by the administration" (Pierce's). Buchanan's failure to make good his promises of fairness in dealing with Kansas was a strong element in his defeat in 1860. Walker the next territorial-governor of Kansas, elected October 1857, boldly threw out fraudulent pro-slavery votes, and henceforth — with minor interruptions like the effort to carry the Lecompton pro-slavery constitution — Kansas was in reality a free State.

The newly appointed governor of the territory, Andrew H. Reeder of Easton, Pennsylvania, arrived early in October, 1854. He was a lawyer of good standing in his state, a politician of influence, and entered upon his office with expectations of a brilliant future. He was a man in the prime of life, of fine presence, and of exemplary habits and character. In the course of a few weeks, of his own accord, he offered me the position of private secretary. I did not, however, at that time properly appreciate the character of such an office, and declined it.

Thinking that during the short session of Congress, I could, if at Washington, be of service to the territory of Kansas, no delegate having been elected, in November I went to Washington, leaving most of my effects at Fort Leavenworth. The drinking water at Fort Leavenworth was Missouri river water, left standing a day in barrels to settle. Malaria had been unusually prevalent, and I had already begun to feel indications of chills and fever. The journey was tedious. Close railroad connections could not be made, and I repeatedly waited hours at night for a train. I had scarcely found a boarding-place in Washington before I was taken down with typhoid fever. Among the boarders was a young man from New Hampshire, Joseph Merriam, a clerk in the Post Office department. He told me which were the two best physicians in Washington, one of whom was becoming old. I said, "The old one has established his reputation and will not take so much pains; I will send for the younger one." It was Doctor Miller — who was called to Chicago some years later to attend Senator Douglas. He proved to be a splendid looking man, six feet tall, and large in proportion. It did me good to look at him. He carried a large pocket-

book containing strips of buff-colored paper, on which he wrote not only prescriptions for medicine, but with equal exactness, directions for diet. He said I must either go to a hospital or have a nurse. I chose the nurse, and they got for me an experienced one, a married mulatto woman, who had just completed service in the family of Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War. She stayed with me sixteen days, until the fever was gone. She had served in several of the prominent families in Washington, and after I was able to listen to conversation, sometimes entertained me with incidents relating to them.

My six months in Kansas, and illness in Washington had greatly impaired my finances, and I had to borrow money of my brothers to pay my bills. I could not risk therefore the chances of law practice in Kansas, and determined to obtain temporarily a clerkship in Washington if possible. A fine young fellow, whom I had come to know in Kansas, a son of General Hamer of Ohio, was a clerk in the office of the Solicitor of the Treasury department with a salary of one thousand four hundred dollars a year. While I was making him a friendly call in the Treasury department, he informed me that he had just resigned his position and was going to return to Ohio. I immediately sat down at his desk and wrote a note to President Pierce asking to be appointed Mr. Hamer's successor. To be sure it reached him, I took it myself to the White House, only a few rods distant, and left it with the doorkeeper. I felt that if the President wished to give me the position he would without delay so advise the Secretary of the Treasury and would call his attention to this vacancy. Promptly at nine o'clock the next morning therefore, I was in the waiting room of the Secretary's office and

sent my card in to him. The messenger in due time returned and informed me that the Secretary said I would have to wait. This gave me a gleam of hope for I thought the Secretary must have heard from the President about me. I sat there on a sofa waiting, waiting, fully two hours. In the meantime numerous visitors, including senators and representatives in Congress, came in, were admitted for short interviews, and then left. Finally the messenger came and said to me, "The Secretary will now see you." James Guthrie of Louisville, Kentucky, before his appointment as Secretary of the Treasury, had not been generally known in the country, but he stood very high in his own state as a man of integrity and ability. He was a lawyer by profession, connected with business enterprises, and wealthy. He was a man of few words. It had been his habit in his law office to use a standing desk, and to prevent visitors staying and wasting his time, he had no chairs. While a staunch southerner, he remained a Union man during the Civil War. He was fully six feet in height, and while rather thin, had broad shoulders, and was strongly built. He had a high forehead, black eyes, long straight nose, large mouth, shaved face, dark complexion, and thin greyish hair. I had never before seen Mr. Guthrie, but he at once impressed me. He was sitting at his table, which was bare of papers, and smiling, said: "The President seems to have a good opinion of you." He then informed me that I could have the position in question. I was relieved. As I was not yet able to go to work, it was agreed that my appointment should take effect the first of March.

For two years I remained in Washington. While my appointment was in the office of the Third Auditor, I was transferred to the office of Solicitor of the Treas-

ury and was first set at work recording correspondence. The solicitor was B. F. Streeter of Pennsylvania, a very kind and pleasant gentleman, short and thickset, black eyes, and reserved quiet manners, who appreciated my industry and became my warm friend. There was in the office a large law library which had never been catalogued. I volunteered to catalogue it, and did so, working out of office hours, and of course without extra pay. A brother of the Secretary of the Navy held the position of law clerk, but did none of that work as he was in addition disbursing clerk. The duties of law clerk the Solicitor therefore gave to me, the looking up of legal authorities and the writing of instructions to United States attorneys, and marshals. This work was congenial and useful to me. Discovering that there were many *Opinions* of the United States Attorney-general not yet printed, I arranged with Attorney-general Cushing and with Robert Farnham, bookseller, for their publication. At Secretary Guthrie's own suggestion, I later made a *Digest* of the opinions of the Attorney-general, which was printed by the government, in a good sized octavo volume.

As office hours were short (from nine to three) I had plenty of time for reading and writing. Each day, I usually took a walk over the long bridge, across the Potomac, making going and coming fully three miles. This habit of walking I have kept up all my life, and I attribute to it much of my health and strength. During the remaining year I was in Washington, I spent part of my spare time in reading law and writing short articles on questions of the day for the newspapers. I remember that I wrote for the New Hampshire *Patriot* a series of articles against Know-nothingism, the so-called "American" party, attempting the style of the

Reverend Sidney Smith's *Peter Plymley Letters*. The authorship of one editorial of mine on the Russian War, printed as a leader in the *Washington Union*, was attributed by the Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald*, to Caleb Cushing, Attorney-general, at which I felt not a little flattered.

In 1855, I was sent by Mr. Streeter to get testimony for the government in the case of Glover and Mather, Claimants, in the matter of the abrogation of a contract for carrying the mail by steamboat daily between Louisville and New Orleans. Mr. Stickney, who represented Mr. Kendall, Postmaster-general, went with me. We visited Louisville, Ashland, Ky., St. Louis, Nashville, and at New Orleans saw the slave market. We inquired the price of a coachman. A tidily dressed, bright and honest appearing young colored man was brought in, who seemed quite willing we should buy him. I think the price was about two thousand dollars. It was very difficult to get witnesses to testify against the claimants. We had no means to compel men to give their testimony. The claimants were finally allowed their full claim.

I had, of course, many opportunities of seeing, hearing, or meeting, prominent men who had a part in making history. One such man was Amos Kendall, the father-in-law of my friend, Mr. Stickney, with whom I had made the trip to New Orleans. I naturally became well acquainted with Mr. Kendall, and was a frequent guest at his home, "Kendall Green," where Mr. Stickney also lived. I had heard much of him when I was a young boy. He had gone from Massachusetts to Kentucky as a young school-teacher; had become one of the most fearless and able Democratic editors in the country, and had taken his place in Jack-

son's cabinet as Postmaster-general. Until later life he had been a poor man, but association with Morse in obtaining a patent for the electric telegraph, and investments in Washington real-estate had made him wealthy. He founded a school for the blind, and built a Baptist church as a memorial to his wife. When I first knew him he was sixty-seven, but seemed much older as he was not very strong. He took a little whiskey regularly with his dinner. He said the Cabinet did not vote, but that each member gave his opinion informally. He had corresponded with Jackson during the last years of Jackson's life, and said Jackson appeared to retain the clearness of his mind to the last. Jackson's habit was to make outlines of his messages himself, and then to hand them to heads of departments to have various subjects filled in by those under whose province they came; then the whole was brought before the Cabinet and discussed. Mr. Kendall considered Jackson a very forceful though not an elegant writer. He instanced Jackson's reply by letter to the Governor of Tennessee during the Creek War, when Jackson refused to abandon the frontier. Jackson never knew moral or physical fear. He was a man of iron will, but not a wilful man. His mind was always open to conviction. Mr. Kendall was a man of the highest integrity, and of strong feelings, but very amiable and cheerful. I never saw a man who seemed more tender and affectionate toward the members of his family. He once told me that Lewis Cass, one of his colleagues in Jackson's cabinet, was extremely sensitive to newspaper criticism, and that a little squib would send him to bed sick.

My friend, B. F. Streeter, Solicitor of the Treasury, was very well acquainted with the Pennsylvania politicians, including James Buchanan. The latter had been

very close to President Jackson, and once when he wished to present a lady from abroad to President Jackson, and found the latter in the morning unshaved, and looking a little shabby, suggested that Jackson fix himself up a bit. President Jackson spoke up, and said, "I knew a man in my state who made quite a good living by minding his own business." When, however, a few hours afterwards Mr. Buchanan appeared with the lady, General Jackson was neatly dressed and in good form. James Buchanan was minister to England during the Pierce administration. I saw him in 1857. He was a large, tall, fine-looking man, with a complexion delicately florid. One of his eyes was always closed, but the other was very large and blue and of kindly expression. He, as well as President Pierce and Senator Douglas, was an aspirant for the Democratic nomination for president, but well knowing that it is injurious for a public man to have his name become hackneyed, he wrote to his friends in the early part of 1856, that he would consider any one his enemy who publicly mentioned him for the presidency. John W. Forney, one of the editors of the *Washington Union*, a leading democratic paper, was his close friend. He was very much disappointed after Mr. Buchanan's election, in the fall of 1856, not to be appointed in his cabinet.

This was a period only four or five years before the Civil War, and matters growing out of slavery frequently excited in Congress discussion of intense interest. I frequently listened to debates in the Senate. John P. Hale, Charles Sumner, Foot and Collamer of Vermont, William H. Seward, and B. F. Wade were the senators who were the most fearless and eloquent on the anti-slavery side. Mr. Seward was a man of medium

size, light complexion, and a very prominent nose. He spoke as if he were dictating to a reporter, and was always calm and self-possessed. He never was personally offensive. He occasionally took snuff, and would sometimes take it out of the snuff-box of a political opponent. Senator Wade, who was a large man with black eyes, had more fire than any of the others I have mentioned, and was consequently a more interesting speaker than the others.

I would not class Senators Lewis Cass and Stephen A. Douglas as pro-slavery, but they were generally opposed to those I have mentioned. Senator Cass was now old, fat, and heavy. He had become very wealthy from deals in real-estate in Detroit. He spoke rapidly and briefly, drank a great deal of water, and always had a glass on his desk. His drinking water reminds me of a story I once heard of Benjamin F. Butler. In the argument of a case before the court, Mr. Butler's opponent spoke very leisurely and at great length, and paused frequently to take a drink of water. Mr. Butler rose and asked permission to make just one remark. It was granted. "I never before knew," said Mr. Butler, "of a windmill being run by water."

Senator Douglas was below ordinary height, but thick-set. He had large blue eyes, high forehead, prominent nose, and was about the most intellectual looking public man, except Daniel Webster, I have ever seen. He had a pleasant but sonorous voice, was exceedingly fluent and eloquent. There was a little bit of a swagger in his walk that I did not like. Senator Douglas was at this time a hard drinker, but he reformed. He also worked too hard and died prematurely when but forty-eight, during the first year of the Civil War, having shown his patriotism by urging devoted support of Lincoln's administration.

Among the southern senators who spoke frequently and eloquently, were Hunter and Mason of Virginia, Butler of South Carolina, Bell of Tennessee, Toombs of Georgia, and Slidell and Benjamin of Louisiana. I heard Senator Benjamin speak several times. He was an unusually fine speaker. He had a handsome Hebrew face. Senator Mason had a red face and a very stern and forbidding look. His colleague, Mr. Hunter, had a milder expression. He was as graceful a writer as was in the Senate.

Important railway surveys to the Pacific were made under the Pierce administration by Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, the reports of which, extensively illustrated, were printed in some fifteen volumes by Congress. One evening in the Senate, Senator Douglas made a short demagogic speech against continuing the appropriation for printing the volumes. "We must cut out this extravagance by the roots," he said. Senator Seward arose and answered him most effectively. "No publisher," he said, "would print such documents at his own expense. The government must incur the expense itself. Columbus would not have discovered America without government aid."

One of the best speeches I ever heard in Congress was that by Colonel Thomas H. Benton, in the House, on Pacific Railway routes. It was in the old Hall of Representatives, the house and galleries were crowded, and he received the closest attention. He had been senator from Missouri for thirty years, and had then been elected as representative. In this he had followed the precedent established by John Quincy Adams, who after having been President of the United States served as representative in Congress from Massachusetts from 1831 to 1848. Colonel Benton was a large and distinguished looking man. One of the clerks in the solici-

tor's office was his friend, and introduced me. Col. Benton always afterward recognized me with a smile, when I met him taking his usual horseback ride in the afternoon.

Thaddeus Stevens, who had been in Congress before this time, and later during Reconstruction days, was Republican leader in the house had a good deal of wit. In 1915 he was unfairly pictured in the moving picture film "The Birth of a Nation." During the last months of his life he was so feeble that he had to be carried into the House. Once, turning to the two big, strong, black men who were carrying him in, he said, "What shall I do when you're dead and gone?" At this time he was so weak that when he spoke the members rose and gathered around him.

"Black Republicans" was the term applied by its opponents during its first years to the Republican party, which opposed the extension of slavery, and when N. P. Banks, afterwards general, was in January, 1856, elected Speaker of the House by the Republicans, a Paris journal stated a negro had been so elected. Mr. Banks, who was a little under ordinary height, had a high forehead and wore his hair down over it. He had a remarkably rich and sonorous voice. Once when he had made a patriotic speech in support of an appropriation for the Vienna Exposition, some member asked Thaddeus Stevens, how he liked Banks's speech. Stevens replied, "Oh I always did like that speech of Banks's." Banks did often use the same generalities. There was once a member of the House of Commons who made one good speech and never spoke again. He afterwards went by the name of "Single Speech Hamilton."

Charles Sumner I knew fairly well. I was at his home several times, and saw him soon after the attack

upon him by Brooks. Sumner would have had far more influence if he had been more kind to the South. He could have made all that he said much more effective had he said it in a more kindly manner. But he almost ranted at times, and spoke often in a manner that seemed unfriendly and even almost fierce. His voice was deep and rich, and always made him seem dignified. He was tall, and fine-looking. A cousin of mine who used to see him at Nahant when he was a young man remembered especially how gracefully and easily he bounded over fences—or was it tennis nets? He was a reserved man and gave the impression of being rather egotistic. Grant, when told that Sumner didn't believe the Bible, replied, "I shouldn't suppose that he would; he didn't write it." Once when Julia Ward Howe was trying to interest him in some individual philanthropy he replied, "Mrs. Howe, I have no time for individuals." She retorted, "In that you differ from the Almighty." He apparently had but little sense of humor. Once when telling Mr. Appleton, the publisher, about some china plates he had bought while abroad, Mr. Appleton said: "A very pleasant story, illustrated with twenty plates." When the rest laughed, Sumner was quite put out; he had lost the point.

Colonel Seaton, a very high-toned man, editor of the *National Intelligencer*, an influential Washington paper, once told me in speaking of Tobias Lear's widow, a very aged lady, whose husband, Tobias Lear, had been Consul-general to Algiers, and at one time the confidential friend of George Washington, that Mrs. Lear had in her possession many confidential letters written by Washington, which *ought by all means to be destroyed*.

Friday Dec. 26, 1856. I received a note from H. R.

Schoolcraft asking me to call to examine a map which had been made for him. I did so. As I was coming away, Mr. Schoolcraft asked if I was a married man. I told him I was not. He then said that Mrs. Schoolcraft would be glad of my company on New Year's day to make some calls. Mr. Schoolcraft was old and lame. I, of course, was most glad to accompany Mrs. Schoolcraft, and on January first, we called on about all the cabinet ministers, including Marcy, Guthrie, Davis, McClelland, senators Fish and Seward, Speaker Banks, Captain Inghram, Commodore Shubreck, the wife of General Macomb, and Governor Aiken. I remember distinctly shaking hands with Jefferson Davis, and that the carpet in his parlor was covered with linen. He was slender, of good height, straight, and of distinguished appearance. I well remember the call on Secretary of State Marcy, whose very beautiful daughter received with him. Claret wine, coffee, salads, and other refreshments were on the tables. I noted in my diary that at Secretary Seward's I inquired of him whether he had read Webster's private correspondence; he said, "only what has appeared in the papers." He invited me to take a glass of wine but I took coffee. At Secretary McClelland's I was introduced to General Cass. At one of President Pierce's evening receptions I had several minutes conversation with Mrs. Pierce, who had lost her only child, a son, just before her husband's election, and did not often attend the receptions. She was slender, of usual height, refined, and unassuming in manners.

The previous August at Troy I had had some conversation with Charles O'Connor an eminent lawyer of New York City. We discussed the comparative advantages of settling in the East and in the West. He

remarked that a lawyer out West could acquire a reputation in season to enjoy it, whereas in an eastern city like New York, by the time he got a good reputation he was about ready to quit the business, if not the world. He seemed to favor settling in the West. In reply to a remark of mine that in law there is a constant source of excitement and interest afforded in the trial of cases, and a pleasure derived from victory, he replied that it had never been his lot to experience much pleasure from success, inasmuch as his success was generally balanced by defeat. He took up his list of cases, he said, and found one decided against him and another in his favor. The delight was neutralized by the disappointment.

Saturday April 4, 1856. Had an interview with General Cushing today. In talking of the practice of law he said he didn't fancy the practice, but that he had been sometimes tempted to go to New York. I urged that the opportunities of an able lawyer to influence the public mind by his arguments were great, and cited Lord Brougham. "Yes," said he, "but the fame of Brougham rests more on his scientific works than on his arguments. If," he continued, "a man would devote the same ability and industry which he gives to cases, to some more permanent object, he might perhaps acquire the fame of Prescott." This was the same General Caleb Cushing whom Lowell treated so harshly in his Biglow Papers. The Massachusetts feeling against any man who sympathized at all with the South, was a little too much like Whittier's attitude towards Webster as shown in "Ichabod."

The two years of work as clerk in the Treasury department had enabled me to square myself with the world again financially, but I was too ambitious to

remain a clerk. Although the political troubles in Kansas had grown almost to Civil War, I would have returned there had I been in independent circumstances, but I did not feel at all sure that I could sustain myself there. And so the idea of beginning again the practice of law, this time in Minnesota, began to fill my mind. In order to see for myself what that territory was like, I had obtained leave to take a short trip to the West, and on September 25, 1856, I left Washington returning October 19. (I will leave my account of that trip to the next chapter.) Having decided to settle in Minnesota, I naturally felt an interest in any important measure before Congress affecting that territory. Henry M. Rice, delegate in the house of representatives from that territory, had a bill in Congress granting public land in aid of an extensive system of railroads in Minnesota, and asked me to help him. This I naturally was glad to do. At his request I wrote an article for the *Boston Post*, which was copied in the *Washington Union*, in favor of the bill, and I went to and from the Senate and House repeatedly for Mr. Rice, and was so to speak on his staff. The bill was passed, and was approved March 3, 1857. This grant gave the first start to the present extensive railroad system of Minnesota.

On April 21, 1857, I took my resignation to Secretary Cobb, to take effect the last day of the month. Through my influence my place was given to my friend, John N. Oliver. Mr. Cobb kindly retained me as counsel to assist the United States attorney in a case in Minnesota then pending against a former Indian agent.

On the thirtieth I left Washington for Minnesota.

Minnesota and the Northwest, 1856 to 1860

My first impressions of the Northwest are taken largely from my diary and my letters written at the time for the *Boston Post*, and published in book form under the title *Minnesota and Dacotah*.

I left Washington Thursday afternoon, September 25, 1856, at half past four. At eleven P.M. on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad an accident delayed the train three hours. We had rather an interesting exhibition of human nature in one family, a father, mother, three children, and colored servant, each of whom took and kept an entire seat, because as the mother said, "the children want all the room so as to sleep." The high backed seats furnished the only aid to older night travelers. Friday at four P.M. we reached Belair, on the Ohio, near Wheeling, and at eleven, Zanesville. The uniform charge for a meal at any station in the United States at that time was fifty cents. But the meals were not uniform. The fifty-nine miles between Zanesville and Columbus occupied four hours. The latter place had a population of twenty thousand; the new capitol was being built. After an hour there, we left for Indianapolis, "the great Railroad City of the West," reaching there at nine-thirty P.M. It had about sixteen thousand people, and seemed an attractive city. Chicago, a distance of two hundred and ten miles we made in twelve hours. The number of its inhabitants is now estimated at one hundred thousand. Everybody

that can move is active. Here is a perfect commotion – almost a mob – because the drawbridge is up. You would think a wonderful celebration was coming off at twelve, and that everybody was hurrying through his work to be in season for it. Last year twenty million bushels of grain were brought into Chicago. Five years ago there were not a hundred miles of railroad in the state of Illinois. Now there are more than two thousand. Monday, the twenty-ninth, we left Chicago for Dunleith, a mile north of Galena, reaching there about 7 P.M. after a tedious ride. The train was long and carried six or seven hundred first-class passengers, and two-thirds as many of the second class. At Dunleith there was a tremendous rush for the boats, as not more than half could get staterooms, and the rest had to sleep on the decks. Over two hundred cabin passengers came up on the *Lady Franklin*. We had three tables set, and those who couldn't get a seat at the first or second sat at the third, which was not very inviting. Leaving Dunleith that evening we reached St. Paul a little before 8 A.M. Friday.

St. Paul had at this time possibly ten thousand inhabitants. I remember the "elegant mansion" of Mr. Dayton on what is now Dayton's bluff, and the cottages and gardens situated on the most elevated part of the city north and west. These must have been where Governor Ramsey afterwards built a grey stone house. Judge Sherburne lived then near what is now the head of Jackson street. The Fuller house was a first-class hotel, built of brick, five stories high, and had cost over one hundred thousand dollars and its furniture over thirty thousand dollars. Saturday October 4, I went to St. Anthony and Minneapolis over the suspension bridge. When I returned, I was struck with the answer

given by the young man who took the toll, in reply to my question whether my coming back wasn't included in the toll paid going over. "No," said he in a very good natured way, "we don't know anything about coming back; *it's all go ahead in this country.*"

The territory of Minnesota in 1856 included what are now the states of Minnesota, North Dakota, and South Dakota. It embraced an area of 141,839 square miles — four times that of Ohio — and had within its limits parts of the Mississippi river, the Missouri river, and the Red river of the North. The question as to what the lines of division would be was arousing much discussion. It seemed quite possible that no part of Lake Superior would be given to Minnesota. The keen mind of Captain John Pope, who became the General Pope of the Civil War, once in command of the army of the Potomac, foresaw the needs of Minnesota. In a letter to me written December 10, 1856, he wrote:

The important points to be secured for the new state to be erected in the territory of Minnesota, seem to be: first, a harbor on Lake Superior easily accessible from the West; second, the whole course of the Mississippi to the Iowa line; and third, the head of navigation of the Red River of the North. It is necessary to point out the advantages of securing these features to the new state and to do so without enclosing too many square miles of territory. The boundaries will enclose an area of about sixty-five thousand square miles of the best agricultural and manufacturing region in the territory and will form a state of unrivalled advantages. It presents features differing but little from the region of prairie and table-land west of the frontiers of Missouri and Arkansas. From this, of course, are to be excepted the western half of the valley of the Red river and of the Bois Sioux river, which are as productive as any portion of the territory, and which with the region enclosed between them would contain arable land sufficient for another state of smaller dimensions.

The valley of the Red river of the North must find an outlet for its productions, toward the south, either through the Great Lakes, or

by the Mississippi river. The necessity therefore of connecting the head of its navigation with a harbor on Lake Superior, and a port on the Mississippi is sufficiently apparent. As each of these lines of railroad will run through the most fertile and desirable portion of the territory, they will have a value far beyond the mere object of transporting the products of the Red river valley.

The construction of these roads, in fact the mere location of them, will secure a population along the routes at once and will open a country equal to any in the world.

All these, of course, came to be included in the state of Minnesota.

At this time there were not many roads leading out from St. Paul. Over the one to Stillwater, a stage ran, I believe, daily. That was the route often taken to Lake Superior. One morning three men came in on that stage from Superior, who had been a week on the journey. The main highway of the territory extended as far as Crow Wing, one hundred and thirty miles north. On Monday, October 6, at five A.M., I left St. Paul by stage for this town. The coaches were of Concord, N. H., manufacture, spacious and comfortable. There were only a convenient number of passengers until we arrived at St. Anthony, where we breakfasted; then our load was more than doubled, and we drove out with nine inside and about seven outside, and a large quantity of baggage. The road was level and smooth, and except for a few stumps and a little sand was uncommonly good. The first place of importance we reached was Anoka, twenty-five miles from St. Paul. Late as it was when we reached Sauk Rapids, we found a large group of people at the post-office waiting for the mail. It was midnight when we arrived at Watab, eighty-two miles from St. Paul, where we were to spend the night. The stage-house was a two story building. The supper I couldn't eat; neither could I get a bed.

The spare room on the floor was also taken. The proprietor, however, was accommodating and gave me a sort of a lounge in a rather small room where three or four other men and a dog were sleeping on the floor. The next morning we started out again, arriving at one o'clock at Swan River, a village of considerable importance, where we dined on wild duck. At Little Falls, where the Mississippi furnished good water-power, there was a spacious and tidy hotel, several stores, mechanics' shops, a saw mill, etc. At Belle Prairie we began to see something of the Chippewas. The half breeds had some good farms and a school-house and church. It was near sunset when we reached Fort Ripley on the west bank of the Mississippi. The stage crossed the river on the ferry to leave the mail. The great flag, still flying from its high staff was inspiring. The rest of the trip – about five miles – was over the reservation, on which till we came to Crow Wing were no settlements. Wednesday I made the acquaintance of Mr. Cruttenden and Mr. Cathcart. Did not do much except take a stroll with Mr. Cathcart on the prairie.

Crow Wing had been a trading-post over twenty years, and had long been the headquarters of the Mississippi tribe of Chippewas, perhaps two thousand two hundred in number, and the principal trading-depot for all the Chippewas. Here they brought their furs and their handicraft of beads and baskets, to exchange for clothing and food. At this time there were about one hundred white settlers here. A caravan of Red Lake Indians, who had come down about four hundred miles to trade, were encamped round in tents or birch bark lodges. I saw squaws busily at work manufacturing flag carpets. The old costume was then still retained

as a general thing, blankets being worn instead of coats. Some men wore leggins, but most had their legs bare. On their heads they generally wore a headband with some ornament upon it; a feather of the war-eagle denoted that the brave had taken the scalp of an enemy, or had performed some rare feat of daring. Full dress required his war-hatchet and weapons. Long stemmed pipes were also regarded as an ornamental part of the dress. The Indians seemed pleased to attract attention. They were of good size, taller than the Winnebagoes, and of much lighter complexion than tribes living five hundred miles further south. Their hair was black, long, and straight. Some were really good-looking. Only a few at that time painted, though those in mourning blackened their faces. They hunted buffalo successfully beyond the Red river of the North, and brought home the skins and the best parts of the meat. This was preserved by being cut into small pieces, then partially cooked in buffalo fat, and sewed up very tight in the hide of the animal. It was called pemmican, sold for twenty-five cents a pound, and broken into pieces like pork scraps was regarded as a great luxury by the Indians. October 9, I went horseback to the Chippewa agency and a mile or more beyond to see Hole-in-the-Day, the principal chief. Pugo-na-ke-shiek, literally Hole-in-the-Sky, was a famous chief, who had in his youth distinguished himself for bold exploits and severe endurance. Principally through his influence a treaty was made between his tribe and the United States. He had an excellent farm, well fenced, and well cultivated. His house was of considerable length, spacious, neat, and well furnished. Arriving at the door, I dismounted, and inquired of his squaw if he were at home. She sent her little girl out

into the field to call him. He was a young man, possibly thirty-four, met me very cordially, invited me into a room where he had an interpreter, and asked me to dine with him. Unfortunately, I had not the time to do so. He was very neatly dressed and quite prepossessing in his appearance. It is only right to say that the progressiveness of Hole-in-the-Day and his tribe was largely due to the influence of Mr. George W. Manypenny of Ohio, Commissioner of Indian Affairs in Pierce's administration. When Manypenny was not continued in service under Buchanan, the Indians lost their interest in farming.

There was a settlement at Pembina (an Indian-French word meaning cranberry) where the dividing line between British America and the United States crossed the Red river of the North, four hundred and sixty miles northwest of St. Paul and three hundred and thirty from Crow Wing. It was an old settlement then, founded by the British, who thought it British soil; it was said to have about six hundred inhabitants, and sent two representatives and a councillor to the territorial legislature. From a settlement near the Red river and about seventy miles north of Pembina, people came down to Crow Wing to trade, coming in carts put together without a particle of iron and drawn by one animal — an ox or a horse. Their average rate of speed was about fifteen miles a day.

Now let me say a word about this Red River of the north country, for it is beginning to be a great feature in this upper country. The river is a muddy and sluggish stream, navigable to the mouth of Sioux Wood river four months in the year for vessels of three feet draught. The extent of its navigation within the territory alone (between Pembina and the mouth of Sioux

Wood river) is four hundred and seventeen miles. Buffaloes still feed on its western banks. Its tributaries are numerous and copious, abounding with the choicest kinds of game, and skirted with a various and beautiful foliage. The Red river settlement is seventy miles north of Pembina, (now in the northeastern end of North Dakota) and lies on both sides of the river. Its population is estimated at ten thousand. It owes its origin and growth to the enterprise and success of the Hudson's Bay Company. Many of the settlers came from Scotland, but the most were from Canada. They speak English and Canadian French. The English style of society is well kept up, whether we regard the church with its bishop; the trader with his wine cellar; the scholar with his library; the officer with his sinecure; or their paper currency.

The Hudson's Bay Company is now a powerful monopoly. It is growing richer every year, and its jurisdiction and its lands will soon find an availability never dreamed of by its founders, unless, as may possibly happen, popular sovereignty steps in to grasp the fruits of its long apprenticeship. Some time ago, I believe, the Canadas sought to annex this broad expanse to their own jurisdiction. There are about two hundred members in the Hudson's Bay Company. The charter gives them the power to legislate for the settlement. They have many persons in their employ in England as well as in British America. A clerk, after serving the company ten years, with a salary of about five hundred dollars per annum, is considered qualified for membership, with the right to vote in the deliberations of the company, and one share in the profits. The profits of a share last year amounted to ten thousand dollars. A factor of the company, after serving ten years, is en-

titled to membership with the profits of two shares. Two of the company's ships sail up into Hudson's Bay every year to bring merchandise to the settlement and take away furs. But the greatest portion of the trade is done with Minnesota.

Next year Minnesota will probably be admitted as a state, and a new territory organized out of the broad region embracing the valley aforesaid and the headwaters of the Mississippi. In all probability this new territory will be called Pembina, and will present sufficient inducements for a large immigration.

There is one very important section of this territory that I have not yet alluded to. I mean that part which borders on Lake Superior. The St. Louis river is the dividing line for many miles between Minnesota and Wisconsin. The country round about this greatest of inland seas is not the most fertile. It is somewhat bleak, on the northern shore especially, but is nevertheless fat in minerals.

Somewhere near Fond du Lac is destined to be a great commercial city. Whether it will be at Superior, which has now got the start of all other places, or whether it will be at some point within this territory, is more than can be known at present. But a great town there is to be, sooner or later, for the reason that the distance from Buffalo to Fond du Lac by navigation is about the same as from Buffalo to Chicago, affording, therefore, as good facilities for water transportation of merchandise between Fond du Lac and the East, as between Chicago and the East. Moreover, the development of this new agricultural world will tend to that result. A railroad will then run from that point directly west, crossing the upper Mississippi as also the Red river of the North at the head of its navigation.

I believe the thing that impressed me most about the West was the rapid growth of civilization. In 1849, the year of the organization of the territory of Minnesota, its population was four thousand seven hundred and eighty; in 1856 it was estimated to be two hundred thousand. In 1852 there were forty-two post-offices in the territory; in 1856 there were two hundred and fifty-three.

The following April (1857), I left Washington to begin the practice of law in Minnesota.

Between Washington and Indianapolis I met Senator Bright of Indiana. He said he was urged to take a seat in Buchanan's Cabinet but he preferred a seat in the Senate to any place short of the presidency; that he was very friendly to General Cass and got him into the Cabinet. That there were three things arranged as preliminaries: One, General Cass's son was to return from Rome. Two, The General was to yield up his squatter sovereignty doctrine and conform to the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case. The third point was personal. He said that the General was delighted when he carried him the letter from Mr. Buchanan. He thinks, however, that General Cass is failing in health. Mr. Bright said he never felt at home in speaking in the Senate, though he felt entirely self-possessed in stating questions, etc., in the chair as president pro-tem. I stayed a day at Winona, lay all day at the foot of Lake Pepin on account of wind, and arrived at St. Paul May tenth.

Two days later I went to the town of St. Peters. From there I wrote: The valley of the Minnesota river has attracted a large share of the favorable attention which has been given to the territory. If you look on old maps you will find the river put down as the St.

Peters. An act of the legislature changed it to Minnesota. For at least five months of the year it is navigable about two hundred miles from its mouth. As many as eight boats are employed on it this season. I left St. Paul on a new boat built at Cincinnati last winter, the "F. Steele," night before last, and arrived here—one hundred and fifty miles—early this morning. The boat stopped at a dozen villages, the most important being Shakopee, Carver, Belle Plaine, Henderson, Le Sueur, and Traverse des Sioux. Mankato, a few hours beyond St. Peters, I found to be the largest village so far west in the territory with about two thousand inhabitants. On the sixteenth I visited the Winnebago agency, about a hundred miles southwest from St. Paul. There were about one thousand seven hundred in the tribe. Some of them took hold of business with zeal and industry and were owners of considerable stock and other property but the majority were idle and considered labor dishonorable. I remember that I stopped and ploughed a furrow for one Indian. Their music, which sounded like the thumping of tin pans, was interesting but not inspiring. These Winnebago Indians at the time of the Sioux massacre in 1862 were suspected of sympathizing with the Sioux and were deported to western Nebraska. They suffered greatly on the journey thither.

Monday May 18, I went in a stage to Stillwater. It is well known that the valley of the St. Croix is prominent in the traditional history of the Chippewa and Dacotah tribes. An Indian story characteristic of their mythology accounts for the celebrated Pike Sandbar in Lake St. Croix—which is but a widening of the river. Two Dacotah warriors were traveling on the shore. When very hungry they saw an animal they supposed

to be a raccoon, and chased it into a hollow tree. One of them had vowed not to taste flesh that had touched water, but though it turned out that the game was a fish and not a raccoon, he broke his vow and ate. Then he experienced the deepest thirst, and lying down drank of the water of the lake till he turned into a fish and stretched himself across the bottom of the lake. Hence the sandbar, and hence the Indian name of the river Hoganwanke-kin or the place where the fish lies. The present name of the river arises from the fact that a Frenchman named St. Croix was wrecked at its mouth. A line of daily boats ran between Stillwater and Prescott, at the confluence of the St. Croix and Mississippi.

May 21, I left St. Paul for St. Anthony and started at 5 P.M. on the "H. M. Rice" for St. Cloud, where I arrived on the twenty-third, and went to the Stearns house. St. Cloud was then a village of five hundred people, and was pleasantly situated on the high prettily wooded western bank of the Mississippi in Stearns county, seventy-five miles northwest of St. Paul. At Sauk Rapids, three miles distant on the other side of the river, there was a United States land office, affording business for an attorney. So I finally decided to locate at St. Cloud. I purchased of General Lowry⁹ a town lot on which were several fine oaks, on land overlooking the Mississippi. On it in the course of the summer I had a frame office building erected, consisting of a vestibule, and two high-studded rooms, in the rear one of which I slept. The roof projected over a porch at the front end, and there were green blinds for the windows. It was at the brow of a forty-foot bluff, and as I sat at my office table I could see the entire

⁹ This was Silvanus B. Lowry from Tennessee, an Indian trader; called General because he was on the Governor's staff.

breadth of the Mississippi only a hundred yards distant. A steamboat which came up from St. Anthony Falls weekly in high water, landed about opposite my office. The written contract for the construction of the building provided that the walls were to be "sided" with seasoned pine clap-boards of the best quality, painted, etc. Imagine my amazement to see the contractors nailing clapboards on the naked studding. "What does that mean?" I demanded. They replied, "That is what 'siding' means out West. It is the usual way." I had to let it go for I had been obliged to borrow money of my brothers to wholly pay for the office. But it was not a proper way to construct a building, as I well found in the succeeding cold winter. Previous to the second season I had sawdust put between the plaster and clapboards, and with a drum on my stove, and a French chair, I had bought in Washington of an ex-naval officer, I was very comfortable. That first summer Edward Eggleston, the well-known Indiana author, then a tall and handsome boy, preached a few Sundays in one of the vacant buildings on the levee near my office.

Most of the people of St. Cloud then were German Catholics. The American element was building its first schoolhouse which was also to be used for religious services. At my suggestion it was named the Everett schoolhouse, for Edward Everett. It was dedicated July fourth and I delivered the dedication address. I sent a copy of it to Mr. Everett and received from him a courteous letter, and towards winter two hundred dollars worth of books selected by him at his own suggestion as a gift for the school library, which became the nucleus of St. Cloud's public library.

If I had been wise enough to look out for my own

pecuniary interests, I would, instead of devoting my time to preparing addresses, etc., have knuckled down to law practice and ignored everything else. It seems so to me now, yet I am not wholly sure. However, during the summer and early autumn of 1857, I was pretty steadily occupied in practice before the United States land office, and was in a few cases before justices of the peace. The homestead law had not then been passed, but preëmption settlers from various counties had conflicting claims before the land office, and I had clients living thirty miles distant in various directions. I was fairly successful in gaining favorable decisions. I wrote a letter to the *Boston Post* about every two weeks, and became a regular correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, then edited by William Cullen Bryant. Occasionally on winter evenings, Louis A. Evans, afterwards for many years Judge of Probate of Stearns county and J. H. Place of Watab, both of whom played well on the violin, Pony Lamb who played the flute, a man from Brockway who played some brass instrument, and Mr. Tuttle who played the piano, met at various houses and enjoyed some excellent music. I sometimes constituted the only audience and gave generous applause. Sometimes there was a convivial touch to our meetings.

Before leaving Washington I had entered into contract with Little, Brown and Company, law book publishers of Boston, to write *A Practical Treatise on the Revenue Laws of the United States*, they to publish the same at their own risk. I had in my law library Curtis's edition of the United States *Supreme Court Decisions*, all of the United States Circuit Court *Reports*, the United States *Statutes*, and Circulars and Instructions issued by the Treasury department on the admin-

istration of the Revenue or Tariff Laws. The winter of 1857-58 I spent very pleasantly in this work, often sitting up until eleven o'clock at night over it. I believe it was in May, 1858, that I took the completed manuscript to Boston, where I remained to read the proof. Of course, I visited my New Hampshire home, but was back in Minnesota in time to deliver an address at the Fourth of July celebration in Minneapolis on "The Construction of a Railroad on the Northern Route to the Pacific." Minneapolis had at this time two bridges and was building the "mammoth dam" across the Mississippi.

About this time I had the pleasure of an interview with Governor Medary, last territorial governor of Minnesota 1857-1858. I had so often heard him spoken of as "Old Sam Medary" that I had not pictured to myself a gentleman of much address. I was somewhat surprised. His manners were dignified and agreeable. He appeared to be about fifty-five, and had an intellectual and an honest countenance. The appointment was generally satisfactory. The salary of the governor was two thousand five hundred dollars, which was only enough to support him. As was well known, he had for many years been a hard working and very efficient political editor in the democratic ranks; and had helped to make the reputation of many politicians who now stood upon his shoulders. Such, too often, is the service and the reward of editors. It is an incident to the party toil of the press to elevate much beyond his deserts the mere politician; him, indeed, very often, who rather than be doomed to show his hand in an article, grammar and all, would choose the poison denounced upon Socrates. And yet, such is the ingratitude of mere calculating and ambitious men, that

when the triumph or the defeat has passed the service of the press is ignored.

On October 13, 1857, an election was held in the territory, popularly known as Dacotah (a very good name signifying united people), by which M. Fuller was chosen as delegate. "The territory of Dacotah will be organized as soon as Minnesota is admitted, and a batch of officers sent out there."

The exciting event of the fall of 1857 had been the first State election. The first State legislature had met December 2, and within a few weeks H. M. Rice and General Shields had been chosen senators from Minnesota. One of the things done by that first legislature was the memorializing Congress to provide for the removal of the Winnebago and Dacotah Indians.

There were then in Minnesota about twenty-one thousand Indians – twelve thousand Dacotahs (Sioux), two thousand Winnebagos, and seven thousand Chippewas. It was not uncommon to see a few Indians in the village of St. Cloud and to hear of their visits to settlers. On December 14, 1857, I wrote: A hunting party of the Dacotahs numbering a hundred or more, has come to within fourteen miles of this place. They are very successful in getting deer, and make themselves a little inconvenient to settlers by begging for bread and flour. Some people are afraid to deny them, and give more than they are able. One very large Indian with face hideously painted called at the house of an acquaintance of mine and motioned that he wanted to eat. This man knew that the Indians had an abundance of game, and thought he would not be levied upon if he could help it. So he beckoned the Indian to an empty flour barrel, and pointing to the bottom intimated the severity of the times. The Indian ejac-

ulated an expression of sympathy, and looked, in spite of all the paint, so tenderly compassionate that the settler was really ashamed. A man who had traded many years among the Chippewas told me that when two Indians met on a trail they would stand and smile at each other a minute or two without speaking and then pass on. He said that before an Indian started out on a hunt he fasted and blackened his face in token of mourning, because of the danger he might incur. The Reverend Mr. Hall of Sauk Rapids, who had left Andover seminary in 1831 for his mission among the Chippewas of Minnesota, was a candid and honest man, and during my first winter in St. Cloud I got him to come over, and for one of our course of lectures, give a talk on his experience with the Indians. He said that when he arrived the old men and chiefs received him in a friendly manner, promising him a comfortable home and security, and told him he might try to teach the young, but for themselves they would have to spend their time in hunting as the traders would not take religion or education as pay for provisions. He considered them affectionate to their families but too proud to work. They imposed manual labor on the women. One of their principal faults was theft; yet he seldom used to fasten his door at night, and considered his property and life rather more secure among them than among whites. If one Indian was industrious, and by hunting or farming produced considerable, he was considered a mean fellow if he did not distribute it gratuitously among the rest. He therefore considered the community system very prejudicial to their acquiring industrious habits. He thought their treatment by the government had been uniformly kind. What had chiefly retarded their civilization was their contact with

the worst class of white men who were found on the remote borders. Their use of ardent spirits had also done them sad injury. They were wild and ferocious when intoxicated. He did not consider that they had any skill in medicine. They knew the use of some roots, but relied principally on necromancy.

The early part of one winter J. H. Linneman, a trader at St. Joseph eight miles west of St. Cloud, came and requested that General Lowry, who knew the Winnebago language and a little Sioux, and I go out to a camp of Sioux Indians in the woods south of Cold Spring and get them to leave, as they were killing so much game. We drove out about seventeen miles and found a large camp with many tepees and several hundred Indians—men, women, and children. It was towards night when we reached the camp, but the Indian boys were shooting arrows at a target. They appeared much amused at our appearance. We were soon ushered into one of the tepees, where fresh deer skins were hanging. We sat down on the hay-covered ground around a little smoking fire, and General Lowry had a talk with the chiefs or head men. They promised to leave, and did so in a day or two.

Naturally the United States never recognized any sovereignty title of Indian tribes to the territory they occupied, but only a possessory title which from time to time it purchased. Beginning in 1837 and by means of as many as eleven treaties, the United States bought of the Chippewas about all the northern half of Minnesota, including the pine forests, and for this will have finally paid ten million dollars. The land now comprising fully the southern half of Minnesota and extending along the west side as far north as the Red river valley, lapping over some distance into what is now

Iowa and South Dakota, a broad fertile region beautifully diversified with prairie, lake, woodland and stream, had been the home of the Sioux Indians from time immemorial. It is known with certainty that they had occupied it two hundred years and it is probable they had occupied it much longer. Minnehaha falls, St. Anthony falls, the Minnesota valley, and the great Mississippi for hundreds of miles, including Lake Pepin, were their favorite resorts. It is interesting in this connection to note that physically these Indians were as fine a body of aborigines as were ever known. In 1851 they by treaty sold this magnificent territory to the United States for \$3,075,000 or about fifteen cents an acre, of which \$495,000 was to be paid to the chiefs, and the balance by installments of \$118,000 a year for fifty years. Of this \$70,000 a year was to be in money. They reserved a tract twenty miles wide in the Minnesota valley for their future dwelling place. To give up such a splendid country that had so long been their home was of course a great trial for them. To see the white man living in comfort and steadily prospering while they themselves had but a precarious existence and an almost hopeless future, naturally excited within them deep feelings of animosity. The United States agent for an Indian tribe is virtually a ruler which the government appoints over them. His office should be one of dignity and honor. He should be retained in the service as long as he proves efficient. But it was then and had been for some years the practice to make such appointments on "spoils" principles and to change the agent with every new administration. The agent was and still is paid only one thousand eight hundred dollars a year and free house rent. It certainly used to be supposed that an Indian agent made

his office remunerative in some indirect way, as by commission on contracts. I do not wish to reflect upon any particular agent, but it is my belief that if the Sioux agent for some years had been appointed on civil service rather than on spoils principles, the Sioux Indian Massacre and war of 1862, in which about eight hundred inhabitants of Minnesota lost their lives and which caused the banishment from the state of both the Sioux and Winnebago Indians, would not have occurred. A sample of poor statesmanship indeed!

A word about the Indian troubles at Spirit lake. I hope that matter is understood before now. The Indians guilty of the offences committed there were a few outlaws from a band of the Sioux. They were mere robbers, having no treaty stipulations with the government, nor dependent upon it. Their crimes should not bring reproach upon other tribes. It should also be remembered that the first overt act which led to that calamity was committed by a white man.

In July, 1858, I went on a trip to the Red river valley, to where Breckenridge now is, and where there were then but six log buildings. We had a covered wagon with three horses. Mr. Hallock a representative of the *New York Journal of Commerce*, and two or three other young men, among them William F. Mason of St. Paul, since deceased, went as far as Alexandria where there were then two log houses. On reaching Getchel's brook some miles east of Sauk Centre, the jovial feelings of the party received quite a damper. The banks of the brook had become overflowed for several rods and as we drove into it we found it about six feet deep, with a swift current in the main channel which completely set us afloat. Nothing very serious happened except the loss of a few articles such

as a watch and seal, and a revolver which was recovered the next day. From Alexandria our reduced party went south to White Bear lake, in Grant county, and thence by Lightning lake to the Red river. That part of the trip was over the old Red river trail which had been so worn down by the Red river carts that it looked as if it had been used for half a century. We had no tent and slept on the open ground. The surface of the country was undulating, and there were enough timber-fringed lakes and streams to lend beauty to the scenery. A more beautiful and fertile country could not be desired. It was entirely unsettled. On our return trip, when a little west of Richmond in Stearns county, one of our horses, an Indian pony, sank up to his neck in a slough. We tried in vain to pull him out. Where we had lodged the previous night, we had bought, to use in case of an emergency, a bottle of very poor whiskey. We poured it all down the pony's throat as fast as he could swallow it. He seemed to relish it and in a very few minutes, out of the slough he came of his own will and strength, and on we proceeded. Mr. Hallock wrote up the trip for the June (1859) *Harper's* under the title "A Red River Trail."

Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm, from Pittsburgh, in December 1857, took charge of the St. Cloud *Visitor* (previously the *Advertiser*), declaring in her prospectus that "slavery, intemperance, affectation, ignorance, idleness, land-monopoly and large cities are the seven great evils which curse the earth." Mr. Shepley, an attorney, democratic member of the recent Constitutional convention and nephew of Chief-justice Shepley of Maine, had delivered in St. Cloud a lecture on "Woman" in which he spoke unfavorably of the Woman's rights Woman. It was thought this was

meant for Mrs. Swisshelm, and so she in the next number of her *Visitor* drew a sketch of a certain class of coquettes, which Mr. Shepley was unwise enough to construe as applying to members of his family, though they were of unexceptionable character. Becoming more and more sensitive under the criticism of his lecture he proceeded one night or early morning to put the type of the *Visitor* into pi, throw it into the Mississippi river and disable the press. He acknowledged the act the next day and gave as excuse that he had reason to expect a more flagrant attack in the next number. A popular meeting condemned the act, pledged Mrs. Swisshelm support and in a short time a new press and outfit was procured by subscription and given to her. Mrs. Swisshelm endeavored, but without reason, to hold the Democratic party responsible for Mr. Shepley's act. The name of her paper afterwards became *The Democrat*.

September 1858, I wrote the *Post*: The cars are already running to La Crosse. The other day Edmund Rice, brother of the senator, started for the East on that route, and at Chicago wrote back as follows: "We left St. Paul day before yesterday at noon on the fine steamer Northern Light, and arrived at La Crosse at two the next morning. In ten minutes we were aboard the cars for Milwaukee. In two hours we reached the tunnel. A ride of twenty minutes in omnibuses took us over the ridge, where the train was waiting for us. At noon we were in Milwaukee, having been just twenty-four hours from St. Paul." We may now say that the railroad extends to Minnesota, for La Crosse is on the opposite shore of the Mississippi. Thirty hours from Chicago to St. Paul! In November I wrote: But little over a year ago the only public-school houses

in St. Paul were two ordinary frame buildings. Now, under appropriation of thirty thousand dollars, that city has already three graceful and spacious stone and brick edifices for schools. They are severally named Washington, Jefferson, and Adams. Provisions are cheap. As nice roasting pieces of sirloin as can be wished for sell for twelve and one-half cents a pound. Venison is sold at the same price. Feathered game is abundant.

In May 1859, a friend and I with horse and buggy took a trip to Long Prairie, a distance of sixty miles, to see the country. We knew the streams would be very high, but if we waited for them to fall, there would be the annoyance of mosquitoes. We chose high water. We left St. Cloud May 24, 8 A.M. taking the old Red river trail as far as Richmond; thence continuing up the valley of the Sauk we arrived at Mr. Buchanan's—thirty-five miles—at 5 P.M. Wednesday, the twenty-fifth, we left Mr. Buchanan's at seven with clear weather and a cool breeze, but with gloomy apprehensions of our inability to cross the Sauk river. At noon we came to it. We had had some hopes of finding a ferry but there was none. It seemed perilous, so deep and strong was the current. As I was able to swim, I first tried how the horse could ford it alone. I barely got over with him, for he went under and pitched like a small craft in a storm and we described a semi-circle in reaching the opposite bank. That place I found would not answer for a ford. I then went a little below and started him in again from another track, but he got into a deeper hole, and it being impossible for him to swim against the current, he whirled around and sought the shore, and we made separate landings. My friend then suggested that I turn the horse out to graze while we

secured the assistance of some neighboring settlers and made a raft upon which to get the buggy over. Accordingly I left my horse, and alone took my way across the river to where I first had started. We got the assistance of three Germans and all worked busily for two hours making the raft. We made it fast and strong and finally got it launched with the buggy tied on. But alas! with the buggy and one man on it, it sank. The only explanation we could discover for such a lamentable result was its being made of green timber! We rescued the buggy, and man, and let the raft float off down stream. Reluctantly we concluded to abandon the undertaking. But the horse was on the other side. My efforts to catch him were not only unsuccessful but I was alarmed lest I had so frightened him that he would absolutely run away. Here then we were to summon "resolution from despair." At a place a little above where we had been, we decided it would perhaps be possible to get the buggy over by hand. We finally concluded to try, but with many misgivings as my fellow traveller could not swim. We let it down into the river cautiously. The current quickly put it in motion. All that was needed for success was to keep the shafts turned at right angles to the current. For a minute while in the middle of the river, it seemed as if an additional pin's weight would have given the current the victory and have sent the buggy beyond our reach; but by straining every nerve we got it safely across. In half an hour we were again on our journey. Five miles further on, past the pleasant settlement of Melrose, was another crossing of the Sauk river, where a skiff was to be had by going a mile above and calling the owner. This delayed us an hour, but we got the buggy over at last and let the horse swim. Thursday

in the midst of a drenching rain we reached Long Prairie. We spent the night at General Van Cleve's house. There were but three families living in the village though there were some forty or fifty buildings once occupied by the first families of the Winnebagos. Horatio P. Van Cleve, a graduate of West Point, who had served as a lieutenant in the regular army, and who later served as brigadier-general in the Civil War, was now agent for Cincinnati people who had purchased from the government a large tract of land formerly held by the Winnebagos. Mrs. Van Cleve in her very interesting reminiscences *Three Score Years and Ten*, tells of the difficult journey to Long Prairie in the autumn of 1856 and of the suffering of that first winter when their household supplies and provisions, which they had been assured would come on the next steamboat, were delayed for months by early snow and ice. She writes: "Early in December winter came upon us in earnest; snow fell to such a depth that we were fairly shut out from the whole world, and so suddenly as to find us unprepared. It was difficult and almost impossible on account of the deep snow to procure wood sufficient to keep up the constant fires necessary on account of the intense cold. We had no mail, no telegraph, no news from our supplies. . . . Day by day our temporary supplies lessened and with all the faith we could call to our aid, we could but feel somewhat anxious. A crop of wheat raised on the place the preceding summer had been stored, unthreshed, in some of the empty buildings, and this, at last, came to be our only dependence. The mill on the property had of course been frozen up and only after hours of hard work, could my husband and boys so far clear it of ice as to succeed in making flour, and such flour! I have always regretted

that we did not preserve a specimen for exhibition and chemical analysis, for verily the like was never seen before, and I defy any one of our great Minneapolis mills to produce an imitation of it. The wheat was very smutty, and as we had no machinery to remedy this evil, all efforts to cleanse it proved unsatisfactory, but the compound prepared from it which we called *bread* was so rarely obtainable as to be looked upon as a luxury. . . . Some time in January, our five year old boy was very suddenly seized with pleurisy in its most violent form, and for hours seemed in mortal agony. We had no efficient remedies, no doctor within thirty perhaps fifty miles, and to complicate matters, I had lain down sick for the first time, thoroughly vanquished by fatigue and unusual exposure." After four weeks her son gradually recovered; and at last two sledges laden with the long looked-for supplies drew up before the door. Such were some of the troubles of the early settlers. Our trip back to St. Cloud via Swan river and the east side of the Mississippi was fortunately devoid of any thrilling experience.

June 21, 1859, I wrote: A stage to the Red river of the North! Lady passengers for Athabasca! These are momentous events for this little town, and remind us how far we yet are from the jumping off place. It is one hundred and fifty miles to the Red river on the present route, and two years ago it was almost a wonder for one to have been there; but pioneers have advanced rapidly towards it since then, so that now a weekly mail has just been established to be carried in four-horse coaches. What is still more, a steamboat is already running on that river between Fort Abercrombie and Selkirk settlement and will connect with the stage. The steamer commenced its first trip down the river on the fourth. . . . The first stage left here this morning.

Indeed two full coaches went out. They were made in Concord, N. H., expressly for this route. In the first were two ladies, just from Scotland (the Misses Stirling) who are going to Athabasca, a trading post three thousand miles northwest of here. At Fort Garry they will leave the weekly for an *annual* line of conveyance. In the same coach was J. W. Taylor who goes on to overtake Colonel Noble's expedition,¹⁰ also Captain Blakely¹¹ one of the proprietors. The other coach contained some English gentlemen, among them Sir Francis Sykes, who are going to Edmonton to hunt buffaloes. Manton Marble of the New York *Evening Post*, afterwards editor of the *World*, and Joseph A. Wheelock, afterwards for many years editor of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, also passed through St. Cloud that month on a trip to the Red river settlement, where now is Winnipeg. Mr. Marble made many fine sketches of the scenery, as illustrations for two articles on the trip which were printed in Harper's *Magazine*.

I had ever since my arrival in Minnesota naturally taken some interest in the political affairs of the state, and had as early as 1857 made a number of political addresses, going to Anoka, Little Falls, and a few other places. In the fall of 1859 the Democratic convention of the twentieth senatorial district, consisting of Benton, Stearns, Meeker, and Kandiyohi counties, nominated me for state senator. Stephen Miller had been a politician in Pennsylvania and was an uncommonly humorous speaker. His partner, Mr. Swisshelm, was the Republican candidate. Mr. Miller, therefore, in support of his partner, invited me to meet him in political discussion during this senatorial can-

¹⁰ A few days previous Col. Noble of St. Paul had set out on an attempt to open a route to the Pacific, which would hasten the development of the Northwest.

¹¹ Father of Henry Blakely of St. Paul, now deceased.

vas, and we held six or more open debates. At Maine Prairie I remember the meeting was in a barn. I was elected. It was at this same state election that Alexander Ramsey was first elected governor and Ignatius Donnelly made lieutenant-governor. They entered upon their duties January, 1860, but the legislature met in December, and up to the first of January, Henry H. Sibley served as governor. One of the members of the House was Horatio Mann, whom I came in later years to know very well and to esteem very highly. At that time the state's warrants or checks were twenty-five percent below par, and my pay as senator was barely sufficient to pay for my board. Mr. Mann once told me that he used to walk down to the legislature from his home in Minneapolis to save the cost of driving. People had not yet recovered from the hard times of 1857. In the senate I served as a member of the judiciary committee. In 1860 the Douglas Democratic state convention placed me at the head of the ticket for presidential electors. One of my campaign speeches was made at Oneota a small place near Superior. We covered the one hundred and fifty-nine miles between St. Paul and Superior in four days, leaving St. Paul September 4, and driving to Sunrise City in a covered wagon with springs. The rest of the way we were obliged to use a common open wagon with no springs. We passed through magnificent pine forests, made up of trees eighty feet or more in height, with alternate belts of deciduous trees. Superior was then much larger than Duluth. Its city limits extended into the forest over two miles, and lake steamers arrived there regularly. Mr. Miller occupied on the Republican ticket a position similar to mine on the Democratic, and he again invited me to hold political discussions with him. We held about thirty such meetings. At Traverse des

Sioux we dined with Judge Flandrau and his first wife, a lovely Kentucky lady. Mr. Miller's speeches were devoted to a severe criticism of the Buchanan administration and to ridiculing the idea that Lincoln's election could possibly cause civil war. "They say that if Lincoln is elected, the Potomac will run with blood. I tell you that the Potomac will be good drinking water." "If Lincoln cannot parse Latin and talk Spanish, he will on the fourth of March make Jimmie Buchanan and some others walk Spanish." "The Republicans mean to get a ton of A number one Missouri hemp and hang all disunion traitors high as Haman." These are samples of his remarks. His speeches abounded in amusing anecdotes. I once asked him why he did not appeal more to the intelligence of his audience. He replied, "The intelligent men in my party will vote right anyhow, the thoughtless will be carried by enthusiasm." As an entertaining speaker I was not Miller's equal. I argued that the North was bound to uphold the Compromise of the Constitution in respect to slavery; that the Democrats, though at heart as much opposed to slavery as the Republicans, upheld this Compromise for the sake of the Union and peace; that it was unwise to agitate against slavery in the North when it would not cause the removal of slavery, but would only embitter the South against the North. But though at that time I believed in compromise, I can see as I look back that it was best as it was. Minnesota went strongly Republican, and of course I was defeated though I got the full vote of my party. Fortunately for the world, the Republican victory meant that Abraham Lincoln was elected President. The state went for Lincoln by 5,000 majority. The entire vote in the state in 1859 was 38,917, and the republican majority was then 3,500.

Civil War Service and Imprisonment in Confederate Prisons

December 20, 1860, South Carolina (not by popular vote but by a convention of delegates) passed an ordinance of secession, and other slave states soon followed her example. January 9, 1861, the steamer "Star of the West," while going with supplies to the relief of Fort Sumter, at the entrance of Charleston harbor, and while flying the United States flag, was fired upon by secession cannon and forced to retire. The firing on the flag awakened the people. When Fort Sumter was captured April fourteenth by the secessionists and President Lincoln the following day issued a call for seventy-five thousand troops, Minnesota's quota was one regiment. At a public meeting held early in St. Cloud – in April I think – I subscribed my name as a volunteer. After that for many mornings when I awoke I felt myself no better than dead.

I was acquainted with Captain N. H. Davis (afterwards inspector-general of the army) then in command of Fort Ripley, which was but forty miles north of St. Cloud. So in May Theodore H. Barrett (afterwards Brevet-brigadier-general) and I drove to Fort Ripley to obtain instruction in the manual of arms. We practiced several hours a day for nearly a week and learned the manual of arms thoroughly. We saw Captain Davis drill his company, which was under the best of discipline. After returning to St. Cloud, I tried to raise a company, but the distances were great and I did

not succeed in doing so for the first Minnesota regiment. However, the recruits I helped to raise and drill, went to fill up the companies of the famous First Minnesota. That summer on my way home, I had visited the city of Washington, and July fourth the camp of the First Minnesota at Alexandria, Virginia, little supposing it was so soon to take part in the battle of Bull Run. I was filled with admiration for the soldiers, and returned to Washington with my pockets stuffed with their letters which I had undertaken to mail. I had hoped to see Lincoln but caught only a glimpse of him; yet in that moment I was inspired by the kindness and majesty of his expression. I was at my old home in New Hampshire when the battle of Bull Run occurred, July 21, and my desire to be in the war was greatly stimulated.

The state of Minnesota, in the latter part of September, was authorized to furnish a third regiment of infantry. I undertook again to raise a company, and travelled many miles with horse and buggy to get recruits. By October 7, I had twenty young men of excellent character ready to go with me to Fort Snelling to be mustered into the military service for three years or during the war. We went from St. Cloud to St. Paul by stage October eighth, stayed over night at the Winslow house, on the corner of Third and Fort (now seventh) streets, then the best hotel in the city, and went the next morning to Fort Snelling. Our quarters that first night at Fort Snelling were in a hayloft. The next day we joined forces with a squad of twenty-one men from Le Sueur. While sitting around on the hay the men chose me captain, Joseph Swan first lieutenant, and Damon Greenleaf second lieutenant. October eleventh we were all sworn in as privates and

went to work recruiting and drilling. Our pay was thirteen dollars a month. To find men to fill up the company, I made a trip as far as Lake Osakis in Douglas county, and by the fourth of November I received my commission as captain of Company I. It being the ninth in the regiment I was outranked by eight captains and three field officers. A dim prospect indeed for any high promotion.

On a beautiful day, Saturday November seventeenth, our regiment embarked at Fort Snelling. We landed at the foot of Eagle street, St. Paul, marched up that street, all the way past throngs of spectators, to Third, down Third to Jackson, thence to the lower levee, where we re-embarked on three steamboats. By Tuesday we were in camp, eight hundred of us, on a clover field five miles south of Louisville. At that time the enlisted men occupied large, circular Sibley tents in each of which about a dozen slept. The commissioned officers had wall-tents, the captain having one to himself and the two lieutenants one. My bed at first was straw laid on the ground and covered with a blanket, but soon I procured a cot which could be folded and carried in a surprisingly small sack. In the course of time the men all learned that it was not healthy to sleep on the ground. The captain is answerable for the good condition and efficiency of his men. The government in the Civil War furnished enlisted men arms, ammunition, clothing, and subsistence free (the commissioned officers paid for theirs) and all this the captain had to receipt for and be responsible for. He had to sign daily reports of the number of men present for duty, sick, and detailed. Nearly all of the two little volumes of tactics I learned by heart, for it would not do to make a mistake in front of my company. I believe I

never was more of a student in my life than when in the military service.

December sixth and seventh we marched to Shepherdsville, Ky., on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, a long stretch of which we were destined to guard during the winter. There our colonel, Henry C. Lester, who had been a captain in the First Minnesota, joined us. He was a gentleman, proved thoroughly honorable and just, was quiet and reserved, and yet genial and hospitable. He was a native of the state of New York, and previous to the war had been clerk of the District Court at Winona. He immediately started an evening school for the officers, and a system of instruction, drill and discipline, which within six months gave the regiment distinction for fine military appearance. He came to be admired by his regiment and popular in our state, and had it not been for his unfortunate surrender of the regiment the following summer, he could easily have risen to a high position in the army.

General W. T. Sherman had been in command of the department of the Ohio, with headquarters at Louisville, but as he had expressed the belief that two hundred thousand men were needed, he had been considered crazy, and relieved. General Buell had just taken his place. General George H. Thomas with a small force was at Peach Orchard, eighty miles southeast, while the principal Union force was on Nolin's Creek (near Abraham Lincoln's native spot), sixty miles south of Shepherdsville under General McCook. In the latter's front at Bowling Green was Albert Sidney Johnston with nineteen thousand Confederates. A battle there seemed impending. McCook was receiving his supplies over the railroad our regiment was guarding.

There were several high wooden bridges on this railroad, the destruction of any one of which might have proved a great misfortune. One of these my company undoubtedly saved by breaking a bad log jam which threatened it.

Having been authorized by the colonel to do so, I went to Louisville to try to obtain for the regiment better muskets. I found General Buell, a large fine-looking man, in his shirt-sleeves, hard at work at his desk. It struck me at once that he was the right man in the right place. I told him that on discharging our muskets (they were not of American make) so many locks had blown off that it had become a saying among the men that the muskets were more dangerous to those firing them than to those fired at. It was not many days before the regiment was supplied with entirely satisfactory Enfield rifles. I have always thought that General Buell was one of our great generals. His failing to follow and destroy Bragg's army after the battle of Perryville was supposed to be the reason for his being relieved in 1862. But what general in our Civil War ever accomplished such a thing? Rough country and few and poor roads generally prevented rapid movements.

General Grant's brilliant victory at Fort Donelson caused the retreat of the Confederate armies to the southern border of Tennessee. The general forward movement took our regiment to Nashville, where March 24, 1862, we went into camp on the Ewing place, two miles south of Nashville, near the Murfreesboro pike. We performed guard duty in the city and protected the railroad bridge at Mill creek. At this time the regiment was strictly living up to regulations, one of which was that the enlisted men should wear

shoulder scales when in full dress. These brass scales, intended as protection against cavalry sabre cuts, were fastened on the shoulders, and when polished, as they always were, formed a striking part of the uniform. A polished brass bugle and eagle were on the hat, and a polished plate on the cartridge box and belt. The regiment made a very good impression at Nashville.

In April I visited Andrew Johnson, then military governor of Tennessee, at his office at the Capitol to invite him to speak to our regiment. I found him to be a man of medium height and strongly built, with black hair, very black and piercing eyes, a prominent nose, and almost a scowl. He came to speak to us, accompanied by a few friends including ladies, and during his extemporaneous address on the Union, the regiment stood in column by divisions closed in mass. It seemed a little awkward for him in the beginning to assure our regiment that it was welcome on Tennessee soil. At his invitation the regiment later visited Nashville, was there welcomed by him, and conducted by him in person around the spacious marble-paved veranda of Tennessee's beautiful capitol. As an acknowledgement of my having sent him a copy of the *Boston Post* containing my short report of his speech,¹² which I had care-

¹² The following are extracts from my letter printed in the *Boston Post* of May 2, 1862, reporting Governor Johnson's speech:

"He spoke for an hour and a half with great force and eloquence. He said he would make no distinction between officers and men, but would address them all as citizen soldiers and gentlemen; and as he had seized the hour from pressing and constant labors they must expect him to speak in a plain and offhand manner. 'For what purpose,' he inquired, 'are you, men of Minnesota, standing here in arms? It is to sustain the Union and enforce the Constitution. You are here to drive out treason from the land and to suppress this nefarious and hell-born secession. You are here to restore and vindicate the Constitutional authority of the Federal Government. I therefore, with all my heart, welcome you to the soil of Tennessee. Every patriot heart among the living today bids you welcome. And if there could be communication with the dead, many noble spirits of the past would rise up, and saluting

fully noted and which he politely said was a better speech than he had made, he invited me to dine with him. His family was not then with him at Nashville and he boarded in a private family, where were a few other boarders. Before dinner he took me upstairs to his room and offered me a glass of whiskey which I drank, he also taking a drink. He then rather to my surprise, took from a drawer and read to me his commission as brigadier-general and provisional-governor. He said there was no authority under the constitution for issuing such a commission. I said nothing, but it seemed a rather unpatriotic remark. I knew as he did that the President had appointed provisional-governors for some other southern states, probably under his war power, and with the approval of the attorney-general.

you as the guardians of free government, bid you welcome. . . 'This atrocious heresy of secession' he said was nothing more nor less than a plot to establish an aristocratic government. He knew what he said and said what he meant. He had known the Secession leaders a long time. He had known them in Congress and out of Congress. While they made the negro a pretext for rebellion, their ambition and end was to create a new system of government for the benefit of the few. They didn't consider the people competent for self-government. In an interview which he had had with Clayton, assistant-secretary of the Treasury under Cobb, after discussing the subject with him at length, Clayton said there was no use in arguing the question further, for it was well settled that there was a large majority in the South and quite a number in the North who had determined not to live under the administration of a President who had come up from the masses, like Abe Lincoln! . . ."

"In the last presidential canvas there were three candidates for the Presidency voted for in Tennessee, — Douglas, Bell and Breckenridge. Each, by his supporters, was claimed to be the best Union man. Strange as it might seem to them, he supported Breckenridge as the best Union man. He canvassed the State, spent money and printed documents to secure his election. But he told the people everywhere that if Lincoln should be elected, it was their duty to give him a fair trial—to support his measures if they were fair and just, and if they were not, to wait till his four years were up, and then elect some one in his place.

He looked forward to more cheerful times when we should again be united. 'Tennessee will yet stand side by side with Minnesota in the Union. All states will be in the Union.'

Governor Johnson's manners at dinner were quiet and dignified. No wine was served at the table. He was popular at this time in the North as a southern Union man, intensely opposed to secession, but though a prominent figure he had probably not then been thought of as a candidate for vice-president.

April 27, twenty days after the battle of Shiloh, we marched toward Murfreesboro, a town in the heart of Tennessee, whence radiated eleven highways, some of which were good pikes. Murfreesboro was on the railroad over which our army at the front received its supplies, and contained a depot of supplies. It naturally required much picket duty.

One afternoon I was out with my company about a mile south of camp at Murfreesboro, yet inside the picket lines, practicing target firing. Though this was not a very unusual practice, by some chance the noise of our firing caused an alarm in camp and the calling out of the troops. Suddenly we saw with amazement two lines of our own cavalry approaching us in line of battle through the open timber from opposite directions. One of the lines was just ready to charge and fire, but its commander fortunately took in the situation. We thought under the circumstances we had practiced enough for that afternoon, and when I marched my company back into camp, we were greeted with cries of "Guard house! Guard house!"

June 11, the regiment marched to Pikeville across the Cumberland mountains. There was a column, including our regiment, of three thousand men and about eight hundred cavalry, all under General Dumont, our colonel (Lester) having immediate command of the troops. Though we did not know it at the time, the movement was intended as a support to operations at

Chattanooga. The first day, twenty-four hours, I marched with my company forty miles. We slept a few hours at Woodbury, then got up and continued the march to McMinnville. The road was mountainous part of the way and the heat and dust intense. When we halted to rest I would lie down on the ground and be asleep in a minute, and by the time we had reached McMinnville, I wanted nothing in the world but to lie still. At Pikeville we were in the midst of Union people who wanted to take the oath of allegiance, and as provost-marshal I administered the oath to many citizens there and at McMinnville. On our return to Murfreesboro, we camped southeast of the town, but later because the land was overflowed we moved out near the pike on Stone's river, nearly two miles distant and on the opposite side of Murfreesboro. Our colonel had discarded the ordinary brass-band and had organized a bugle-band which distinguished us. The bugles were without keys, difficult to play and very much louder and more stimulating than ordinary brass-band music.

My facts regarding the events to be next noted are not given from recollection, but from what I noted down in a southern prison, a few weeks after the action occurred. There were no fortifications at Murfreesboro and the numerous roads rendered it easy of attack. There had been rumors of such attack; heavy pickets had been posted in consequence; and once our whole regiment spent the night out on one of the roads watching, dead-sure the enemy was coming. At this time General Buell with sixty-seven thousand men was in northern Alabama on the eve of marching to occupy Chattanooga in order to regain East Tennessee. The Confederates knew his plans, and as their force at

Chattanooga was less than his, and as Bragg's reinforcements could not get there for two weeks, they sent Morgan into Kentucky and Forrest to Murfreesboro to cut Buell's lines of communication and delay his movement.

Our force present for duty at Murfreesboro July 13, 1862, was two hundred and fifty men of the Ninth Michigan, in camp three-fourths of a mile east of the town on the Liberty turnpike, and near them eighty men of the Seventh Pennsylvania cavalry and eighty-one men of the Fourth Kentucky cavalry; forty-two of the Ninth Michigan in the court house as provost-guard; and more than a mile distant, on the west side of the town, nine companies of the Third Minnesota, five hundred men strong and near them two sections (four guns) of Kentucky field artillery with sixty-four men for duty. In all our force was one thousand seventeen effective men all well-armed, well-drilled, and with plenty of ammunition, besides four field guns. July 6, Forrest began to cross the Tennessee river at Chattanooga with about one thousand cavalry, and reached Woodbury eighteen miles from Murfreesboro, "with somewhat above thirteen hundred men" at eleven o'clock the night of the twelfth. Making a forced march to Murfreesboro he charged upon the camp of the Seventh Pennsylvania cavalry at daylight Sunday morning July thirteenth; then reformed and charged upon the Ninth Michigan infantry, which made a gallant defense in line of battle and repulsed several charges but finally surrendered having had eleven killed and eighty-nine wounded. Almost simultaneously a part of Forrest's force moved toward the Third Minnesota, which had sprung up at the first sound of the firing, had formed into line, Colonel Lester in command, and with two guns of the Kentucky artillery on

each flank, had marched in the direction of Murfreesboro. It had gone not more than an eighth of a mile – having just reached the open ground in front of Murfrees's large frame-house – when about three hundred of the enemy were perceived through the fog five hundred yards distant and a little to the left, approaching in a gallop from the town. They were moving in some disorder and appeared to fall back soon after the Third regiment came into sight. The latter was immediately brought forward into line, and in a few moments the artillery opened fire. The enemy retired out of sight, and in the course of half an hour the Third regiment advanced in line six hundred yards further, with its right near the Nashville pike. Skirmishers were deployed in the woods, a Parrott gun was placed so as to have complete range for nearly a mile down this road toward Murfreesboro, and the six-pounders continued to fire. As there was nothing in sight to oppose us I supposed we would immediately march to the aid of our comrades on the other side of the town. Seeing no signs of our doing so, I went to our colonel and asked him in tone of entreaty if we were not going to do so. He replied, "we will see." I offered to take my company into town to ascertain the situation. Up to this hour the only ground of discontent that had ever existed in our regiment had been that it had never had an opportunity to fight. Probably no regiment was ever more eager to meet the enemy in battle than was the Third Minnesota on that occasion. Yet while it was there in line of battle from daylight till about noon, impatiently waiting for the enemy to approach, or what was better, to be led against him, he was assailing an inferior force of our comrades near by, and was wantonly destroying valuable United States commissary and

quartermaster stores in town, which we were all in honor bound to protect. We plainly saw the smoke rising from our burning depot of supplies. Only once did any of Forrest's forces venture within musket range of the main line of the Third regiment. About eight o'clock a Georgia regiment formed down in the woods to charge but only two of its companies persevered, and they, finding they could not move a man in our line, galloped off as rapidly as possible to our left, suffering some loss. At about the same time a considerable force under Forrest's immediate command, made three assaults upon the camp of the Third regiment, now out of sight and half a mile to our rear, which was defended by a camp guard of about twenty men, a few convalescents, teamsters and cooks. Generals Jordan and Pryor's history of General Forrest's campaigns, which Forrest pronounced authentic, in describing this action says the camp was "occupied by about one hundred men posted behind a strong barricade of wagons and some large limestone ledges which afforded excellent cover, difficult to carry," but there could have been scarcely fifty men defending the camp. This history then goes on to say that Forrest ordered a charge on the camp with a force consisting of "Major Smith with his men, including the Kentuckians, and three companies of Morrison's Georgians under Major Harper, Majors Smith and Harper leading their men. They were met however with a stubborn, brave, defense. Twice, indeed, the Confederates were repulsed. But Forrest, drawing his men up for a third effort, made a brief appeal to their manhood, and putting himself at the head of the column, again ordered a charge, this time with success." We thus see, from Forrest's own account with what difficulty the little camp guard of the

Third Minnesota, was overcome. That was a fair example of the fighting qualities of the Third Minnesota. The brave corporal of my company, Charles H. Greene (from Morrison County) who rallied our little force at the camp did not yield until he had received a severe saber cut on the head and two bullet wounds, one of which was mortal. He lived but a few hours, but, while lying at the point of death at the camp, described the combat to me, after the surrender, substantially as stated in Forrest's *Memoirs*. Private V. Woodburn of Company C was also killed there and nine others wounded. About half-past one, when we had present in the Third regiment some five hundred effective men, well armed, in good spirits, and eager for a fight, with four pieces of field artillery well-manned and with a fair supply of ammunition, over the brow of rising ground a white flag appeared, which proved to be a request for our colonel to go into Murfreesboro for a consultation with Colonel Duffield of the Ninth Michigan, at this time a prisoner of war and wounded. Forrest as stated in the above mentioned history, "ostentatiously displayed his several commands along the path Colonel Lester was led in going to and from the interview with Duffield."

Unfortunately Colonel Lester yielded to the advice of Colonel Duffield, and on his return to the regiment submitted the question of surrender to his officers. He represented the situation as he had derived it from Colonel Duffield. On a show of hands there was a majority against surrender, but as all did not vote, there was a call for another vote and the question was reopened. Meantime three company commanders had gone to their companies. Our council was public. We stood in a group and everyone who chose could hear.

From the first I had argued as earnestly as I could against surrender. I had referred to the fact that the enemy had not dared to attack us; that his force had been reduced by loss in action, and by detachments sent off with prisoners; that he must be tired out and it was doubtful whether he would attack us at all. That it would be time enough to surrender when we were obliged to do so. That as a last resort we could retire fighting towards Nashville. That if we surrendered it would be disgraceful. I had said all this and more. I realized the cowardice of our regiment's being surrendered as keenly then as I have ever realized it since. The final vote was by ballot. There were two besides myself – Lieutenant-colonel Griggs and Captain Hoit, who voted to fight. But the majority voted to surrender, and between three and four o'clock our regiment and the Kentucky light battery of artillery were surrendered. I very soon went to my company, had it formed in line, and related what had been done and what I had said. When I finished, my first sergeant, Frank Morse, called out, "Three cheers for Captain Andrews," and they were heartily given. I may say here, that my later promotion was due primarily to the stand I took on this occasion. The only feeling I ever had towards our colonel on account of the surrender, was that of pity. In a few months he was dismissed from the army, as were all the others who had advocated the surrender.

When I went back to our camp, accompanied by some other officers, among them General Forrest, to get my clothing or at least a blanket, I found that everything of the kind had been taken or burned. One other loss was even amusing. The afternoon before, on going to town, I had met a colored man with chick-

ens to sell, and had bought one, paying him for it in silver, and telling him where to deliver it to my servant. He had delivered it and had collected pay also from my servant. The next morning the chicken fell into the hands of the Confederates.

Forrest even at this time was a noted man, yet he had not received his commission as brigadier-general. I was curious to observe him. He was over six feet in height, with muscular frame, had regular features, somewhat long black hair, a very dark complexion, keen deep blue eyes, a serious air, and used very few words. He was perhaps a little under forty.

Some of our men shed tears when they loaded their well-kept muskets into wagons as Confederate trophies. When we marched, over five hundred strong, in column by companies, well aligned, down the road into Murfreesboro, uncertain of our destiny, perhaps to linger an indefinite period in some fever-stricken spot, it was easy to see in the faces of the Confederate soldiers we passed expressions of amazement at the capture they had made. We were marched rapidly to McMinnville. The enlisted men were there paroled, thence taken to Benton barracks near St. Louis, and were soon after exchanged. They later took part in the Sioux Indian war in Minnesota.

At McMinnville, with other commissioned officers, I took breakfast with Forrest out in front of the house where he had his quarters. He looked very serious, I remember. It was a generous southern meal and the only one I had that day. The same afternoon with the other officers who had been captured at Murfreesboro – thirty in all – I started on horseback for my southern prison. As we were about to mount our horses, I said to Colonel Lester: "I think the surrender was a mis-

take." He replied: "If it is a mistake, it is worse than a mistake."

I ought here to note some of the consequences of the Murfreesboro disaster. It put Buell's army on half rations, for the railroad was useless for two weeks. It compelled him to send a division under Nelson to re-occupy Murfreesboro, and very possibly prevented his occupying Chattanooga. If the forces under Forrest had been thoroughly whipped and routed July thirteenth, as they ought to have been and as they would have been had the Third Minnesota had a chance to engage them, it can hardly be doubted that General Buell would have accomplished his object. General Grant in his *Memoirs* thus sums up the advantages that would have been gained had General Buell at that time taken Chattanooga. "Bragg would then not have had time to raise an army to contest the possession of middle and east Tennessee and Kentucky; and the battles of Stone's river and Chickamauga would not necessarily have been fought; Burnside would not have been besieged in Knoxville without the power of helping himself or escaping; the battle of Chattanooga would not have been fought. . . . The positive results might have been a bloodless advance to Atlanta, to Vicksburg, or to any other desired point south of Corinth in the interior of Mississippi." If the consequences of Buell's failure to take Chattanooga were so momentous, then a deep interest will always attach to whatever retarded his movement, and especially to the reverse at Murfreesboro.

As we were about to start from McMinnville, we were asked to give our parole of honor that we would not on the march attempt to escape, and were told that by doing so more freedom would be allowed us. We

accordingly gave that parole. We were all mounted. I rode an easy horse that had been owned by the Georgia colonel who had been killed at Murfreesboro. We were under charge of Colonel Wharton and a detachment of his regiment, the Texas Rangers, who invariably treated us with politeness. It was said that every man in that regiment had furnished his outfit at his own cost, and that on an average each man was worth fifty thousand dollars. There was nothing to disprove it. From McMinnville to Knoxville our way led across the Cumberland mountains. The scenery was beautiful. The roads, hard and gravelly, were so narrow that but two could ride abreast, and as our column of intermingled blue and gray wound along over hillsides or down into finely shaded glens, the picture was novel and interesting. I now recollect but one place where we lodged on the way to Knoxville. It was in the mountains, where towards evening we had been allowed to go a short distance to pick blackberries. The view to the north was extensive, and I well remember casting my eyes in that direction with peculiar feelings. I lodged that night on hay in a barn. We were fed with the best that the country could supply, and once when the table was not very large, our captors, like true gentlemen, waited till we had first eaten. At another place after we had crossed the mountains, we had dinner at the home of the owner of a cotton factory. I had then only the shirt I was wearing, so I asked this man to sell me one. Instead he gave it to me. Near where we were ferried over the Tennessee river, we met a small Confederate force, an officer of which came and gave me ten dollars in Confederate currency. I have always wished I knew who he was. Possibly Colonel Lester had let it be known that all my effects had been

destroyed. We were at Knoxville one afternoon and night, at the best hotel. Here though we had been told we would retain our swords, they were taken from us. The next day we were on our way to Georgia in first-class passenger cars. I have no recollection that we even then knew our destination. The period of excitement had now passed and we could begin to think soberly of our situation and prospects. At such a time one's mind should be one's chief support. I resolved to practice increased rigid mental discipline and to see how much I could improve myself intellectually during my imprisonment. Under this impulse there in the cars, riding through Georgia, I committed to memory some lines of poetry which I found in a magazine. The second day after leaving Knoxville, when about a hundred miles southeast of Atlanta, the train pulled up, about noon, and from various indications it seemed we had reached our destination. The weather was clear but intensely hot and depressing. On the left of the railroad, and quite near, was a large three story brick building, surrounded by an unpainted board fence about twelve feet high. Every window was full of Union prisoners, who greeted us good-humoredly. The scene was anything but inviting. In obedience to orders, we alighted, and were soon inside the prison yard, about an acre in extent. We were at Madison, Georgia, a village of about a thousand inhabitants.

Our prison, which was situated away from the village, had been a cotton factory. The first floor was vacant. The west half of the second floor was occupied by Union commissioned officers; the east half by Union citizen prisoners from Tennessee, and the third floor principally by General Prentiss and the officers captured with him at Shiloh. To make room for our party, the citizen prisoners were moved down to the

first floor. A space of about six feet by eight, was allotted for every two prisoners. As the civilians had allowed their floor to become filthy with dirt and vermin, the first thing we had to do was to purify our respective portions of the floor by the use of shovels, brooms, soap and water. After the first few nights we were provided with new pine double bed frames filled with clean straw. Having finished our little job of "policing" and wishing to black my shoes, after repeated inquiries, I ascertained that among the Shiloh prisoners there was an officer who had a box of blacking and a brush. That officer, then a captain in the Twelfth Iowa infantry, became I am happy to say, my near and esteemed neighbor Major Edward W. VanDuzee. The very first day I was in prison, I obtained permission to send to the village bookstore for a copy of Shakespeare. I was successful in procuring one complete in octavo size. The same day, accompanied by a guard, I went to a neighboring house to get a chair. The occupants were in ordinary circumstances and the mistress of the family, like many others in the neighborhood, prepared and sold warm meals to such of our prisoners as had money wherewith to pay. She let me have a plain wooden chair. As I was the only one on my floor who had one, General Crittenden often borrowed it after I had retired at night, to take into the hospital, where he and a few others enjoyed a game of cards. Shakespeare and a chair! In a rebel prison they were luxuries indeed. But these were not all. My chum, first-lieutenant afterwards Captain Edward L. Baker of Red Wing, Minn., an able and high-toned gentleman, improvised a chess-board. I do not remember how we procured the pieces, but somehow we got them, and chess provided a great source of diversion.

In the prison inclosure was a well of water, which

though more or less turbid from almost constant use, was nevertheless soft and wholesome. Thither we repaired early in the morning to get water for our daily ablutions. Our wash-basin was a common tin milk-pan, each mess having one for such use. We each were allowed a piece of soap and a piece of plain unbleached cotton cloth for a towel. Just behind my bed was a window which was also shared by my immediate neighbors, two friendly and quiet officers of the Seventh Pennsylvania cavalry, Major Siebert and Lieutenant Einstein. It overlooked the camp of the prison guards outside the fence, and a horizon of mixed hardwood and pine forest, not far away. One dark night the guards at the camp just outside, indulged in so much loud talk, as had become their custom, that we prisoners could not sleep. Finally I jumped up, put my head out of the window and shouted "Stop your noise." I did not remain with my head out of the window very long, but got back to my bunk in very short order. But what an explosion! The effect was like dynamite! Instantly there was a volley of defiant and threatening exclamations. "We'll teach you who we are." "We're cock of the loft here," and similar expressions. The scolding was furious for a while but finally subsided, and after a night or two the loud talking ceased.

The commandant was Captain Calhoun, about thirty-five years of age, quiet and courteous, and so far as I could judge, of humane and gentlemanly instincts. I do not remember any act of incivility, much less of cruelty on his part. The soldiers who acted as guards were also respectful. There were, indeed, among them a few Union men. It was through these that we were able daily, at the price of fifty cents Confederate money per copy, to smuggle in a small Atlanta newspaper,

which was secretly passed around and eagerly read. One day Captain Calhoun asked me how I thought the war would terminate. I expressed the opinion that the Union side would prevail. He naturally argued that the Confederate states would gain their independence. It must be remembered that the southern people were always made to believe that in every battle the Confederates came off victorious. Yet at that time, though the Union armies had gained the victories of Mill Springs, Fort Donelson and Shiloh, the army of the Potomac had retreated from the Peninsula, Pope had been badly defeated at Manassas, and the awful struggle had occurred at Antietam.

We had two meals a day, the first about nine A.M., and the second about three P.M. We had fresh boiled beef a few times a week, but not every day. Other days we had boiled bacon. Corn-dodgers formed the principal bread, though wheat-flour bread was furnished occasionally. We had no vegetables, tea or coffee. A few rations of boiled rice were served towards the last of our stay. The cooking was done by negro women in a small camp just outside the prison fence, and was exceedingly poor. As a matter of fact the food was generally spoiled by being half cooked. It was then, and is still my opinion that the fault arose from lack of administrative direction, rather than from wilful intention. The wheat flour of which the so-called bread was made was apparently of good quality; but it was baked in spiders in thin round cakes about three-quarters of an inch thick, and so hastily as to be little better than so much dough. The beef was boiled but a very short time, and being served without salt or other seasoning was not particularly appetizing. A little flour was stirred into the water in which it was boiled, and

that, without being salted, was served as soup. The fresh meat was usually cooked soon after the animal had been slaughtered and the natural or slaughter-house taste and odor was strong in both meat and soup. The bacon, while some was good, was often of a *lively* character. I found the most palatable food a sandwich which I made, with a bit of cold corn-bread and a thin slice of fat bacon. This I ate early in the morning, with my Shakespeare open before me, seated with scores of fellow prisoners on a narrow bank of earth in the shade of the high prison fence. Our mess of about eight stood around a small table to eat. Our plates and water-cups were of tin and we took turns in washing our dishes and putting things in order. During the last weeks we were there we had at our own expense the luxury of sweet potato coffee, a beverage having the color and something of the taste of coffee, but made of sweet potatoes sliced and boiled. Not a few of the prisoners, and especially those on the third floor, were well supplied with money, and purchased their meals from private houses in the vicinity at an expense sometimes of two dollars a day per person. Baskets of fried chicken, hot rolls and other luxuries, fresh and savory, with water melons and peaches were carried through our room daily. I myself had only five or ten dollars in United States money. Before I could spend it I was obliged to exchange it for Confederate currency and pay a premium. We had very little sickness. Once when feeling ill, I applied for a drink of whiskey which was brought to me in a tumbler from the hospital. I never had occasion to repeat the request. There was a roll-call at a fixed hour every forenoon. Those on each floor stood in line and answered

as their names were read by the commandant from a book. We were not allowed to remain in the yard after dark. At dusk a non-commissioned officer of the guard would call out "All aboard," and upstairs we promptly would go. No lights were allowed. At dark everyone generally retired. There was in our room a captain of the Pennsylvania cavalry who was a genius at story telling. Often after all were abed he would relate most laughable anecdotes. Quite a number of the prisoners who occupied the opposite side of our room skillfully made out of bones various objects principally finger rings, and out of peach stones, watch chain ornaments. These they sold to persons in and out of the prison, and thus earned, it was said, sixty dollars or more each month. These men began work very early in the morning soon after day-break, after which there could be no sleep. The sawing, rasping, and filing of beef-bones by so many persons was sometimes almost insupportable. Captain De Kay, for some time postmaster at Red Wing, as a burlesque upon this racket, once brought in some strips of old sheet iron, with which he thrashed the floor with all his might. But our mechanical comrades kept right on sawing bones just the same. Many prisoners enjoyed card-playing, but the principal diversion was pitching quoits. Our wittiest man was a field officer from Shiloh, a stout Missourian with sandy hair and black eyes, who often made us laugh. He did not like the taste displayed in the twelve-foot prison fence, and declared when he built his house he would not have so high a one. Some weeks after our arrival there, an East Tennessee Union civilian was brought in as a prisoner and given a place on our floor. He was a wealthy and prominent citizen,

bright and jolly, and weighed over two hundred pounds. One night there was a tremendous crash. This man had fallen through his bunk.

I had picked up some military ideas during my stay of six months at Fort Leavenworth in 1854, and having been commander of a company and every day present with it for eight months of the war, I ventured while in prison, and mainly as intellectual exercise, to write a small book entitled *Hints to Company Officers*. After being paroled I took the manuscript to the Military academy at West Point and submitted it to one of the instructors. It was published by Van Nostrand. The writing of this little book helped much to pass the time. I read my Shakespeare each day till I had read it through and had committed to memory in all three hundred lines. Many evenings just after sundown I would spend an hour walking a short beat in the yard and thinking over the lines I knew. After reading Shakespeare through, I borrowed and read Plutarch's *Lives*. On an average, Lieutenant Baker and I spent two hours each day playing chess. A rubber of chess, learning some lines of Shakespeare, reading and writing, and some outdoor exercise made the days pass in a manner that was not so very unpleasant.

Whether, and in what way, an escape could be affected were questions a good deal pondered, especially during the latter part of our captivity. Lieutenant Baker and I repeatedly examined a map of Georgia to determine what would be the safest route to the Union lines in case we could get out. The scheme of seizing a railway train was talked of, but the difficulty of passing Atlanta made that plan seem hopeless. There was, however, on the part of a few solemnly pledged to secrecy Lieutenant Van Duzee among the number, a

systematic and persevering effort made to escape by tunneling under the wall of the building. The work had to be done singly and by hand. I was informed of what was going on, but took no part in it, as I had no faith in its success. The first notice I had that the project was deemed ripe for action was being awakened one night by an unusual commotion. There came up the stairs and passed through our room, and thence up to the third story, a file of guarded prisoners who had been caught trying to escape. I remember vividly that General Prentiss marched at the head of the file dressed in his general's uniform, a fact that impressed me as being very foolish. Of course, no one escaped. How the Confederates got knowledge of the scheme I do not remember, but those who had tried to escape were put in close quarters for a while in a jail.

Immediately on arriving at the prison we had found the inmates expecting soon to be paroled. They had told us steps were being taken to that end and that we should have but a short time to stay. This had been cheering news. But as day after day passed, we discovered that such hopes were illusive.

In October, I think, a mass meeting was held and commissioners representing our three groups of prisoners were chosen to be sent, if the Confederate authorities would permit, to Washington to draw our pay. I had the honor to be selected as a representative of the Murfreesboro group. The commission did not go but the correspondence probably hastened our parole.

Finally, however, we were sent in cattle-cars, via Augusta, Georgia, to Libby prison at Richmond. At Columbia (S. C.) we spent about half a day quartered in the jail.

I there requested permission to visit a book-store as

I wished to consult Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, to clear up certain points in my manuscript in respect to some of Napoleon's battles. A Confederate soldier went with me as guard, the bookseller in a courteous manner gave me the freedom of his store, and I remained there an hour taking notes.

I do not remember where we changed to passenger cars, but we went in the latter from Petersburg to Richmond. While the train was stopped a few minutes at Petersburg, some negro boys peered into the car windows to look at us Yankees, and exclaimed, "Why! They hain't got no horns."

Libby had not yet become the terrible place it became in 1865, but the prisoners were all confined inside the building, the toilets were in the building, and were insufficient and offensive.¹³ Our party was given a very small amount of space on the lower floor on which we slept in our own blankets. The food was better than at Madison. We each had per day a small loaf of bread made of good flour, some soup made of small worm-eaten peas, and possibly a small piece of bacon or other meat. After a week we signed papers for our parole, and it was a happy day when we left that prison and marched on foot about fourteen miles down the bank of the James river to a landing where we saw the American flag on the steamboat which was to convey us to

¹³ That conditions were none too good, even then, is evidenced by the following extract from a letter from a committee of citizens to G. W. Randolph, then Confederate Secretary of War; dated Richmond, September 22, 1862 —

"In the discharge of our duties we visited the hospital of the sick and wounded of our enemies now in our custody. All of the wards are in a wretched condition. The upper ward was such as to drive the committee out of it almost instantly. The honor of our country will not permit us to bring the matter to the attention of Congress, thereby making the matter public."

Annapolis. Free refreshments, excellent coffee and raw ham, were furnished us aboard this steamer. This climax to our prison fare produced an illness from which I did not recover for several weeks.

Through the most praiseworthy activity and energy of General Prentiss, permission was granted us all to proceed from Annapolis to Washington, where we received some pay and a leave of absence for a few weeks – till we should be exchanged.

The Last Years of the Civil War, and the Beginnings of Reconstruction

I was hoping every day to hear of my exchange as a prisoner of war. It came about the first of December (1862). On the reorganization of the Third Minnesota regiment, Lieutenant-colonel Griggs was promoted colonel, and I lieutenant-colonel, in command of a detachment of five companies which were to assemble at Winona. A few of these three hundred men had been disorderly in St. Paul and New Ulm. It was the general talk that the whole regiment was badly demoralized. One afternoon I addressed the men and said that whatever became of their officers the regiment would still remain, and it was to their best interests to keep it in good repute. They listened in the best of spirits as I supposed they would, and made a good impression on the people of Winona. With the other five companies we left Winona on January 23, (1863). Reveille was sounded at a quarter past three that stormy winter morning. At daylight we marched out, going from La Crosse to Cairo by train, and by steamboat to Columbus, Kentucky, the northern terminus of the railroad to Memphis. Strange to say the regiment was without arms. It had left, in Minnesota, the ordinary muskets used in the Indian campaign.

While there I served for three months as president of a military commission to try, and to sentence, prisoners accused of disloyal acts. We sometimes sat until eleven at night, for it was a matter of humanity to set

the prisoners free if they were innocent, or to send them to a better prison if they were guilty, as the Columbus prison was very unsanitary.

At last the Third Minnesota was sent to the front. June fifth we embarked for Vicksburg, and landed June eighth at Haines Bluff, seven miles above Vicksburg to form part of the Sixteenth corps to operate against Johnston. That first night I slept on the ground with no shelter. June twelfth I was detailed to take charge of a party of men from different regiments to fell oak trees for obstructions on the north end of Haines Bluff, half a mile north of our camp. I was out all that night with our regiment in line as an advance picket on the low lands bordering the Yazoo river. On the thirteenth I was detailed to take charge of the fatigue party, which in a day or two grew to six hundred men. Our duty was to fell trees in the ravines and to dig rifle pits – continuous trenches – around the brow of the bluff and its spurs. We assembled and started out every morning at four A.M., marching a mile or more to the place of work. The weather was intensely hot, and the labor of chopping down the gum, oak, and other trees of primeval growth which filled the ravines, was severe in the extreme. The soil was a red clay and hard to dig. I deeply sympathized with the men, many of them boys, some of whom later succumbed. Rapid progress was made. Every man seemed to feel that the rifle pits would have a moral effect, as indeed they did, in keeping off Johnston's army. General Sherman who had command of the troops watching for Johnston, personally inspected the work we had been doing and reported that the works would enable the troops there to hold any force from north and northeast. June fifteenth the regiment moved

with Kimball's division to Snyder's Bluff, two or three miles nearer Vicksburg, and camped on rather low ground at the foot of the bluff.

I wanted to see General Grant. So having obtained leave of absence for the day and a letter of introduction to Colonel Rawlins, chief of staff, I went on the nineteenth of June to General Grant's headquarters. Grant received us cordially. He was of medium size, rather thin, wore a neat suit of army blue flannel and a felt hat, without a bit of uniform except the usual gold cord around the hat-band. He had gray eyes, was of sandy complexion, with a clear and healthy skin. So much had been said about his hard drinking that I almost expected to see some signs of it. The tents were all open and every appearance of person and thing bore evidence of strict temperance. My conversation with General Grant was naturally about the expected attack by General Johnston. He talked freely and said he could spare fifteen thousand men from his line at Vicksburg to operate against Johnston and still "hold Vicksburg as tight as wax." There was not the least affectation or pretension about him. His manner was that of a straight-forward business man, and such as to inspire full confidence. Grant often has been represented with a cigar in his mouth. I am glad to state that during our call I saw no evidence of his smoking.

We afterwards visited Colonel John B. Sanborn of the Fourth Minnesota. We dined with him, and then were taken by him to the headquarters of General John A. Logan, commanding a division in the besieging army. A Confederate shell had exploded in the tent of one of his staff officers. With a grave face General Logan took us into the tent, where a white cotton sheet was laid over the cot. With an expression of sorrow,

he turned back the sheet disclosing the empty cot. Then we understood the joke. The officer was not in his tent when the shell exploded. While going along the skirmish line with Colonel Sanborn, we were at one time within three hundred yards of the Confederate sharpshooters, and crouched in several places. There had been so much firing that the hillsides were torn bare.

We were constantly expecting an attack by Johnston. June 22 (1863) positive information was received that he had crossed the Big Black. That night a division marched out nine miles from Snyder's Bluff in his supposed direction. But he had not come. Finally he found it would not be prudent to attack either Haines Bluff or Snyder's Bluff. July third he sent a message to Pemberton saying that he hoped to make a diversion south of the railroad about the seventh. But Vicksburg fell July fourth, (1863), and thirty-two thousand Confederates became prisoners of war. It was the most decisive event that had occurred during the war, and there was tremendous cannonading on July fourth. July fifth Grant sent Sherman with a large force to attack Johnston and send him flying in disorder beyond the vicinity of Jackson. In this expedition the Third Minnesota had a part.

Colonel Griggs, having resigned as colonel of the Third Minnesota on account of poor health and business interests, I succeeded him on July 16, 1863.

As part of an army under Major-general Frederick Steele intended to expel the rebel forces from Arkansas and to permanently occupy the state, we were sent to Helena, Arkansas. We camped, July twenty-sixth, two miles below the town on the bank of the Mississippi. As was usual in hot weather, when we were

likely to remain in camp several days, arbors were built over all the tents.

With three hundred and eighty effectives, which made the Third Minnesota one of the largest regiments in the column of some six thousand men, we marched from Helena, August thirteenth at 2:20 P.M. to move against General Price at Little Rock. The heat was intense. On these marches I dismounted and mounted my horse so often that I felt more fatigued at the end of a march than when as captain I had been afoot. Such a march sometimes tempted one to take a swallow of whiskey, a flask of which I generally carried in one of my holsters. However, I found from experience that when I abstained from stimulants of every kind on the march, I came into camp at the end of the day feeling better than I did when I used them.

In the early part of the march we had halted to rest near a small farm-house, and report was brought to me that some of the men had appropriated the poor family's stock of honey and bacon. So, when "attention" was sounded for resuming the march, I had the regiment form in line and told the men it would be much better for them to take some of their rations from their haversacks and give to the poor residents we passed on our march, than to rob them of their subsistence. These Arkansas people, I said, know we are from Minnesota, and they will remember and talk of us for many years. Let us give them reason to remember our regiment and state with respect. That was about the substance of what I said. One of the sergeants sometime afterwards said to me that he had never felt so cheap as he did after I had given that talk.

While we were at Devall's Bluff one of the sad incidents of guerrilla warfare occurred. General Steele

had made arrangements for a Union citizen who had been conscripted into the Confederate service to go north the next day. The following day nothing having been heard from him, General Steele sent a soldier to ascertain his whereabouts. On arriving at the house, the orderly found no one, but on searching, thought he heard a moaning down in the woods nearby. On approaching the spot, he found the citizen lying dead from four or five bullet wounds. His wife and child were sitting in desolate grief by his side. She said that the evening before, after dark, three or four men dressed in Federal uniform had come to the house pretending to be Federal soldiers, and had demanded to see any papers her husband had showing his loyalty. He produced a protection paper from General Steele's headquarters. These disguised assassins then called him out and when a short distance away, shot him. One of them rode back to the house, and called to the wife, "That's the way we mean to treat all abolition aiders."

In capturing Little Rock, Arkansas, without much bloodshed, General Fred Steele did a brilliant piece of military work. The Confederate army under Price, as before stated, lay strongly fortified on the north side of the Arkansas river, opposite the city. General Steele made a feint of crossing his army over the river, eight or ten miles below Little Rock, and capturing the city from its south and unfortified side. He built a pontoon bridge and the cavalry and infantry support which crossed on it, made such an effective demonstration on the south side of the river that Price's army hastily evacuated its fortifications and hurried south to Arkadelphia, forty miles distant. He also made a feint of crossing at Terry's Ford, five miles fur-

ther down the river. The Third Minnesota regiment marched at three o'clock the morning of September 10 at the head of the infantry, and after going two and a half miles, arrived, at break of day, at the north bank of the Arkansas river and at the convex side of a big bend, the place selected for the pontoon bridge. A road down the bank to the water's edge was being finished. The channel of the river was about three hundred feet wide, and between that and the opposite bank was a sand-bar six hundred yards wide. The Third Minnesota immediately formed in line on the right of where the bridge was to be laid, leaving room for the Eleventh Ohio battery on its left. Its position was behind a levee, with some of its sharpshooters closer to the river. Soon the Twenty-second Ohio, Twenty-seventh Wisconsin, and Fortieth Iowa arrived and took position on the right and in the rear of the Third. Other troops formed on our left later. The enemy's artillery in the woods on the opposite bank opened on the party laying the bridge before it was done, and continued for an hour firing upon them and on our line, but without very serious effect. It was replied to and finally silenced by three of our batteries. The engagement thus far was only amusement for our men. The bridge was ready at ten o'clock, when two regiments of infantry, the Fortieth Iowa, followed by the Twenty-seventh Wisconsin, crossed over in column by company at full distance, each as soon as it was upon the sand-bar deploying into line and steadily advancing and gaining the main bank. All expected that at any moment a terrible fire would be opened upon them. It was a spectacle seen by our whole army stretched along the river bank. The cavalry now began to cross the bridge, continuing an hour and a half. But soon after it had

begun, a good ford was discovered a little above the bridge, through which a file continued to cross. After the cavalry had crossed, it advanced with its artillery toward Little Rock, along the south side of the Arkansas river, and before dark drove the enemy from their works at Bayou Fourche, and moved on five miles further to the city. Meantime the two infantry regiments recrossed the river, and General Steele's main force advanced slowly over a dusty road in the timber along the north bank. We were stopped by several skirmishes, and in fact artillery firing continued in our front nearly all the afternoon. But the resistance was only enough to enable the enemy to make a safe retreat from his strong fortifications on the north side of the river. The Third Minnesota passed his well-built and formidable earth-works late in the afternoon, and it was dark, when, having been on the alert nineteen hours, we reached camp on the river bank a mile below Little Rock, where we found the Confederate kitchen fires still burning and their corn cakes yet warm.

Pursuant to instructions we started at seven the next morning, September 11, to march into Little Rock. We went over the pontoon bridge upon which General Price's army had crossed the day before, and which in his haste, he had failed to destroy.¹⁴ While the Third Minnesota was ascending the high ground from the landing on the Little Rock side, General Steele informed me that I would be put in command of the post of Little Rock, and that he had selected my regiment as one of two infantry regiments to come into the city on duty, because of its efficiency and good discipline. This compliment was a happy surprise to me.

¹⁴ The painting in the Minnesota State Capitol commemorative of the Third Minnesota represents that regiment entering Little Rock. It was painted by Stanley M. Arthurs of Wilmington, Delaware.

I was again ill with fever. That first day I gave my orders lying on my back on the floor of the rotunda of the capitol, our headquarters. I suffered more or less from malaria all that winter, though able to carry on my official duties. On the day after we entered the city, I was formally detailed as commander of the post of Little Rock, with a brigade composed of the Third Minnesota, Forty-third Illinois, and Seventh Missouri cavalry. The town had a United States arsenal built at a cost of one million dollars. One of the buildings to be guarded was a nunnery. On assuming command of this post, I issued a general order part of which I include below. Later General Steele read it to a delegation of Union citizens.¹⁵

Major-general Frederick Steele, commander of the department and army of Arkansas, was a man a little under medium size, with a good head, gray eyes, prominent nose, rather long beard and sandy complexion. He was about fifty, was a native of the State of New York, a graduate of West Point, and a man of nice sense of honor and of but few words. A Confederate colonel, wrote November 6 (1863), to Jefferson Davis: "General Steele, the Federal commander is winning golden opinions by his forbearance, justice, and urban-

¹⁵ "Our presence in arms gives life and execution to the orders and proclamations of the President of the United States for the suppression of the Rebellion. The true interest of the government at this time, so far as it is represented by troops here, is by all means to abstain from unnecessarily irritating the citizens; to abstain from all conduct that will tend to tarnish the good name of the Federal army; and by courtesy and good conduct to command the respect and encourage the loyalty of the people. At all events, every true soldier well knows that the conduct of a manly victor will always be characterized by kindness and courtesy. The order that is preserved at this capital and the behaviour of the troops stationed here, will exert a great influence for good or evil throughout the State. Every private soldier represents to some extent the honor, the dignity, and the majesty of our government. A soldier who descends to base conduct, dishonors his profession and lessens the respect which his comrades are entitled to."

ity. Anyone can judge what will follow." General Sherman writing to General Steele said: "I have no doubt you have made more progress in Arkansas toward a reconstruction of the government than we have in any part of the country east of the Mississippi."

Delegates to frame a free state constitution met at Little Rock on January 8, 1864. It being a spontaneous movement of the people, and not initiated by any official authority, the convention was scouted by many as an illegal body. I gave the movement, however, every encouragement in my power, caused rations to be issued to a number of the delegates who had come from north-western Arkansas in a destitute condition, and did everything else I could for their comfort and the success of their work. They adopted a free state constitution which was ratified by popular vote. Isaac Murphy, the only man that had voted "no" in the Secession convention, was elected governor for four years, and held his office till the end of the war and till a successor was chosen under the final reconstruction act.

[The following entries in General Andrews's diary may be of interest in connection with this election]:

February 1, 1864. Chicago *Tribune* of January 25 came last night containing the President's instructions to General Steele to have an election March 28.

February 2. Called with General Kimball on General Steele and got him to telegraph the President to change the date of election from the twenty-eighth to the fourteenth of March to correspond with the day fixed by the convention.

February 18. Col. Fishback, editor of *Unconditional Union*, called early this evening and showed me a telegram from the President, saying he wished General Steele to conform to the action of the convention, but

that Steele was master here and must decide what to do; that some citizens were telegraphing him to postpone the election even later than the twenty-eighth. "This discord must cease." Col. Fishback wished to know what he had better do. I told him formally to apply to General Steele to immediately fix the election for the fourteenth and if he didn't do it, get the army officers to petition him.

March 16. The election has been going on very quietly for three days (*viva voce*), and finished today. General Steele sent me a note saying complaint was made that soldiers had interfered in the election and requested a guard to be stationed. I did so, though there was scarcely any need of it. Soldiers have electioneered to some extent for different candidates, and as some of the soldiers are citizens of Arkansas and entitled to vote, it was difficult to exclude all soldiers from being in the vicinity of the polls, without doing injustice. I have never seen a fairer election.

March 17. It is clear that more than enough votes are cast to answer the President's Proclamation. Arkansas is a free state! The state officers are all unconditional Union men.

[General Andrews was a stanch admirer of Abraham Lincoln, and at this time devoted to his reelection. He fully appreciated the complex difficulties Lincoln had to contend with. A few letters among the Andrews papers throw some light thereon, excerpts from which are here given]:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION, Seventh Army Corps, and U. S.

Forces; Devall's Bluff, Arkansas, Monday, July 18, 1864.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President United States:

DEAR SIR: I have been here ten days. My command here consists of about six thousand men, infantry and cavalry. Shelby is north of here with three thousand or four thousand men. He has

been conscripting all around, and scouts of his venture down to tear up the railroad track. A few days ago it was reported by a Confederate conscripting agent that Marmaduke was at Gaines's landing; Price's headquarters at Camden; Fagan, including Cabell, on Arkansas River, about fifteen miles above Arkansas post; Churchill (with infantry) at Lisbon, ninety miles southwest (of) Camden; Dockery at Hamburg, seventy miles south (of) Fagan, and that engineers were reconnoitering and repairing roads from Camden to Gaines's landing, Monticello to Pine Bluff, and Monticello to Fagan's command. The railroad track between here and Little Rock is frequently interfered with. From all I learn the rebels and conscripts are in high spirits. There is an unusual enthusiasm among them. I learn on fair authority that the explanation of this unusual feeling is that the rebel leaders have represented that by prolonging the war and successfully resisting the Federal authority a little longer they will defeat your election, help elect McClellan or some such man, and gain better terms of peace. Your friend:

C. C. ANDREWS, Brigadier-general

HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION, Seventh Army Corps; Devall's Bluff, Arkansas, August 14, 1864.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States:

DEAR SIR: Two deserters from the rebel camp south of the Arkansas came in yesterday. On Wednesday morning last (10th instant) Slemons's brigade, of Cabell's division, broke camp twenty miles below Pine Bluff, on the Arkansas river, and moved toward Mount Elba. One of the deserters left the command when on the march Thursday morning. It was understood to be a general falling back of the rebel troops. Their hospital had been for some time at Mount Elba. A few deserters are coming in every day. The enthusiasm of the new conscripts and recruits appears to be diminishing as it begins to appear to them that they are not going to remain about home in their warfare. General West went from Little Rock to Searcy, crossed Little Red river, and proceeded to a point near and opposite Augusta. McCray's forces fell back. I have not heard of any fighting. I was able to furnish one thousand six hundred cavalry from here for the expedition. Since that went out I sent a scout of one hundred and thirty cavalry southwest after beef-cattle.

Shelby, at last accounts, was still east of White river, moving toward Jacksonport. The Third Minnesota and Sixty-first Illinois

leave here to-day on veteran furlough. They re-enlisted last winter, and they now richly merit their furlough. Very truly, etc.,

C. C. ANDREWS.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION, Seventh Army Corps; Devall's Bluff, Arkansas, November 3, 1864.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States:

DEAR SIR: Matters remain here about as usual. The weather has been rainy for three days. We have store-houses, however, so that everything is under good cover. There are now sixty-thousand sacks of grain in good shelter. Undoubtedly a rise in the streams will be of advantage to our side. For some weeks past there has been no communication by water between Pine Bluff and Little Rock. Recently a train of three hundred wagons with supplies left Little Rock for Fort Smith. Major-general Herron accompanied the escort. I learn on fair authority that the rebel McCray, who accompanied Price into Missouri with about three thousand men, is now at Searcy, sixty miles northwest of here. I have now at this post four thousand troops, the greater part of whom have good winter quarters. I have five hundred men at work on fortifications, all of which I hope to have finished in a few days. One of my regiments is the Fifty-seventh U. S. Infantry (colored) and is at work on the last and heaviest earth-work. I told them the other day I thought if they made a good fort of it, we should call it Fort Lincoln, which greatly pleased the men and made them shovel faster. I believe in getting as many colored troops as possible. The more rebels see that they cannot retain slavery, the more readily will they quit. Yours truly,

C. C. ANDREWS, Brigadier-general.

[On November 30, 1864, the following report was submitted by General Steele to President Lincoln.]

Aggregate of votes cast in Arkansas at last election, 12,426; only 222 against the new constitution. I hope the delegation to Congress will be received. There is no doubt of their loyalty, and they all sympathize with the present Administration. But a small portion of the state is now occupied by rebel troops, i.e., a line from Camden to Red river, and they can be expelled when the roads become practicable if a small addition be made to my present force.

[As showing the close touch Lincoln maintained, and the many detailed problems handled by him, we insert

the following letter, copy of which is among the Andrews papers.]

CITY POINT, Virginia, December 7, 1864, 4 P. M. (Received 7 P. M.)

HIS EXCELLENCY A. LINCOLN, President of the United States:

The best interests of the service require that the troops of the Northwest (Departments of the Northwest, Missouri, and Kansas) should all be under one head. Properly they should all be in one department. Knowing, however, the difficulty in displeasing department commanders, I have recommended these departments be thrown together into a military division, and General Pope put in command. This is advisable from the fact that as a rule only one point is threatened at a time, and if all that territory is commanded by one man he can take troops from one point to satisfy the wants of another. With separate department commanders they want to keep what they have and get all they can. This will not be the case with Dodge, who has been appointed to command Missouri, nor will it be with Pope.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-general.

At this time the government was endeavoring to enlist colored men in separate regiments. But there was some prejudice against being connected with a negro regiment, and I found several privates and even non-commissioned officers who declined to accept such commissions. However, I had the pleasure of seeing twenty officers and men in my regiment obtain commissions in colored regiments.

On March 23, 1864, General Steele with about nine thousand men marched south from Little Rock to coöperate in General Banks's Red river campaign, leaving General Nathan Kimball in command. The next day General Kimball assigned all troops left in the vicinity of Little Rock, in all some three thousand, to me. Learning that a Confederate force of about one hundred men was in camp a few miles south of Cache Bayou, I thought my regiment, which had been for six long months on guard duty in the city, would enjoy an

expedition into the country. General Kimball readily acquiesced in my plan. I found Major Everett W. Foster eager to go. He detailed such men of the Third regiment as wished to make the trip. We went, about two hundred and twenty-five of us, by march and by boat to Augusta and then north, leaving Sergeant John F. Early and some men to guard the transport. We presently encountered a small party of the enemy and captured two prisoners. But after reaching a point twelve miles above Augusta and meeting no force to resist us, we started back to the transport. While we were resting and lunching, a scout brought to me a citizen physician who appeared to be a candid and honest man. When I told him my disappointment in not finding more Confederates, he replied, "Before you get back to your boat, you will see as many of them as you want." His remark led me to keep my little force well in hand. At about two o'clock in the afternoon of April first, when we were near Fitzhugh's farm, the enemy in quite a force of mounted men appeared from the northeast, advancing in line in the field, and commenced charging on us. This attack was successfully repulsed amid the loud shouts and cheers of our men, who drove the attacking force back into the woods and out of sight. It appeared as if some of the enemy's saddles had been emptied. I then increased my rear guard, resumed the march, and had proceeded about two miles when I was attacked by a much larger force at a place where we were hemmed in by felled trees on each side of the road. A long line of mounted Confederates¹⁶ moved toward us through the field in good order, but shouting loudly. As I learned afterwards they expected this demonstration would induce us to

¹⁶ General McRae's report shows he had 595 men.

show a white flag, for everyone could see we were greatly outnumbered. Our rear was fiercely charged at the same time. We were six miles from our transport. The situation looked rather bad. My men began firing at will with the result that the line which at first seemed so threatening was confused and forced back. Next a determined attack was made on our right. We were not more than two hundred yards from the Confederate line and the clamor was intense, yet above it the Confederate leaders could be heard urging their men forward. Finally they started a charge which appeared threatening and formidable. Feeling that we must meet them boldly, I started toward the enemy's line calling my men to follow. They promptly and resolutely did. We got very near the enemy, who soon turned and disappeared in the woods. Just at the end of this charge my horse was shot and killed under me. The whole action lasted over two hours and until both sides, as it afterwards appeared, had exhausted their ammunition. Lieutenant, afterwards Brevet-captain, Ezra T. Champlin, then acting adjutant, showed distinguished gallantry in this action. My loss in the Third Minnesota was seven killed, one mortally wounded and eighteen wounded – in all twenty-six. The Confederate loss was more than twice that number. After the action my men continued their march of six miles to our boat undisturbed. Before embarking we formed into line and sang a patriotic song. We brought along thirteen prisoners including one commissioned officer and one sergeant, and reached Little Rock safely April 2 (1864), the men feeling fine. We had gone one hundred and sixty-eight miles in less than three days.

Three successive colonels of the First Minnesota, and

one of the Second Minnesota had been promoted to brigadier-generals. It seemed but proper that the Third Minnesota, if its colonel were competent should receive like recognition. January 24, 1864, I had received a letter from Senator Ramsey saying that I had been nominated for brigadier-general. The Third Minnesota band and many of the men serenaded me. On June 16, 1864, I assumed command of the Second division of the Seventh Army Corps. This was really a major-general's command and aggregated on the rolls over twelve thousand men in all arms of the service, though part of the division was on detached duty in Arkansas. July seventh I was ordered to move my headquarters to General Steele's base of supplies, Devall's Bluff. Five thousand troops mostly cavalry were there, but many of them were sick with typhus fever and many were without horses. August eighth, however, I sent sixteen hundred well-mounted and effective cavalry to operate in the Northwest, and August eleventh was able to send one hundred and thirty more cavalry to the southwest. I frequently sent out scouting parties who captured with the loss of only one man, eighty prisoners of war including fourteen commissioned officers.

A touching scene occurred when the veterans of the Third Minnesota, who had not had their furlough, arrived Sunday, August 14, 1864, from Pine Bluff en route for Minnesota. Since I had left them, they had suffered from sickness. Most of them looked pale and thin. I furnished them plenty of good roast beef, and with my own money treated them to a barrel of ale.

Under date of October 2, 1864, I find in my diary that I received a letter from L. A. Evans of St. Cloud saying I could have been nominated for Congress by

the Democrats if it had been thought I would have accepted, and that the Wabasha county delegates had been instructed to vote for me; and my remark, "I surely would not have accepted."

December 15, 1864, I received word that I had been assigned to the command of the Third brigade of the Reserve Corps under Generals Steele and Canby with headquarters at Morganza, La. Later I moved to Kenner, a few miles above New Orleans and went into camp on ground lower than the level of the Mississippi; it gave one a queer sensation to see a great river above one. In obedience to orders I went to New Orleans Jan. 14 (1865), and stayed over night at the St. Charles hotel where I had been in its palmiest days of 1856-1857. I naturally looked around, and on an upper shelf I espied three black dusty bottles, which I learned contained whiskey that was twenty years old, and worth three dollars a bottle. Thinking it might possibly be some of the whiskey that President Lincoln wanted his generals to use, I bought it and gave some to the colonels in my command!

General Canby, with headquarters at New Orleans, was in command of the Military Division of the West Mississippi, a vast territory which included the entire Mississippi valley and Texas. When I first saw him, he was sitting alone, busy at his desk. He was a fine-looking man of about forty-eight, fully six feet tall, strongly built, with uncommonly well chiseled, intellectual, and striking countenance, blue eyes, shaved face and serious but kindly expression. He was very reticent, but I remember saying to myself "That is a George Washington sort of a man." After the war, notwithstanding his immensely important and valuable services to his country, he was made a general officer in

the regular army with a salary of only about five thousand dollars a year. While negotiating with a band of Modoc Indians (though any one of his forty subordinate officers should have been able to do the work) he was assassinated by an Indian who wanted the glory of killing a big man. General Canby and his wife were very benevolent people and laid up very little. It seems sad that Congress gave his widow a pension of only fifty dollars a month.

The city of Mobile which the government had long wished to occupy was very strongly fortified on its north and east sides. The campaign which General Canby was now organizing to acquire possession of that city and of southern Alabama was to be a movement up the east shore of Mobile Bay led by himself. He was also to capture Spanish Fort and Fort Blakely which commanded the approach to Mobile from the east. General Steele, by a circuitous march, was to join Canby at those places. My division assembled at Barancas, Florida, and with five thousand two hundred effective men and a train of eighty six-mule wagons of supplies, I marched for Pensacola. It was the same road over which General Jackson had marched in 1818 with his army of three thousand men and two pieces of artillery. Confederate scouts reported that I had eighteen thousand or twenty thousand men. This shows how easily numbers can be overestimated.

Pensacola, which had a good harbor, was then remarkable for its ruined and lonely condition. It appeared to have once contained 5,000 inhabitants, but it did not then have a hundred. It had been raided by troops of both sides. Amid the ruins, the shrubbery, and here and there delicate flowers, showed a former period of taste, if not of affluence. Now there were not

a dozen sound buildings in the town, and not a single shop doing business. The next day I had a detail at work repairing the wharf, in which were two gaps, each 300 feet in length. March 13, seventy pine logs for piles were hauled from the neighboring woods to the wharf before eight o'clock, and during the day two hundred were cut, hauled and sharpened. One pile was nearly driven when the wind and waves rose and stopped work. There being no pile-driver, the piles had to be worked into the ground by their own weight. The storm continued the next day and no work could be done. March 15 work was resumed and on the eighteenth was entirely finished.

At Pensacola on my return from religious services, Sunday, March 19, 1865, I found the signal telegraph message from General Steele "Good morning Brevet Major-general." It seems that General Canby had recommended my promotion so that he could give me a higher command. General Steele, with Hawkins's division and Lucas's brigade of cavalry arrived at Pensacola March nineteenth, and the whole column marched the twentieth. With me, as part of my division were two light batteries of artillery – the Second Connecticut and Fifteenth Massachusetts. The other troops of the two brigades with me were wholly from the states of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and Iowa, many of whom had been in some of the greater battles. My division, being in the advance, started at daylight, halted ten minutes every hour to rest, and went into camp at noon. A few wagons had sunk down to their hubs in the sand in some places, and were not up until after dark. Before midnight an uncommonly heavy fall of rain commenced and continued a steady pour till ten the next day. We made but three miles. Ropes

were fastened to wheels and men pulled, pushed from behind, and tugged at every wheel. Meantime details were busy with axes cutting down small pines and corduroying the constantly occurring bad places. It seemed as if the whole country was but a crust. We reached Pine Barren creek, March twenty-third, found it ten feet deep, its banks widely overflowed, the current strong, and the bridge destroyed. A new bridge three hundred feet long made of newly cut logs, was finished the next day, and crossed by the troops. April second my division arrived in front of Fort Blakely at ten o'clock A.M. That night we commenced intrenching but the spades were few for so long a line. At first my line extended two miles but later it was shortened to three quarters of a mile. Our progress was slow. The frequent explosion of shells, like flashes of lightning, tended to bewilder one. In the course of seven days my division had dug 5,571 yards of rifle pits and approaches, some of them being wide enough for a wagon, and had thus constructed three parallel lines of intrenchments, the most advanced rifle-pits being within four hundred yards of the enemy's main works.

Sunday April 9, 1865, everything in Fort Blakely was so quiet that we thought the garrison had evacuated. There was to be a general advance at five-thirty in the afternoon. Punctually at that hour, I was in my advance rifle-pit with my staff. As soon as my skirmish line showed itself, it drew a fierce fire from the Confederate musketry and artillery, but it pressed on at double quick, some over a road mined with torpedoes, over fallen trees, and two lines of abbatis, and some through three ravines and over rifle-pits. We were mightily undeceived about the enemy having evacuated. Yet within half an hour from the beginning of the

movement, my division had occupied all the Confederate works in its front. General Steele had joined me about half way to the enemy's line, and when he saw the first of my troops mounting the works, he threw up his hat and shouted, "I knew they would do it. I knew they would go over the works." The troops on my right and left took the works on their front about simultaneously. My division captured twelve guns of different calibre and of more than ordinary value, several hundred stand of small arms, a number of battle flags, a considerable amount of commissary and quartermaster stores, and between thirteen and fourteen hundred prisoners, including General Cockrell and seventy-one other commissioned officers. A few days later, I passed quite close to these prisoners some of whom were mere boys. It was deeply interesting and pathetic to look into their faces. My loss during this brief assault was thirty-three enlisted men killed, fourteen commissioned officers and one hundred and eighty-eight enlisted men wounded, total two hundred and thirty-five. Several of the wounded were mortally wounded. Thus ended the storming of Fort Blakely. The day after the assault a fatigue party of my division, guided by a Confederate officer, took up seventy loaded torpedoes in the ground over which the division had double-quickened. The Secretary of War, (Stanton), in a general order pronounced the achievement of General Canby in this campaign, "One of the most brilliant and important of the war."

About noon of the sixteenth, we received authentic news of General Lee's surrender on April ninth – the same day that Fort Blakely had fallen. This assured us the war was practically ended. April 20, 1865, pursuant to orders, I embarked with my Third brigade for

Selma, and while halting at Mobile we heard the sad news of Lincoln's assassination. This excited horror and grief in every mind. It seemed to every one as if he had met a personal calamity.

I found much disquiet among the freedmen which was caused partly no doubt by the assassination of Lincoln. After reflection and consultation with some of the citizens, I issued and published the following address:

HEADQUARTERS U. S. FORCES, Selma, Alabama, May 9, 1865.

TO THE FREEDMEN OF SELMA AND VICINITY: You have already been advised by authority superior to mine to continue at work where you have employment, if the persons employing you recognize your rights as freedmen and will pay you a compensation. You have also been notified that such as have no employment are liable to be sent to the agent of the Treasury Department. Quite a number of freedmen have complained to me that they are offered only a support — their board, clothes, etc. — for their labor. Others, it appears, are offered a share of the crop which they make, and are contented to remain and work. Planters have represented to me that the loss they have suffered in stock and subsistence by the armies passing through the country and the depreciation of their currency have cramped their means to cultivate their plantations in an extensive and profitable manner for this season, so that they cannot safely promise you much compensation. This is true to a considerable extent. Your anxiety to be sure of your freedom, and the condition of affairs at this peculiar period, cause much uncertainty in your minds and in the minds of the white people as to what is best to be done. It is because so many of you are coming to town and appear misinformed of your real interests that I now offer you my advice. **YOU ARE FREE.** I expect and certainly hope you will never again be slaves. I do not believe you hazard your liberty by remaining where you are and working for such compensation as your employers are able to give. Those of you not employed can be sent off on transports from time to time, but if you go you will suffer hardships in camp and in traveling this hot weather, crowded as you will be, and you will of course have to labor for a living when you get to your journey's end.

My advice to you, then, is that you remain. The rate of com-

pensation must be such as you and your employer can agree upon. Undoubtedly, besides ordinary board and clothing, you should have some share of the crop, if no pay in money is given you. This is for the interest of the employer as well as your own. Although no contract be agreed upon, yet if you should perform valuable service on a plantation, with the owner's consent, you would be entitled to a reasonable compensation. But it is best that some terms be fixed. I am informed there are upward of twenty thousand freed people in this county. I have been here twelve days, and not a single instance of violent or cruel conduct on the part of any of your number has come to my knowledge. This is greatly to your credit. People used to say you did not know how to use freedom, that if freed you would be indolent, violent, and cruel. It will greatly rejoice the hearts of your friends all over the world if you show that you are worthy of freedom. Be industrious, be charitable, and kind in your feelings. You now have the sympathy of all humane and Christian people. They often think of you and wonder what use you will make of your liberty. Liberty alone is not happiness. Self-control and self-support are required to make it pleasant. I again counsel you to be industrious, energetic, and orderly. Do no wrong to any person. Do no injury to any property. In due time, no doubt, your interests, which now seem to you unsettled, will be arranged in a wise and humane manner.

C. C. ANDREWS, Brigadier-general, commanding.

[In a letter dated May 11, 1865, General Andrews wrote as follows to Lieutenant-colonel C. T. Christensen at Mobile, Assistant-adjutant to General Canby.]

I have the honor to inclose a copy of some remarks of mine addressed to the freedmen. There was so much restlessness and disquiet among them that I felt obliged to issue something of the kind. The citizens think it will do good. This subject demands considerable attention. As a system, it will be impossible for the freed people to go off. There are too many of them. Neither do they wish to go if they can remain free where they are. I have found that where the masters have been candid, kind, and truthful men, the blacks continue on in their duties quietly as a general thing.

At Selma I came to know and to esteem highly Judge Byrd, a distinguished and highly respected citizen of Alabama. From him, before leaving Selma, I received

the following note, which I include because it gives evidence as to the treatment of southerners by northern soldiers, and shows also the kindly spirit of a defeated southerner.

SELMA, May 12, 1865.

SIR: I desire to express in a more formal and enduring manner than I have done, my appreciation of your kindness to me and my family, and as you are about to leave Selma, perhaps forever, to say to you that so far as I am informed, our citizens generally appreciate your firmness, courtesy, and integrity. While you have been true to the government, you have shown us all the consideration and attention of fellow citizens, and I am satisfied that if a similar course is pursued by the authorities of our country, the people of the South will be more beneficially and effectively restored to the Union and the Republic than they have been by its victorious arms. Let me assure you at parting of my high regard and consideration, and indulge the hope that you will ever remember your stay here among the pleasant memories of the past. Very truly, your obedient servant, W. M. BYRD. Gen. C. C. Andrews, commanding, Selma, Ala.

About this time, I received the following letter, dated June 3, 1865, from Isaac Murphy, then the Governor of Arkansas:

DEAR FRIEND: Your very kind letter is received. It brings to me great satisfaction. I had read of the noble deeds of our patriotic soldiers at Mobile. I am glad you were with them. You have gained an honorable place in the history of our country. I am much pleased with the effect produced by your administration at Selma, Ala. It is nobler to conquer the hearts of our enemies than their fortifications and cities. Kindness is a powerful weapon. Its conquests are permanent and productive of good to both conquered and conqueror. No desolations mark the track of its conquests; but peace, joy, and prosperity attend its march. Now that the war is over, it is to be hoped that soldiers and citizens will strive by kindness to heal the deep wounds, cheer and encourage the humbled, crushed, and conquered victims of a strange delusion and insanity. We are all brethren, the same flesh and blood — all alike subject to be led astray and to do deeds of madness and folly; and if any act wisely his wisdom is the gift of God, and our gratitude should be shown by acts of kindness to his

creatures — especially to those of our own household who have sinned against us and thereby brought so much sorrow on thousands.

Your address to the Freedmen is in the right spirit. It pleases me much. If we treat them justly and kindly no trouble is likely to come from their changed condition. They will be an important element of utility and power, and will gradually occupy the position and locality suited to their capacity and taste. Their freedom given, give them also civil and political equality, and they will soon solve the problem of their true condition. In a government whose foundation principle is that all men are born equal, and all have a right to participate in the government, the exclusion of the colored race from political franchise would eventually still hold the race in bondage. As to social equality, that in whatever condition they are placed must and will regulate itself. Legislation cannot control it. Unequals cannot be made equals, nor can equals be made unequals by legislation.

I thank you for the interest you take in the prosperity of our desolated state. Our struggle to reorganize a loyal state government has been long and hard, and against many obstacles both from abroad and from home; yet we are gradually advancing. In a short time civil law will prevail throughout the state.

May 27, 1865, I assumed command of the city and district of Mobile and the twelve thousand troops in the vicinity. General Steele had been assigned to duty on the Mexican frontier. It had been General Canby's purpose to have me accompany General Steele, but I was so attached to my own division that I did not want to leave it and as General Canby did not insist, I was allowed to remain where I was.

Chief-justice Salmon P. Chase, who was making a tour in the interest of negro suffrage, arrived in Mobile, June second. In discussing the subject with him, I urged that the freedmen could not read and would not know for whom to vote. Chief-justice Chase replied, "When I go to the polls to vote, it is true I can read the ticket, but it is seldom I know the men. I have to ask some friend whom I should vote for. The freedmen

will do the same. He may not read the ticket, but he will know who are his friends and he will vote on the side with them." He converted me that evening to a belief in negro suffrage.

At a dinner at the home of Madame Le Vert, an authoress and Union lady of Mobile, where Generals Carr, Totten, and Smith were also guests, Madame Le Vert told of an address by the southern agitator William L. Yancey, the Wendell Phillips of the South. Mobile, being a commercial city, did not at first take kindly to secession. Yancey came, made an eloquent address there before a large and fashionable audience, and at its conclusion said, "But there is one thing that causes me apprehension. It is that the prosperity and wealth you will enjoy as a separate and independent country will be more than you can stand." Madam Le Vert said the people of Mobile thought they would make an effort to bear the great prosperity.

A Freedmen's Bureau was organized in Mobile while I was in command, the head of which reported to me that he experienced inconvenience because the testimony of freedmen could not be received in courts of justice. I immediately issued an order that the testimony of freed people should be received in any judicial proceeding in the district on the same principles that the testimony of other witnesses was received. I doubt whether the substance of that law has ever been changed.

My next orders took me to Texas under General Gordon Granger, who had been placed in command of the district of Texas. I reported to him at Galveston July 6. I had been placed in command of the district of Houston which embraced a large territory including the posts of Galveston, Houston, Millican, Columbus,

Beaumont, and intermediate points with headquarters at Houston. During the short time I was at Galveston, I saw sliced tomatoes served with rum instead of vinegar dressing. I rather liked them.

I had suffered quite a little during the previous month from fever, and it was while lying ill on my cot at Galveston that I decided to join the Republican party, for on reading the address of the Chairman of the National Democratic committee in which he argued that the proper treatment of the freedmen would be to deport them out of the United States, I said to myself, "If that is the statesmanship of the Democratic party I will no longer remain a democrat." I am not quite sure whether it was at Galveston or Houston, but I think it was at the latter place, where one evening I heard Andrew J. Hamilton – Governor "Jack" Hamilton as he was called – the Provisional Governor of Texas, make a speech in favor of the Union and in severe condemnation of secession and the course of the secession leaders. He was a native of Alabama, had been a Democratic member of Congress from Texas when the war broke out, but had adhered faithfully to the Union. He had a larger figure than Daniel Webster, but he made me think of Webster. This speech was one of the most eloquent and severe invectives against the Confederate leaders that is to be found in the English language. There was a large audience containing many returned Confederate soldiers, and Confederate sympathizers as well as Union people. It was listened to with respect and sometimes applauded.

At the suggestion of the President of the Central railroad I decided to give a talk, principally to the freedmen, July 20, at Brenham, the capital of one of the most fertile and populous counties of the state. I found a much larger audience than I expected, there being pres-

ent about four thousand people, white and black. Among them were many Confederate officers and soldiers just from the army and in their military dress. It was related that on going away from the meeting some white men said to the freedmen: "Now you have got to go to work." "And you have got to pay us for it," replied the freedmen. On another trip we saw a middle-aged black man shaving shingles on a "shaving horse." He was not inclined to be very sociable. I said: "Don't you know you are free?" He replied: "No I don't." "What do you consider yourself then?" He answered, "Well, I think I am about half free." At that we all had a hearty laugh in which he joined.

It was just that question of how free the negro was really to be that made reconstruction so difficult. Lincoln in his remarks from the steps of the White House only three days before his death, with reference to the new constitution of Louisiana which withheld the elective franchise from the colored man, had said: "I would myself prefer that it were now conferred on the very intelligent, and on those who serve our cause as soldiers."

But the negro was not going to be allowed any freedom at all in many places in the South. Referring to the murderous attack of lawless white men upon a convention of colored people in New Orleans, over fifteen months after Lincoln's death, General Sheridan said: ¹⁷ "The New Orleans riot agitated the whole country, and the official and other reports served to intensify and concentrate the opposition to President Johnson's policy of reconstruction . . . for he was seeking to rehabilitate the seceded states under conditions differing not a whit from those existing before the rebellion."

¹⁷ Personal Memoirs, 242.

General Grant referring¹⁸ to the granting of the ballot to the freedmen says: "It became an absolute necessity, however, because of the foolhardiness of the president (Johnson) and the blindness of the southern people to their own interest. As to myself, while strongly favoring the course that would be the least humiliating to the people who had been in rebellion, I had gradually worked up to the point where, with the majority of the people, I favored immediate enfranchisement." Senator George F. Hoar, expresses my opinion when he says¹⁹ with reference to reconstruction: "The white Democrats in the South were blind to their own interest. President Johnson permitted them in several states to take into their hands again the power of government. They proceeded to pass laws which if carried out would have had the effect of reducing the negro once more to a condition of practical slavery. Men were to be sold for the crime of being out of work. Their old masters were to have the preference in the purchase. So the whole Republican party of the North came to be united in the belief that there could be no security for the liberty of the freedmen without the ballot." But it was almost two years after Lee's surrender before Congress gave them this right, and it was then done to protect their freedom. Hoar continues: "In Maryland, Delaware, and West Virginia, the negro seems to have his place now like other citizens. The same thing probably is true in St. Louis and likely to be true before long throughout Missouri. . . . My opinion is, that as the colored man gets land, becomes chaste, frugal, temperate, industrious, truthful, that he will gradually acquire respect, and will attain political equality. Let us not be in a hurry. Evils, if

¹⁸ *Memoirs*, 512.

¹⁹ *Autobiography of Seventy Years*, 255.

they be evils, which have existed from the foundation of the world, are not to be cured in the lifetime of a single man. The men of the day of reconstruction were controlled by the irresistible logic of events; by a power higher than their own. I could see no alternative then, and I see no alternative now, better than that which was adopted."

Having now been ordered by General Sheridan to report to General Steele on the Rio Grande, I turned my command over to Major-general Mower, and left Houston, arriving at New Orleans August 19, 1865. But a general order from the War department directing a large number of general officers, including myself, to report to their homes, was considered to supersede General Sheridan's order. Hence, for me the war was over, and August twenty-first I took an up-river steamer. From Cairo I went by railroad to Chicago, where I purchased a suit of citizen's clothing.

What was I going to do for a living? I was now thirty-five and rather old to start again in law. In every leading European country a man who has served with credit in war as a general officer is not discharged at its close, but continued in the service or retired with three-fourths pay. But, of course, no such opening was ready for me, nor did I really wish a position in the regular army, which I probably could have secured.

October 12, 1865, from Boston, I telegraphed the *Press* at St. Paul as follows: I had hoped to be present to vote for negro suffrage and the Union ticket. I trust the amendment will be adopted by an immense majority, mainly for the moral effect. Minnesota is too great to be swayed by ignoble prejudice. It did not degrade white soldiers because black soldiers had equal military rights, nor will it degrade white citizens if blacks have equal rights. The blacks of the South are not

free in fact. They will need suffrage or troops for protection. Either will irritate the South possibly, but suffrage is cheaper than an army and under the circumstances just.

I reached St. Cloud October 28, 1865. After a few months of rather desultory work giving addresses and writing lectures, partly from a feeling of gratitude towards the soldiers who had served with me at Mobile, I decided to write a history of that campaign. This necessitated a trip over the battlefield. From Blakely I went to New Orleans. There I again saw General Canby and his wife, Colonel A. D. Nelson who had mustered me into service, and General Sheridan. Sheridan disapproved of the President's policy and said it would be necessary to retain troops a while longer in the South. I had interviews with a number of ex-Confederate officers. They were in every instance friendly.

Senator Fowler of Tennessee, then an ardent supporter of reconstruction measures, used to express serious apprehensions that President Johnson would, if possible, try to precipitate a revolution. Governor Hamilton of Texas felt that Congress was not radical enough in its treatment of the South. Other southern Union men whom I often saw also expressed deep alarm as to the situation in the South. Mr. Julian of Indiana had said to me that it was the milk and water policy of the government that encouraged the southern people to act as they did.

Having been appointed by the Governor of Minnesota as a delegate to the Southern Loyal convention which was to meet at Philadelphia, I went there September 2, 1866, and remained until September 7. While all of the states were represented, delegates from the northern states refrained from taking any part in the proceedings, but acted simply as spectators. On the



CHRISTOPHER C. ANDREWS

At the close of the Civil War, in the uniform of Major-general. (Aetat 35)

evening of September 5, there was a mass meeting consisting of the largest collection of people I ever saw. There must have been one hundred thousand people in the streets. There were two or three stands for speakers, and at one of these was a singer with a splendid tenor voice. The refrain of his song was:

Oh, Andy, Andy, Andy,
You never more can mend,
The breaches (breeches) you have made.

This, of course, was a humorous reference to President Johnson having been a tailor.

In October, I returned to St. Cloud, my purpose fixed to practice law.

August 1867, at the request of Henry Burbank, I accompanied Mr. Johnson, chief engineer of the Northern Pacific railroad, over the country between St. Cloud and the Red river of the North, and thus became interested in the construction of that railroad. In my regular letters to the eastern papers, I dwelt repeatedly upon the benefits to be gained by its construction. One letter in particular, written at the suggestion of Captain Henry A. Castle, was published in the *Chicago Republican* of January 5, 1868. Captain Castle was kind enough to say that it influenced Jay Cooke to finance the road. Sometime after this, at a public meeting, I offered resolutions which were adopted in favor of the construction of this railroad, though I remember that people looked at me as if I were proposing something quite impracticable and visionary.

September 11, I was present at the Republican State Convention in St. Paul, which re-nominated Governor Wm. R. Marshall. That same month I heard Bishop Simpson deliver, without notes, his eloquent lecture on "The Future of our Country." Bishop Simpson was

tall and stood still while speaking, with his hands behind him, but his voice was a tenor and pleasant. There was not an unnecessary word, and I thought it one of the most eloquent and valuable addresses I had ever heard.

From October first to November fourth, I made many political addresses defending the reconstruction measures of Congress and earnestly opposed the scheme of paying off the national debt with paper money. Later I was chosen by the Republican State convention a delegate to the National Republican convention at Chicago, which nominated General Grant for president. My old law-school friend, Thomas Russell, was a delegate from Massachusetts. Chicago deeply impressed me by its great spirit of enterprise.

In the fall of 1868 I was nominated as the regular Republican candidate for representative in Congress, but Ignatius Donnelly ran as an independent Republican. Thus the election went to Eugene M. Wilson, the Democratic candidate.

December 7, 1868, I was married at Central City, Colorado, to Miss Mary Frances Baxter, daughter of Mr. Enos Knight Baxter, formerly of Bradford, N. H., and Cambridge, Mass., one of the pioneer owners of mining property in Colorado. It is a pleasure now, fifty-two years from that date, and twenty-eight after her decease, to testify to her affection, good sense, and noble-hearted qualities. On reaching St. Cloud we went to house-keeping. We had no domestic. I kindled the fires each morning in the kitchen and sitting-room stoves. The weeks passed happily. My office was only about a block distant and I had enough professional work as attorney to keep me busy. I was a member of the State Normal School board, and was occupied quite a little in establishing and locating the St. Cloud Normal school.

United States Minister to Sweden and Norway

It was perhaps not surprising that in recognition of both military and political service, it should have been suggested that I be given some diplomatic appointment. My first knowledge of having received such an honor was a telegram from George L. Becker of St. Paul, congratulating me on my appointment as Minister to Denmark. With my wife I left Minnesota for my post, May 13, 1869.

At Washington I had an interview of five minutes with President Grant. It was scarcely six years since I had sat conversing with him in front of Vicksburg. He now wore glasses, looked much older, and had a careworn expression. I could not help saying, "General, President Lincoln kept in good spirits even though the country was at war. We now have peace, and you must not let things worry you." He smiled, and I thought it cheered him up a little. I also had an agreeable interview with Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State. He was past middle age, six feet tall, with blue eyes, prominent nose, large mouth, pleasant open countenance, and friendly manners. He was known to be very wealthy, and had been United States senator from New York at the time Daniel Webster was Secretary of State. In New York I talked with William Cullen Bryant, then editor of the *Evening Post*, and in Boston with Col. Charles G. Greene, editor of the *Boston Post*, Charles Levi Woodbury, Judge Thomas Russell, and

of course visited my brothers. We spent a week visiting my parents and sister at Hillsboro. My father was suffering from rheumatism, and when I was ready to leave, tears came to his eyes as he said he should never see me again. I was much affected for it was the only time I ever saw my father in tears. He died a year from the following November. (June 4, I was notified that I had been transferred to Stockholm.)

The voyage over occupied ten days. My wife and I arrived at Liverpool in a gale. We visited Chatsworth, the famous estate of the Duke of Devonshire, went to Warwickshire, and saw Kenilworth, Guy Cliff, Lord Leigh's park, and Stratford-on-Avon. England was clothed in green and was very beautiful. I did not see one wooden house. The climbing roses on even the oldest and smallest cottages afforded us constant delight. I had the good fortune to hear a debate in the House of Commons and a short speech from Mr. Gladstone, then prime minister. He spoke with great earnestness. We visited Paris, Hamburg and Cologne and from Kiel went by steamer to Korser in Denmark, whence by rail we reached Copenhagen. Thence a trip across the sound to Malmo, in Sweden, where we were surprised to find that there would yet be two days' travel by rail before reaching Stockholm. We stopped over night at Jonkoping, capital of the province where Christine Nilsson was born, and July first, arrived at Stockholm. My predecessor General Joseph J. Bartlett of Binghampton, N. Y., who had served with gallantry as a general officer in the army of the Potomac, received me with courtesy. On the third I had an interview with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Wactmeister who spoke English very well. He told me that as the king was out of the city, it would be a

few weeks before I would be presented to him. I found that about everybody in Stockholm lived in fire-proof apartments. We took a twelve-room one at 13, Humlegardsgatan, opposite a park with avenues of large old linden trees, where the public library was afterwards built. It was then called Humlegarden (hop-garden). I lived there over eight years and then turned over my residence to my successor Mr. Stevens of Maine.

Stockholm, which had then a population of one hundred and sixty thousand, was a decidedly fine and picturesque city six hundred years old. Its streets were to be sure rather narrow, but its buildings were all brick, plastered outside, usually a light brown, with roofs painted red. Most of the people lived in apartments. Broad and stately stone staircases, often of fluted limestone, led to these apartments. The insurance regulations stipulated that a "first-class" house must have stone, brick or iron stairs, an iron door for entrance to the attic, and a brick or stone attic floor. The rooms were heated by porcelain stoves, different from anything we had ever seen. They were built into the corners of the room, sometimes two in a room, reached to the ceiling, were cylindrical, from two to three feet in diameter and somewhat ornamental. A fire of wood built in the morning was sufficient to keep the room warm all day, except in very cold weather.

With the exception of three or four meat shops, the markets in summer were all out of doors. Vegetables, fruit, and to some extent meat, were sold by women. Poultry generally came undressed and with feathers on. Oysters there were none except a few that came from the eastern coast. There was a fair variety of fish which was retailed by old women down near the water.

They kept many of the fish alive in troughs or square deep trays, sitting behind these patiently all day, or until they had sold out.

During 1869 to 1878, fashionable society in Stockholm consisted largely of people in the public service and of the nobility, but one saw also business men and scholars. There were then eleven thousand of the nobility, of whom a portion were without title. The King had the power to confer nobility for meritorious services, but the practice of conferring such dignities had gone into disuse. Orders or decorations, however, were conferred with liberality. There were families that had enjoyed the title of count for every son, and countess for every daughter, for three hundred years, and where rank of such antiquity was united with merit, as was not unusual, it gave the possessor a good deal of consideration in society. But a mere drone, whatever his family rank, received little attention. Mr. Gladstone once said that he had noticed that if a hundred Englishmen were holding a meeting and one of them was a lord, the lord was always called on to preside. I doubt if this would be the case in Sweden. But when it came to selecting husbands, I imagine the count would have a little the advantage.

At that time it was the custom to always address a person by his title and never by the pronoun *you*. The latter was considered uncivil except between members of a family. The practice was the more inconvenient because though only lawful titles were given, society exacted all of these that the law allowed. Moreover a lady always took her husband's title feminized. You would say: "How does Mr. Baron do?" "How does Mr. Captain do?" "How does Mr. Bank-director do?" "Are the Countess's children well over the

measles?" A captain's wife was addressed as "cap-
tenska" a doctor's wife as "doctorska" or "docterin-
nan." A judge of the supreme court was "justitierad"
and his wife "justitieradinan." The title of the gov-
ernor of Stockholm is "Ofverstathallare" and to his
wife one might say: "Did Ofverstathallarinnan pass a
pleasant summer?" You gave your shoemaker his title
also and said, "Will Mr. Shoemaker be so good?" Then
too a gentleman always took off his hat when he went
into a shop in Stockholm. Surnames conveyed by their
meaning some idea of rank. For instance the names
of persons not noble were taken from natural objects,
while nobles took the name of some animal - Oxen-
stierna, ox-star, or Lejon-hufvud, lion's head. With
all these distinctions the matter of arranging a seating
list for a dinner-party became a matter for serious con-
sideration.

Customs were different in many other cases from
those I had known. For example the stranger was
supposed to make the first call. One of the first things
we noticed was the frequent ringing of the church bells.
They were rung we discovered to announce a death.
Though rather musical, the sound was a melancholy
one till we got used to it. At least we had reason to be
thankful that the bells were not tolled. The chimney-
sweeps too attracted our attention. In Philadelphia I
had heard newspaper boys sing their papers, and the
first morning I awoke in Stockholm and heard the dis-
tant voice of a boy singing, I supposed he was singing
out his newspaper. But he was a chimney-sweep. In
each of several divisions of the city a man hired, board-
ed, and lodged ten or a dozen boys of about fifteen years
of age - a little squad with sooty faces and clothes and
tight leggings, carrying light ladders. They often

climbed up the inside of chimneys and would sing when they got to the top. The streets were swept by pauper men who carried off the dirt in one-horse carts, and inhabited a building together in the south part of the city. The Norwegians chewed tobacco, but the Swedes did not. They however took snuff. Sometimes at a dinner-party an old gentleman would take out his gold snuff-box and pass it to his neighbors. Some took it with a little horn-spoon so as not to soil their fingers. When a Swede wished an extra half cup of coffee or tea, he called for "femton droppar" or "fifteen drops." One custom which might well be copied in our own country was that of giving medals or sometimes money as rewards for long service. Sometimes teachers were thus honored, or servants who had served in one family twenty to thirty years. Women of the working class wore in place of bonnets or hats, handkerchiefs of black silk, gay gingham, or light calico, which looked very tidy. The cooks did all the marketing.

The Swedes observed a good many church and other holidays. Of these Midsummer was one of the most charming. Its observance seems to have come down from heathen times. Houses were trimmed with young trees and foliage. Everybody quit work the afternoon before, and in the evening, in the country, the young people of the neighborhood met and danced around the midsummer pole which was hung with wreaths and flowers. Midsummer night was the only one, I was told, when soldiers were allowed to return to their barracks drunk. Sunday was a day for excursions and picnics. After church service had been attended in the morning, the rest of the day was often given up to pleasure. Volunteer military companies usually chose that day for drill or parade. The public museum and art

galleries were open free to the public, and on Sunday evening theatres were patronized, and balls and parties given. Christmas, as with us, was observed generally with presents and Christmas trees. It was more sacredly kept than Sunday. Early mass was usually attended in the brilliantly lighted churches. No meat was eaten on that day but salt codfish. Another dish was rice, with cinnamon, cream, and sugar.

Marriage customs among the peasant class were quite original. The bride wore a crown, which generally belonged to the church and was hired for the occasion. It could not be worn, however, if there were any blemish on the bride's character. The wedding party went to church in a procession. First came an escort of six to eight mounted men preceding the bridegroom, then a mounted escort, and then the bride in a carriage if possible and seated on a seat covered with a red cloth embroidered by herself. The pastor wearing his usual black mantle met the procession a few rods from the church. The wedding festivities lasted at least three days. They began with the wedding dinner, which was sometimes attended by two or three hundred people. The bride was served refreshments first, and must partake of every sort, but before putting any on her own plate she must put a portion on a plate to be given to some needy person. A collection was taken during the dinner, and the money was used, if the bride were poor, in paying for the festivities. Sometimes several collections were taken for various objects. Dancing followed in the afternoon or evening. When the bride was ready to lay off the crown, she placed it on the head of the young woman who it was supposed would be the next bride. Unfortunately, at that time in Sweden people could not marry until they had been confirmed in

the established church (the Lutheran) and it was the custom for dissenters to merely acknowledge themselves man and wife before the church. This, however, did not make them legally married.

To go fully into Swedish superstitions would be like writing a book on folklore. Yet a few can be mentioned. A bride, in order to acquire mastery over the bridegroom was careful, when he came to the wedding to catch sight of him before he saw her; or she kept one of her feet a little in advance of his during the marriage ceremony; or she stepped into the house with her right foot first. That she might never lack money she had some in her shoes during the ceremony. At the dinner she and the bridegroom ate from the same plate that they might always agree. As proof that superstition existed among the less intelligent class as late as 1873, it may be mentioned that in that year a widow's house was demolished near Skara by a mob who believed her to be a witch. The fear of sitting down at a table as one of thirteen was so real and general that one had to be extremely careful to have more or less than that number. On one occasion some guests having failed us at the last moment, rather than have thirteen at table, at a friend's suggestion I had my little daughter of four seated with us. Sailors had a prejudice against starting on a voyage on Friday; while Thursday, named for the favorite heathen god Thor was a lucky day. Even medicine was supposed to operate better if taken on Thursday, but best of all if taken on three successive Thursdays. As peas were the original offering to the god Thor, pea-soup was much used on Thursday. Tomte Gubben was a fairy somewhat like Shakespeare's Puck or Robin Goodfellow. He was a very busy little spirit of the house or barn, no

bigger than a four or five year old child, but looked like an old man. He always wore gray clothes and a red-topped cap. His occupation was to keep order in the house and farmyard; but he was whimsical, vain, and hot-headed, and by no means always just. Yet he was the strictest disciplinarian, was tidy and neat, and so strong that the stoutest laborer was glad to avoid his cuffs. A hostler careless about his horses always was chastised by the *tompte-gubben*. If a kitchen were untidy, he caused trays to fall and dishes to be broken. He woke the servants, and made himself generally useful. Where everything went well in the house it was believed to be through his influence; but where there was lack of respect for him and a want of order and neatness, he quit the premises. Then the hay and grain were soon gone, the cattle became lean, and the farmer poor. Once when a housewife noticed that she had an uncommon abundance of flour, which lasted beyond her expectations, she watched, and discovered through a crack in the door of her storeroom a *tompte gubben* diligently sifting flour. Noticing that he was ragged, she softly went back, made some nice, new, clothes for him, and hung them within his reach. When he came again he at once put on the new clothes with great satisfaction, and began again to sift. But when he noticed the flour on his new clothes, he threw the sieve away declaring that his clothes were too fine to be spotted with pastry. In a certain parish were two farmhouses on opposite sides of the road. In one was a *tompte gubben*, who on account of his kindness to the inmates was given each day some porridge with honey on it. Once this was set out so hot that the honey melted and disappeared. When the *tompte gubben* came and saw no honey, he became angry and went into the barn and

strangled the cow. But when coming back to his porridge, he found the honey, he repented his revengeful act, and went and took the dead cow and carried her to the opposite farmyard. Then he led out from thence an exactly similar cow, and tied her in the dead one's stall.

I was favorably impressed by several points in the Swedish taxation law. Especially was I struck by the general income tax, which appeared to be thoroughly enforced. It taxed practically every one. For example a young man working as a coachman, paid a small tax according to his wages. Thus everyone according to his means, contributed to the support of the government that protected him.

When the hour came, July twenty-fourth, for my audience with King Charles XV for the delivery of President Grant's letter of credence, one of the court carriages, with three horses, outrider, driver and footman, all in liveries, and a chamberlain, came to take me to the palace. General Bartlett accompanied me to present his letter of recall. The Act of Congress of July 28, 1866, allows a volunteer officer to bear his official title, and on occasions of ceremony to wear the uniform of the highest grade he held by brevet or other commission. General Bartlett had been a brigadier-general and major-general by brevet, as had I, and he on this occasion wore the full uniform of a major-general, as he had previously done on gala or ceremonial occasions. I could have done the same; but I thought that as American diplomatic officers as a rule wore civil dress, I would waive the privilege of wearing my uniform.

My audience with Charles XV was brief. He spoke rapidly in English, asking about my journey from the United States, and as he lisped it was a little difficult

for me to understand him. In another part of the palace I was presented to Queen Louisa, who spoke to me in English, and impressed me as a sincere and refined lady. Mrs. Andrews, who was not able at this time to be presented, wrote later to my sister: "Well, I've been presented to the royal family. Mrs. Daschkow (pronounced Dashkoff) whose husband, the Russian envoy, is the dean of the diplomatic corps, went with me to the palace. We were ushered into several elegant rooms, in one of which we remained waiting. Soon the door opened, and the Queen-dowager came courtesying in, and, of course, we bowed and courtesied also. The gentlemen were on one side of the room; the ladies on the opposite side. She passed before each, and addressed a few words to each; then the courtesying and bowing again continued until she was out. She is sixty years of age, but looks younger. She was dressed in drab satin, trimmed with black lace. Then we crossed the palace yard and after passing through many rooms, remained standing for the Queen. All the ladies of the diplomatic corps were there. Soon she came. She first addressed Madame Daschkow, who then presented me. She speaks very good English, as does also the Queen-dowager. The Queen is much beloved, I understand. She wore a crimson rep silk trimmed with lace, and elegant jewels. That was all, and home I came. We received invitations to attend the grand reception at the palace on the anniversary of the King's birthday. The invitations are printed on large cards and state what the dress shall be, and the time for leaving. It was a grand affair, with a great display of uniforms. We remained standing, of course, whenever any of the royal family were in the room, which was most of the time, and as C—— said,

looked like a spelling-class standing up to spell. Between ten and eleven, supper was announced. The Royal family went first and sat at a small table. The others went in without regard to rank and helped themselves. After a little Prince Oscar proposed the health of the Queen-dowager, his mother, which was drunk by all who chose. Soon the royal family left the room, and this was the signal for all to go. It was rather formal and tiresome."

There followed a series of Court festivities. I attended three great dinners and two balls in close succession. I there met for the first time Mr. George Sibbern, Norwegian Minister of State at Stockholm. Baron Wrede introduced me to the king's next oldest brother, Prince Oscar, afterwards King Oscar II. He was cordial, but in almost a tone of complaint said, "Your country is taking too many of our people!" "That," said I, "is because your people are so wide-awake and enterprising. Americans are emigrants themselves. They are constantly emigrating from the old states to the new states. It was when Spain was at the height of her prosperity that so many of her people went to South America. The Swedes emigrate not because their country is lacking in prosperity, but because they think they can better their condition." He replied pleasantly, "That is at least paradoxical." I had an interesting conversation with Baron Sprengporten, an old Swedish country gentleman of distinction, who spoke English well. He asked me if the Americans would repudiate their war debt. I answered, "Our people will take off their coats and work in their shirt-sleeves, if necessary, to pay it." "That sounds," he replied, "like a Roman in the best days of the Republic."

Wednesday, July 28, was a lovely summer day, and

the crowds of people in the streets and the flag decorations of buildings and shipping indicated that something unusual was to take place. It was the wedding of the Princess. I left my residence in a carriage at three for the palace, at the entrance and along the stairways of which was a brilliant display of Royal Guards, and soon was in the diplomatic gallery of the palace chapel.

A little before four, the first notes of the wedding march announced the procession. First came a handsome escort of fine youthful guards in the blue and yellow uniform of Charles XII, then a column of handsome pages from the first families, then the grand-marshal. As the Crown Prince of Denmark, Prince Frederick entered, led by one hand by the king of Sweden and by the other by the king of Denmark, the audience rose. After him came the bride led by the two queens. Other members of the royal family followed. When all were seated a psalm was sung, the archbishop spoke for half an hour, when with a clergyman on each side he advanced to the bridal couple and married them according to the Lutheran ritual. The benediction was pronounced, the thunders of a salute were heard and a cantata sung. After the married couple had kissed each other, the bridegroom led his bride to the two kings and to the two queens who each with emotion embraced them. Another psalm was sung, after which the rest of the procession returned in the same order it had come. At half-past six, the heads of legations filed separately past the royal party, and when opposite the center of their line, stopped, turned, and bowed congratulations. The newly married pair drove away in a carriage two hundred years old, made of glass mounted with gold and used only on such occasions. The

streets were of course crowded with people who had been waiting four or five hours for a glimpse of the bridal couple.

On account of her health my wife was not present. Among the strangers in the diplomatic gallery was the Marquis of Londonderry and his wife. The enterprising newspaper reporters had it that the latter was the wife of the American Minister! The leading evening journal said, "The newly appointed North American Minister, General Andrews, in his simple black suit, without a single decoration, made a striking contrast to the otherwise glittering assemblage which filled this gallery." As showing the freedom of the press, though not commending its taste, I might mention that a comic weekly paper had this dialogue:

How did the American Minister look in the
diplomatic gallery at the wedding?

Answer: Like a physician among a lot of
insane patients.

It must have been at the Iron Office or at the Bureau of Statistics that I became acquainted with Mr. Georges F. Berndes, a young Swedish gentleman, an expert in the production of Swedish iron. In September he took me to the principal iron producing region of Sweden. Swedish iron was considered superior on account of the purity of the ore, and because of its manufacture by charcoal. The exports of iron at that time amounted to ten million dollars. To be secure in a sufficient supply of charcoal, the iron manufacturers held large areas of forest-land, which they continually reforested. The fact that on this trip my interest in the science of forestry was first awakened, made it one of the events of my life.

The postage on a single letter from Sweden-Norway

to the United States by the quickest route, via England, was twenty cents in gold (almost equal to a Swedish laborer's wages for a day). I began a correspondence which led to a treaty between the United States and Sweden reducing postage. A few years later, negotiations, carried through largely by Prince Bismark, reduced letter-postage between European countries and the United States to the present rate of five cents. Another matter that engaged my attention was an effort to establish better conditions for steerage passengers.

The United States consul, Nere A. Elfving, had served in our Civil War as lieutenant-colonel, and lost a leg. He took me in September to visit the Insane asylum. It was surrounded by sixty acres of ground, had spacious rooms and hot water heat. There were one hundred and eighty patients. Thirty worked a little in the grounds. I saw one patient eating with a good appetite, though laboring under the impression that he had eighty clergymen in his stomach. The women who worked in the hospital received but one hundred riks dollars (\$26.80) a year. If they did very well, they got twenty-five riks dollars more. Another day Colonel Elfving took me to the prison near the city. There were nine hundred convicts, most of whom worked together and received a little pay for extra work. A few days later I was one of a party of twelve, including some cabinet ministers, which took Anson D. Burlingame²⁰ and his two Chinese colleagues to see some of the public works. Mr. Burlingame, special ambassador from China, told me the origin and purpose of his mission. The English in China looked

²⁰ Mr. Burlingame had been American Ambassador to China and had been asked by the Chinese government to act as their special envoy to several countries to seek the admission of China to political equality with other nations.

upon the Chinese, as whites in the United States had regarded the slaves, and were opposed to admitting them to a scale of international equality. He had succeeded in his object in respect to the United States, England, and France. He talked much and in a fervid manner of the prospects and influence of the United States, and agreed with me that the privileged classes of Europe are unfriendly to the United States. He thought it very fortunate that the United States was settled from north of Europe rather than by Latin race. Wished there might be many more Swedes in the United States – liked their looks. Hoped I would succeed in reducing postage. Said he was anxious to get through his mission and return to the United States, and tell them how America appears from the standpoints he has had.

The American Minister had to reciprocate social courtesies and did so in part by giving each season five large formal dinners, which cost on an average about one hundred dollars each. Fortunately for my wife and me we found that practically all the diplomatic circle and many Swedish families spoke English fluently. We were glad also to find quite a group of Americans and English as well as several who had lived in the United States. Mr. Daschkow was the one to whom I went for instruction or advice in all the technicalities of foreign etiquette. His father had been Russian Minister to the United States when the seat of the American government was at Philadelphia, and he had known George Washington. His mother, eighty years of age, made her home with him and was a most kind and genial old lady. They became our very good friends. Countess Rosen was the daughter of Mrs. Bromfield Moore of Philadelphia, who visited Stock-

holm. Mrs. de Bille, a very pleasant lady, the wife of the Danish Minister, was a daughter of a chancellor of Wilmington, Delaware. Mrs. Mazel, wife of the Minister from the Netherlands was from Baltimore. Mrs. Olivecrona, wife of Judge Olivecrona of the Supreme Court, had spent four years in South Carolina during 1850-1855. Mrs. Gerhard Gade, of Christiania, was a Boston lady, Mrs. Tottie, an English lady. Professor and Mrs. Tafel, he a learned and excellent young German, formerly at Washington University, St. Louis, who had been sent to Stockholm by American Swedenborgians to translate some of the works of Swedenborg – all these and more helped to make our stay in a foreign city pleasant. My wife made friends easily and our life was far less formal than might be imagined.

To me, with American ideas, royalty could not but be a new and interesting experience. Diplomatic life gave opportunity for a close view. Charles XV was very fond of the military profession and popular with the people. He had considerable skill as a painter. His father, Oscar I, in one instance at least showed wisdom in his bringing-up. Once when the boy had been refused by a sentinel admittance to the stable, he threatened to give the sentinel "tjuge fyra" (twenty-four) a phrase meaning twenty-four blows. When he told his father what he had done, the latter admonished him that the sentinel had done his duty, took out twenty-four riks dollars, handed them to the young prince, and told him to carry them to the sentinel. This the boy did saying as he handed them over, "Here are your 'tjuge fyra'." Charles XV as king, however, yielded much to his personal wishes. One fine old statesman told me that Charles did not study though he had an aptitude for learning, but spent much of his time play-

ing cards and gambling. Another speaker, commenting on him, said he would die happy if he could lead an army in war. In view of these things, and many more, I was interested to hear Mr. H——, editor of the leading Gothenburg newspaper, say in March, 1876, that during our Civil War he recommended to Charles XV that a military man be sent to the United States to study our military system. The king with a flourish said he could go through America with twenty-five of his soldiers. One prominent Swedish gentleman told me how the king's opposition to the constitutional reform bill was overcome. In 1862, when the reform bill was first proposed, it leaked out that two leading nobles were to propose in the Diet a grant of one million riks dollars to pay the king's debts. Two supporters of the bill made this proposal first, got it carried, and so obtained the king's support to the reform. Another critic accused the king of declining to talk on serious matters, and said it was the middle class that complained.

On May 13, 1870, Mr. D——, an old diplomat, and I had some conversation about Baron d'Ugglas's going out of office. He had been Minister of Finance. At the close of a meeting of the council, just before the king left for Norway, he called Baron d'Ugglas into an adjoining room and told him he wished him to resign. When the other members of the council heard of it they also were disposed to resign. But as the king was going to Norway for two weeks, they calmed down and remained. Mr. D—— said the king couldn't safely change his ministers or councillors when he pleased for he would soon find none to serve under him if he changed from caprice.

The king was not a reliable man, but was a man of

fine appearance. I was about to say but did not, that Gen. R——, Danish Minister of War, told Gen. B—— the king's word could not be depended on. Mr. D—— said the king wanted the finance minister to try to get through a grant of a million riks dollars for the king's personal use, but he would not do it. That when the reform measures as they were called were got through it was done by paying the king a million dollars. That the reform measures were got through to take authority from the king because there was a distrust of him — that power was now substantially in the Riksdag and cabinet.

In speaking of Baron d'Ugglas's resignation, Mr. E—— (a Swede in the Government) said, in answer to my inquiry, it was true he left at the king's request. It would be difficult to get a successor as the present cabinet will be very particular as to who comes in; that Baron d'Ugglas himself and the cabinet officers were good men and they would all resign sooner than have an objectionable man thrust upon them; that they would dictate the appointment; that they were really the king; that they were not quite well enough sustained by the Second chamber and further said "Between you and me they are not sufficiently sustained by the king."

June 11, 1870. After dinner Mr. D—— said Baron De Geer resigned because he was dissatisfied with the king. That the king wanted to be the prime minister; that very likely this ministry would not last long, that probably the king would like to have the opposition come in, as they had probably promised him some grant; that he intrigued against his minister of finance d'Ugglas — having communicated to the opposition facts and items they could not have got in any other way; that he was becoming of very little consideration.

I confess I have been some surprised at the frankness with which Mr. D—— has spoken of the king.

October 20, 1870, Mr. C——, a Swede, called. Has been in Germany during the summer. I said I had the impression the reason of Baron De Geer's going out of office last spring was because he was dissatisfied with the king's interfering to dictate the appointment of the Minister of Finance. He replied "That is precisely the reason. Baron De Geer thought as a constitutional government the head of the ministry should say of whom the members should consist. Baron De Geer wished Count Lagerbjelke to take d'Ugglas's place and if the king had consented to that De Geer would have remained."

October 25, 1870. In speaking of the law to give women the right to control their property, Mrs. H——, wife of a prominent business man, said that creditors of a husband could take everything — furniture, clothes — of the wife. That her husband got through many reforms and wanted to get this; that in 1835, or thereabout, while her husband was a member of the house of nobles, he got an act passed abolishing corporal punishment of servants; that leading members — the ministers — threatened to throw him out of the window if he brought up the subject again. A large crowd collected around the House of Nobles, and some of the opponents of the measure to provide against danger from the crowd had boats brought to the rear of the building.

When the Reform bill (June 22, 1866) passed, the royal family felt very badly and ate nothing during the day. At night, when the king came from the theatre, the people had assembled and proposed to draw him home, but in a violent angry tone he forbid them, saying he preferred animals to the people to draw him.

One evening in March, 1870, at a supper at Prince Oscar's, when the king entered I was standing with the Italian Charge d'affaires on my right, and on my left the British minister. As the king had on several previous occasions failed to address me, I rather supposed that he would speak this time. But he passed on. I knew that he had been much put out at the recall of General Bartlett, my predecessor. Later in conversation with the Spanish minister, I mentioned the King's discourtesy. He replied it was not worth noticing. "He is very singular; sometimes will not speak to a person for three years." At supper I mentioned the same thing to Mr. Jerningham, the British minister. He said it was discourteous to my government and that if he were I he would speak to Count Wachtmeister, the Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs, about it and tell him I should stay away from Court if this practice on the part of the king were continued. I told him I had been tempted to do so. Some days later, I made a point of seeing Count Wachtmeister. We had quite an amusing conversation on the subject. The next time I saw the king, he was very cordial indeed to me. Some months later the wife of the German minister, Baroness Richtoven, told Mrs. Andrews that the king never spoke to her husband at parties nor to her. On a recent occasion he had turned his back on her, after having passed her without speaking. Lord Brougham, in his *Memoirs*, in notes of his tour in Sweden in 1799 says the reigning king of Sweden snubbed the diplomatic corps to give the impression that the government was not dependent on foreign countries. In reality it was lack of breeding and a sort of demagogism to attempt to win popularity. It showed the small character of the man pretty clearly.

At a quarter-past five, March 27, 1870, while we were at dinner, there came a notice that there would be prayers at the Royal chapel at six o'clock for the queen's health. Count Plessen, as he took his seat beside me, said in a whisper that he understood the queen was dying. On Thursday, the thirtieth, I learned that the Court had been up from three till five in the morning expecting the queen's death. At ten minutes past twelve, when I inquired at the palace, I was told that the queen had died at half-past eleven. Queen Louisa, a princess of Nassau, and niece of William I of Germany, never meddled in politics, was respected for her domestic virtues, and was sincerely mourned through Sweden and Norway. She was only forty-two, had no fortune of her own, but her father was supposed to be worth four million dollars. Mr. Daschkow, in speaking of her, said the Swedes did not adore her, because they never adored anybody, but they would lament her death, especially as her influence over the king had been for the public good. The king had treated her lightly, but lately had shown more attachment for her. Now, no one could tell who would get hold of him. Later I was told that the ladies-in-waiting reported that the queen on her deathbed enjoined the king to be steady and not to be led to extremes by his friends, and to be a father to his people; that she advised him frankly and well, and that the king shed tears and was much impressed, yet blushed and showed much uneasiness, as if he would have had the attendants out of hearing. April 21, Mrs. Andrews and I started at ten minutes past ten to attend the obsequies of the late queen at Ridderholm church. Police officers several times turned back our carriage. Finally, following that of the British Minister we got through the line to the

church. At such times a uniform would have been a great aid. With the exception of some fifty ladies already seated, we were about the first. The ceremonies were conducted with the usual splendor, and did not end till two o'clock. The church was cold.

Out of respect to the queen there were of course for some time no festivities at the palace. The following February, 1872, however, I dined at the king's palace at five o'clock. There were thirty guests. I sat on the left of Baron Richtoven with Prince Wrède, Austrian chargé on my left. The king who was considered an invalid, ate as much as any well person, but partook of only one kind of wine, a bottle of Bordeaux being set at his plate. At a dinner at the British minister's April 3, 1872, Mr. Joceneyn, one of the secretaries, said he had learned that the king was really in bad condition, his disease being paralysis of the spine. Thursday, Sept. 19, 1872, I was out walking at seven in the morning. I met Mr. Joceneyn who said, "I suppose you know the king is dead." I had not heard of it. He said: "He died at Malmo last night." He had been at some foreign springs and wishing to die on Swedish soil had hurried home. He was forty-six. The physician's certificate stated that he died of chronic intestinal inflammation.

When, on the evening of the eighteenth, Prince Oscar received news of his brother's death, he immediately went to his private room in his palace, where between eleven and twelve P.M., the Cabinet, and Norwegian Stats minister assembled, dissolved the Regency government in power during the king's absence, and recognized Prince Oscar as king. On the nineteenth the Cabinet met at the palace, and Oscar II took the oath of office according to the constitution. The cabinet

officers and other high officials including officers of regiments took the oath of fidelity and allegiance. Religious services were held in the Royal chapel at two P.M. At three P.M. notice of the accession of Oscar II, eulogistic of the late king, signed by Oscar and the temporary minister of justice was published in different squares of the city. At one P.M. Friday the twentieth, a beautiful day, we drove to the palace near which the troops stationed at Stockholm – in all three thousand effective men – were drawn up in column preparatory to taking the oath of allegiance to the new king. There must have been at least eight thousand people in the on-looking crowd. In the course of twenty minutes, Oscar II, in full uniform, on a white horse, and accompanied by a staff of outriders, made his appearance. As he approached each regiment, he said in Swedish “Good-day boys.” Each regiment in turn responded, of course in Swedish, “God save the king.” After the oath had been delivered, the king said, “I thank you for your oath, and rely on your fidelity.” Each regiment then responded by shouting “Hurrah” three times, quickly. As he passed through the crowds, he appeared perfectly self-possessed, and to advantage. His sons, the young princes, viewed the scene from an upper window in the palace.

The funeral of the late king occurred on October ninth with the usual pomp. The newspapers all published long panegyrics on him. Monday October fourteenth, with Mrs. Andrews, I attended a grand condolence reception at the palace. The mourning dress for the ladies of the diplomatic corps was plain black merino, and train, large white collars, and two veils. I forget how long this was worn. When the queen’s mother died in 1871, all black was worn seven days, and black and white seven days more.

Oscar II was a man who would have been recognized anywhere as a gentleman, and if thrown upon his own resources would have taken a leading position in almost any community. He was at his accession forty-three. His black hair was turning gray. He had a high forehead, blue eyes, good nose, wore a full beard and had color in his cheeks. He was well educated, had published some poetry and other writings, spoke not only Norwegian and Swedish, but also English, French, and German fluently. He was one of the eighteen members of the Swedish academy. He had skill and taste as a musician, and was an expert in naval tactics. He of course belonged to the established church, but was not bigoted. He made frequent tours in the country, always paying his own railroad fare, and visited and studied the larger mechanical and manufacturing establishments. He was a ready and indeed eloquent off-hand speaker, had good presence of mind though a somewhat enthusiastic temperament, easy manners, and a kingly bearing. He received a salary of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and besides had quite an inherited fortune. Yet he lived rather simply. When driving out, to be sure, he would be accompanied by an aide-de-camp or chamberlain, the driver would be in livery, and two footmen also in livery would stand on the back of the carriage, the king's own servant wearing a high plume, and the horses would be fine-blooded blacks. When he drove out after dark, his carriage was, according to old custom, preceded by a mounted man in uniform bearing a torch. But when he walked out in the city, he wore an ordinary frock coat and black dress hat, and was accompanied often by only one chamberlain, or by his private secretary. He was a worker. His office room in the palace was like that of any great business man. There were speaking tubes from his

table to his staff in adjoining rooms. He took life comparatively easily, rising at eight, and after a cup of coffee and a roll, rode horseback for an hour or so, in secluded grounds if the weather were fair, but under cover if it were bad. On Tuesdays at ten A.M. he received any one wishing to see him. On such occasions he was in half-dress uniform. A cabinet council was held about twice a week in the palace, at which he presided. All had to be in full uniform. These councils sometimes lasted several hours, though most of the work was done at preparatory meetings held in the State building and not attended by the king. He aimed to be through his work by half-past two or three o'clock, so as to have time for an hour's walk before his dinner at five. After dinner he often enjoyed a game of billiards, and frequently had little parties of amateur singers, sometimes joining with them in singing. It was his custom to give a large ball to which two thousand invitations were issued, on his birthday the twenty-first of January. About twice a week during the winter he gave sumptuous dinner parties inviting the cabinet and prominent Swedes very liberally. Once a year he invited the entire diplomatic corps to a formal dinner. He also invited them to two or three balls or receptions during the winter. Unlike the public functions in Washington, no one attended the evening receptions at the palace, except invited guests. The queen-dowager once in speaking of the popularity of her two sons said that Charles XV did everything that would make him unpopular, yet was popular; while Oscar II did everything to be popular, yet was unpopular. That was said when Oscar was a prince. As king I think he became popular, though possibly more so with the aristocracy than with the other classes. At any rate, he was thor-

oughly respected and trusted by all. I came to know him quite well in the course of my stay in his country, and liked him very much. He was simple, unassuming, a reader and student, and always a kindly gentleman.

The coronation of Oscar II as King of Sweden May 12, 1873, was a great event to which many countries sent special ambassadors. Among these were Prince Metternich from Austria, General Liewn from Russia, Count Menabrea, Prime-minister of Victor Emanuel, General Blumenthal from Prussia and General Barail from France. That day the king and queen gave a dinner to about six hundred Swedes and Norwegians. General Bjornstjerna, now minister of Foreign Affairs gave a dinner to the diplomatic corps. On the following day what was called "homage" was paid to the royal family at the palace at two o'clock by the special ambassadors and diplomatic corps. At five we attended a dinner given by the king and queen, and the next day a ball given by the city at the Merchant's Exchange. We did not get away till after one in the morning. No carriages were permitted at the door, till after the royal carriages had gone. Mr. Billie who had to wait three hours, said later if he had had to wait much longer he would have been about ready to declare the Republic. The following day there was a dinner at the queen-dowager's and the next a ball at the palace with about one thousand six hundred present. At the opening of the ball, about half past nine, the king conducted the lady of each chief of nation in the polonaise or promenade, the queen taking the chiefs of mission. The queen's chamberlain Baron Lagerheim instructed me that I would come after the British Minister, and asked me to be near the centre pillars in the

ballroom. Two days later the Norwegian Minister of State gave a ball and supper with about five hundred present. I think this was the last of the coronation festivities in Stockholm. At a reception preceding the coronation, given for the special Ambassadors by Mr. De Giers the Russian minister (successor of Mr. Daschkow who had died) I had a long talk with Lieutenant-general Blumenthal. He was a little under medium size and had a mild expression. He said Germany, England, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway could maintain republican governments, but not Italy, France, or Spain. I suppose he did not trust the steadfastness of the Gaul. Speaking of soldiership, I remarked that conscience was what made a good soldier. "Yes," said he "and yet we find men who do not pay their debts who are good in the military service." He remarked that "We in Germany learned much from your war." "So did we," I replied.

July 18, 1873, Oscar II was crowned king of *Norway* at the historic old town of Trondhjem: founded in 997 by that romantic old monarch King Olaf Trygvasson, who is said to have destroyed the famous temple of Thor and Odin which was on the site of the city. In 1873 Trondhjem had perhaps twenty thousand inhabitants. The great object of interest was the cathedral which was reputed to be on the site of a church built by St. Olaf between 1016 and 1030. The present church goes back probably to the twelfth or thirteenth centuries. It is a wonderful example of genuine Norman architecture, and according to the constitution of 1814 is to remain the place of coronation for the sovereigns of Norway. The Bishop of Trondhjem performs the ceremony. The diplomatic corps was supposed to be present at this second coronation. I took with me

my wife, child, and nurse. Travel at that time was almost entirely by "carrioles": a sort of clumsy gig with room for only one person besides the driver and the boy behind, who took back the horses which were changed at each station. I bought a comfortable carriage. The people are compelled by law to furnish horses to the traveller at so much a mile. We left Stockholm July third, making the journey by easy stages via Sundsvall, Ostersund, Skallstuga (the last station in Sweden high up on the mountains where we found as my wife wrote "a little treasure of a house with stuffed chairs, real silver and nice fare") and Levanger. At Trondhjem, reached July fifteenth, the road followed a fjord. Sometimes we drove within a few feet of the precipitous edge on a road cut out of the solid rock, which in many places almost overhung us. As the king and queen were expected that evening the city was already wearing a holiday appearance and the main streets were thronged with well-dressed people. The buildings and vessels were decorated with garlands and flags. Among the distinguished visitors were Prince Alfred of England and Prince Waldemar of Denmark, each escorted by a squadron of war vessels. Russia and Denmark sent special envoys. Germany sent a squadron. There followed the coronation, state dinner, and ball, king's dinner, and a ball given by the city and one given by the king. The mountains of Norway are not so high as I had expected, not over six or seven thousand feet above the sea. What is most remarkable about them is their steepness, and the vast number of silvery cascades which drop down their sides. Coming home, we went to Christiania, via Molde, Bergen, Gudvangen, Laerdal, and down the Valdres, a beautiful valley with majestic mountains on

each side. We thus crossed this stalwart country by two different routes. The excellence of the macadamized roads impressed me. The roadbed is almost as smooth as asphalt pavement. Every few rods there is a stone post on which is painted the name of the person who is charged with keeping that section of the road in proper condition, all seasons including winter. As in Sweden, not alone adjacent proprietors, but those who live at a distance are taxed for the maintenance of the road. The provincial-governor, always an experienced statesman, is inspector of roads, as well as of other public interests. No other country in the world has such good roads as Norway. I was impressed with the self-possession, independence, and seriousness of the Norwegians. Perhaps it comes from their being largely engaged in a sea-faring life. Red is the favorite color for dress and headgear of many of the country people.

But I am getting away from my subject which is Oscar II. The following November, I noted in my diary a conversation I had with him:

Are you going to have war on account of Cuba? he asked.

I think not—it would be a pity to have more bloodshed, I replied.

Yes it would, said he, but the Spaniards can do nothing with Cuba; their government seems powerless there.

The matter is more embarrassing to us because everyone thinks we want Cuba, said I.

He laughed and answered, So you do.

But not so much, I replied, as during our slavery times.

You will have to buy Cuba, I think—Spain is in a miserable condition and cannot take care of it, he said.

When after eight years (1877) I received word that my successor had been appointed, King Oscar could not have been more courteous and kind. He sent me word

that he would receive me as an old acquaintance, said he was very sorry I was going to leave, and that if he had had any notice of it he would have done everything in his power to prevent it, told me there had never been an American minister here who had done so much as I, and that there was no other member of the diplomatic body here who knew so much about Sweden. He intimated that he understood the causes that led to my recall, meaning as I supposed from the dispatch his minister Count Lewenhaupt wrote, that the appointment of my successor was to conciliate Mr. Blaine, United States senator from Maine, who had been considered unfriendly to the Hayes administration.

Almost the last mention of King Oscar in my diary is under date of November 13, 1877: Returning home I met the king with a chamberlain walking on the mall in the park; he stopped and turned to come towards me, whereupon I crossed the street to him. On shaking hands he held my hand while he started on his walk so that I kept up with him. We walked up and down the mall two or three times, during which time he conversed sociably about the Eastern War; asked if we took much interest in it in the United States; asked if there was a prospect of our reducing our "prohibitive tariff;" about our merchant marine; if I knew the king of Belgium had appointed a committee to inquire whether iron could not supply the place of wood in many articles of manufacture, this he thought would have a bad effect; whether their hope was realized in lessening the consumption of timber shipped both from the United States and Sweden and Norway; asked what I was going to do when I got back to the United States; wished me to write to him when I had anything of general interest to communicate; wanted to know where

I was going; spoke of the steamers; the passage; asked if the Cunard was an American line; finally bid me good-day saying he hoped soon to see me at dinner – on Friday. Perhaps we shall some day reach that point at which our vanity is not touched in the least by a king's friendliness. But perhaps most men of forty-eight have not reached that ideal. I have inserted these last quotations from my diary to show the friendly character of Oscar II.

On June 14, 1873, was celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the queen-dowager's wedding day. I called to express my congratulations, as did others of the diplomatic corps, at her summer residence, the prettily situated villa of Rosendal, in Deer park. On leaving, I received an invitation to attend a dinner which she was to give that evening to those who had done her the honor to call. Her daughter, the Princess Eugenie, then forty-three, who on account of lameness lived retired on the island of Gotland, was present and with her I had an interesting conversation. She spoke English well, had dark eyes, and was quite sensible and unaffected. I had never seen her before and her intelligence and sincerity impressed me. The queen-dowager lived only about three years longer. She was such an intelligent woman and so active in mind and body that people thought she would live many years longer. I liked her. Though proud and having a fondness for loading herself with diamonds, she appeared anxious to do her duty. She had good sense, was honest, patriotic, and charitable, and universally esteemed.

In 1871, I visited Baron Carl Bonde, formerly in the Swedish diplomatic service and now chamberlain to the king and proprietor of iron-works at Eriksberg. His entailed estate, one of the largest in Sweden was twenty-

eight miles in width and housed three or four thousand people. The stately white house fronted on a lake in the midst of a beautiful park which reminded me of that of the Duke of Devonshire. After luncheon, as he was showing me his estate, I asked if he had ever seen Louis Napoleon. He told me he had dined quite alone with him in 1859. As Baron Bonde sat taking coffee with the emperor and empress, the empress was quite talkative. Once she spoke to the emperor about his being so silent; he replied that she was talking enough. She talked about ghosts. The emperor continued looking on the ground. Finally he said to Baron Bonde, "Have you seen Young?" Baron Bonde mistook the person he meant, and the emperor said: "I mean the *American* Young." He referred to a sort of seer about whom there was some talk at the time, and in reply to a question the emperor said: "Since I saw him, I have not doubted him." Baron Bonde then told me how this Young had exactly imitated the handwriting of the emperor's mother. After dinner, which was at half past four, I enjoyed looking at the library which occupied most of one wing of the building and contained some old and rare books. A copperplate, such as in old times was used for money, was about as much as one could lift. His collection of autographs included letters of Washington, Clay, and all of our presidents, one of Martin Luther, and several from kings. In the evening we visited the iron furnace. The next morning as I was leaving, I gave the servant who had blacked my boots and brushed my clothes, two riks dollars, but on coming downstairs, Baron Bonde said: "If you wish to give the servants anything – which you need not do – there is a little green box hanging at the right of the door in the room you go into before enter-

ing your chamber." I went up and put two riks dollars in it. It was a little tin box and locked. In this way a gift is shared among all of the servants. Baron Bonde accompanied me back to Stockholm.

While in Sweden, I naturally met many prominent men and had many interesting conversations with them. Many of these I have no note of, but a few I jotted down in my diary. Mr. Jerningham, among other things, said that England and America united could rule the world; that Americans are really English; that most of our presidents had English names. His successor, E. M. Erskine, was a grandson of Lord Erskine, the great advocate. He and his family we came to know quite well. Mr. Erskine's brother, Lord Erskine, visited him. He was a very lovable man whose great simplicity struck me at once. For example, his shoes were tied with leather strings. Once when I had said "There never was a better chance for a man to make a reputation as a statesman in the United States than now," Mr. Erskine quickly replied, and as if unguardedly, "But they haven't got the men there." He began immediately to say something else, and I made no attempt under the circumstances to controvert his remark. One evening when I dined alone with him, he agreed with me in my praise of Lord Hartington as a man of ability. When I said I thought it helped a man along very much to have the rank of Lord, he replied, that it might be of assistance to an able man, but it would not advance a man who was not able. "Look at the list of the hundreds of Lords," he said in substance, "and there are very few known as men of ability and character. Most of them you will see have faces like animals."

After having read in Blackwood's *Magazine* a re-

view of the *Life of Prince Albert*, which pictured him as a most wonderful and perfect man, I asked the first secretary of the English legation whether the prince really was such a man. He replied, "No, that was written to please the old lady."

The new Russian minister was Mr. Nikolai Karlovitch de Giers – later minister of Foreign Affairs of Russia (1882-1895). He was a tall fine-looking man, an honest gentleman about whom there was no humbug. He had been some time in Persia. Once when we mentioned what an American traveler in Norway had told us, that the Emperor of Persia had a baker roasted in his own oven for cheating in the weight of bread, Mr. de Giers said he thought such could not have been a fact. It was not uncommon, however, to punish by cutting off an ear, a hand, or an arm. In such cases warm oil was used to prevent danger afterwards. He said, he had been almost afraid to speak to the Emperor of Russia about the Shah's visit, for he had been the means of the Shah's undertaking the journey, and he thought the visit had been annoying to the Czar. On speaking of the visit afterwards, the Czar had laughed and had said that the Shah was troublesome only once. They were going to the review of the army, and drove together in an open carriage. It began to rain. The Shah of Persia having on his diamonds and fine clothes wished an umbrella. The Czar told him there was none. The Shah then wished the top of the carriage put up. The Czar told him that wouldn't do either. They were soldiers, they must stand the rain. Some-time later at a supper, I mentioned this anecdote, recalled perhaps by my having gotten wet in the afternoon. A lady told how the Shah, while in Geneva at a dinner given him by a wealthy gentleman of that city,

said to his host, "Your wife is ugly, Why don't you change?" I will not vouch for the absolute truth of this tale.

July, 1871, when Mr. Fournier, the French minister, called to say goodbye, he said he did not wish another war between France and Prussia for some years, but after a while in the course of forty years he hoped there would be one. He thought there was a liability of another outbreak of the laboring classes in Paris. As he was leaving I said, "I am a peace man and I wish to see the European nations disarm." He instantly said, "So am I a peace man, but war is unavoidable in some cases. It would not do for one nation to disarm unless the rest did." I instanced Switzerland. He said: "If they would all become neutral it might be." "But," said I, "let one nation completely disarm and others through public opinion will be forced to follow."

In my diary, June, 1875, I noted this conversation with the king: "At my audience today with King Oscar at the palace, he said in substance, while speaking with reference to the excitement last April over the supposed imminence of war between Germany and France: 'I did not believe war was imminent. I was told by a very high person at Berlin – a general – that there had been no danger of war.' On another occasion I asked Emperor William I what he thought of Lord Derby's speech. The Emperor thought Lord Derby over-estimated the part the British government had taken, and went on to say (this in the presence of the Prince Imperial [Frederick III]) that there had been no intention of going to war; that he had no motive for it, nothing to gain by it; and that in the future Germany would not go to war unless compelled to do so; that the provocation must be such that everybody – foreign countries – could readily see that the provocation was

sufficient." Interesting words these in view of Germany's action after the incident of Saravejo in 1914.

The German secretary of legation, Count Bray, had been stationed at Vienna three years. He said John Lothrop Motley, the American historian, then American Ambassador to Austria, was in the most fashionable circle. I said: "Because of his talents and literary reputation?" "Not so much," he replied, "as from his elegant style of living – he must have spent much more than his salary."

The attitude of all diplomatic representatives seemed very favorable to the United States. Count Wachtmeister, minister of Foreign Affairs said that the modern principle of neutrality was established by the United States. Count Platen, his successor, said "You go on paying your debt as no other country ever did or can do." The *Dagen's Nyheter* in a two column article on Young's *Immigration Report* said that there was no country on earth that did so much as the United States to spread information among the people by means of gratuitous distribution of official reports.

One of the pleasures that fall to the lot of an American minister abroad is that of meeting many interesting and distinguished travelers. Among the first we met was the noted African explorer Paul du Chaillu. He was a most genial, little, dark-skinned man, an adept at making himself interesting to whatever sort of person he was talking. The king gave him the unusually long audience of three-quarters of an hour, and my little daughter never forgot how, covered with a fur rug, he got down on all fours and pretended to be a lion.

Professor Nordenskold, the Arctic explorer, we also came to know. He was a very fine man, a native of Finland.

In 1875 Rear-admiral Worden came in command of

a United States fleet. He had first won fame in the combat between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* when as Captain John Worden he had commanded that first little iron-clad, the invention of Captain Ericsson, an engineer of Swedish birth, and had kept the northern harbors of the United States from being blockaded. He had lost one eye in that contest, and for a time his life was despaired of. It was said that Lincoln wept over him. When I presented Admiral Worden and ten or twelve of his officers to Oscar II, the latter greeted the admiral with hearty cordiality, and while holding the admiral's hand in both of his, said (in a voice to be heard by all in the room) "Your eminent services to your government are well known and admired in my country – in all countries, indeed, where good conduct and heroism are appreciated." Admiral Worden was much entertained during his stay in Stockholm and reciprocated by giving an elaborate breakfast on board his flagship the "Franklin."

J. F. Loubat, a wealthy New Yorker of French descent, who in official capacity had accompanied the special mission of Mr. Fox, assistant Secretary of the Navy to Russia at the close of our Civil War, arrived at Stockholm on his elegant yacht "Enchantress," in July, 1875, and was the guest at several affairs given by the king and Admiral Lagercrantz. With the king, crown prince and others, I took lunch with Mr. Loubat on his yacht. I had given Mr. Loubat two or three bottles of American sparkling catawba wine with the injunction that he should not mention how he obtained it. When it was served he immediately, as a joke, said that it was a present from me being a product of my vines. As soon as I tasted it, I thought it was champagne, and said: "It is not catawba." "Admiral

Lagercrantz agreed with me that it was not catawba." "What," said the King, "Don't you know wine from your own vineyard?"

I think it was that same summer that I met the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII. It was at an evening reception which King Oscar gave in his honor at the Drottningholm palace. King Oscar introduced me to him. He had a finer expression than in his photographs. He made me think of Senator Douglas though he was a little taller than the latter.

General Grant's sister, Mrs. Cramer, visited us. She was a most unaffected and genuine lady, and came to seem almost like a sister. She had a good deal of literary ability. Lieutenant Fred Grant, son of the President, also spent a night in Stockholm enroute from St. Petersburg. He was unaffected, simple, intelligent, and seemed perfectly honest and high-toned. We liked him very much.

At dinners many good stories were told. Admiral Lagercrantz once related this anecdote to illustrate the wit of the peasantry. When Count Wetterstedt was prime minister under Carl Johan, the government wishing the support of the House of Peasants on some measure, Count Wetterstedt invited a number of the peasant members to a great dinner. They were placed at the farther end of the table. One of the peasants, as often as he helped himself to some wine from a bottle of rather ordinary claret that stood near, remarked in a tone to be heard, "What excellent wine this is." Towards the close of the dinner some much finer wine was handed this peasant. Those around him listened to hear what he would say. But he drank it without saying a word. "How do you like this wine?" they asked. "That wine," he answered, "speaks for itself."

Erick Ekstromer told me the following incident of his father who had been created a nobleman in 1836 and in 1866 had been an advocate of the constitutional reform bill. Mr. Ekstromer senior was giving a dinner to a party of his old university comrades including Bishop Tègnér, the poet, when the latter said to Ekstromer, "How can you favor giving up your right as a legislator, which you enjoy by virtue of nobility?" Ekstromer answered, "Rather than that should stand in the way of the reform I would sooner cast my patent of nobility into the fire." "You could safely do that," said Tègnér, "It is so green it would not burn."

We, of course, made several trips into the interior of Sweden. We saw the old city of Upsala, site of the famous university founded in 1477 where are the oldest extant work in a Teutonic language, the translation of the gospels by Ulfilas, and the old Icelandic *Book of the Druses*. At Skokloster I asked the man who showed us about the palace built by General Wrangel (who had served with Gustavus Adolphus in the Thirty Years War), how the general got the money to build such a mansion. "He took it," was the frank reply. At Skokloster where we had been told there would be no difficulty about finding suitable lodgings, we found none. At last two rooms were found for us at the schoolmaster's. This was interesting, for the school was a district school like the common district school in the United States. The teacher, however, held his office for life, and lived in the schoolhouse rent free. He had also about thirty acres of land, and a salary of from four hundred to one thousand two hundred riks dollars a year, for teaching reading, spelling, the catechism, some arithmetic, and perhaps a little geography. This man's father had held the position before him.

The character of the teacher in Bjornson's story *The Happy Boy* shows how great an influence in the community such a man may have.

Everywhere the drooping white birch was a characteristic tree. The alder which with us is only a bush, we saw there as a tall handsome tree with a particularly straight and even stem. Pine and spruce everywhere composed the forest groundwork, and after autumn frost had given a russet hue to the abundant poplar, and crimson to the soft maple, we saw frequent landscapes like those in New England.

From what has already been written, one might think that the time of an American minister abroad is taken up with what might be termed trivialities. But for one who wished to work, there was always plenty to do, in the way of studying conditions and sending reports to our government. Over thirty of my reports on affairs in Sweden and Norway were published by our government, including those on Swedish iron, agriculture, dairy, commerce, taxation, steam-vessels, manufactures, neutrality, forestry, the industrial classes of Sweden and Norway, education, insurance and building regulations, coinage, finance, the constitution, crime and prison discipline, the tariff, poor laws and pauperism, civil service, and emigration. These reports in those days had to be written out by hand and also had to be recorded in the large legation record books. Finding that so much writing sitting down was injurious to my health, I procured a desk at which I could write standing. Since the separation of Norway from Sweden in 1905, the United States has maintained a legation at Christiania as well as Stockholm. Our government now has at its legation at Stockholm, an envoy, counsellor, two secretaries, a commercial attaché, a naval

attaché, and a military attaché – seven officials; and at Christiania, an envoy, secretary, commercial attaché, naval attaché, and military attaché – five officials. In all there are now twelve officials to do the work that one lone Minister-resident tried to do half a century ago.

It must be evident that the reputation of the United States suffers from too frequent changes in the service. Certainly other qualities and abilities being equal, experience in such service enables a man to be of greater influence among his diplomatic associates than the man who has such experience to learn. I am glad that the service is becoming stabilized. At that time a new administration meant a change all along the line. John L. Stevens of Augusta, Maine, a close personal friend of Mr. Blaine, was appointed my successor. He selected my apartments for his residence, moved in the day we left, and entertained us at dinner that evening, Thanksgiving day 1877. King Oscar gave his state dinner to the diplomatic corps earlier than usual, so his chamberlain informed me, in order to have me present. During the dinner he proposed my health in some kind remarks in which he stated that I had been the most useful representative the United States had ever sent to Sweden. Swedish officers and citizens tendered me a reception and presented me with a beautiful hand-tooled album filled with the photographs of representative Swedes. Swedish officials, members of the diplomatic corps, and citizens were at the depot to bid us farewell, and we left in a private car furnished by the Government railway.

Newspaper Editor and Consul to Brazil

After our residence in the large city of Stockholm for eight years, it seemed more natural to stay in St. Paul, then a city of about thirty thousand, than to return to St. Cloud which had less than two thousand inhabitants.

I had felt after the war that law was rather unfamiliar to me. So, in 1878, twenty-eight years after I had been admitted to the bar, it seemed useless to again take up that profession, especially so as the legal profession in St. Paul was so crowded. I felt inclined to buy a farm in the vicinity of that of my friend General Theodore H. Barrett in Grant and Stevens counties, but I did not dare to risk it. I had not the capital, and to borrow money was out of the question. The regular rate of interest at that time was twelve per cent. However, I carried on a miniature farm in my back garden, and enjoyed raising corn, cucumbers, and experimenting with Scotch fife,²¹ and Russian wheat.

I did not remain idle. I gave various addresses and lectures on Sweden and Norway, made speeches in the Republican campaign, served as delegate to a convention to promote a navigable route through the Great Lakes, wrote various magazine articles, and was sent by the Chamber of Commerce to the National Mississippi river convention at Quincy, Illinois. One of the most disagreeable things I ever did was that of becoming re-

²¹ A hard spring wheat introduced into the United States and Canada about 1850, and named for David Fife of Ontario who got the seed from Danzig.

sponsible for taking the census in the third census district of Minnesota, which included St. Paul and about the northern half of the state, for the rivalry between St. Paul and Minneapolis made an honest count a far from acceptable thing to many people in St. Paul. In the spring of 1880, ex-Governor William R. Marshall, who had founded the *St. Paul Press* (which combined with *The Pioneer* became *The St. Paul Pioneer Press*) submitted to me the project of joining with him as equal partner and as editor in the purchase of the *St. Paul Daily Evening Dispatch*. Though not favorable to the suggestion at first, I gradually persuaded myself to try it. Thus I had a hand, slight as it was, in supporting Garfield for president; in supporting Governor Pillsbury in the settlement of the Minnesota Railroad bonds, thus wiping out the stain of repudiation for the state; and in advocating the building of the first high-school erected in St. Paul.

When in 1882 I was sent as consul-general to Brazil, only freight steamers were running between New York and Rio Janeiro. As they carried no stewardess, we went by way of Europe, going via Southampton, Havre, Paris, Bordeaux, Madrid, and Lisbon. The forests in France through which we passed impressed me as clean, thrifty, and well-managed. Although the trees were very near the railroad track there were nowhere any marks of a forest fire. In Spain we were rather prepossessed by the people but never forgot the mournful and desolate impression the Escorial, palace of Philip II, gave us as we passed it at a distance. The mountain-surrounded Bay of Biscay was very beautiful. In Madrid, the American secretary of legation, Mr. Reed took us to some of the sights of the city. In Lisbon, Mr. Diamond, the American consul also was kind.

We saw some of the old gilt carriages with mountings of gold and silver used by royalty in the time of Columbus and in one of them the guide seated in state my twelve year old daughter. It was particularly interesting to visit Portugal before going to the empire it had planted. We took passage in the "Graf Bismark" of the North German Lloyd line, Captain Thallenhorst commanding, and steamed out of the calm waters of the Tagus on August fifth, 1882.

The voyage to Rio occupied twenty-one days. We were favored with pleasant weather and a comparatively smooth sea all the way. As there were only five or six cabin passengers, we were given some special privileges, eating with the officers in their dining-room on deck, and being allowed to use the awning-sheltered deck only a few steps down from the bridge. On the fourth day we landed at Santa Cruz, the capital of the Canary Islands, and enjoyed the fine mountain scenery. The captain had promised my daughter that if I would buy her one of the fine little white dogs that are bred there, he would take it to Rio free of charge. With this inducement we got a most diminutive specimen, with pointed nose, large dark blue eyes and long silken ears. We saw him first as he sat, quite dignified though only six inches in height, in the center of a large stone hall-way resembling that of the Bargello in Florence. Getting back to the steamer and boarding was not an easy feat. The sea was rough and we had to spring from our little boat up to the ship's steps, when the boat was on the crest of a wave. We feared we might lose the dog, but by putting him in my pocket I got him safely aboard. The steamer-chairs were of wicker enclosed at the bottom. One of these furnished a good cage for him when we were at meals. When we

crossed the equator, the usual ceremonies of introducing to Neptune, any sailors crossing it for the first time were observed. On this occasion there was a grotesque procession; the candidates for the honor of the introduction were blindfolded and seated on a board across a tub-full of water. They were subjected to a mock operation of shaving with sand. When this had been done the board on which they sat was dexterously pulled away and the victims found themselves sprawling in the water. They may, for a moment, have thought they were in the sea itself. Everyone on board was then privileged to throw buckets of water at any novitiates, passengers included, and the whole ended by the captain treating all hands to beer. We soon missed the Great Dipper but the Southern Cross interested us, though like most people we were disappointed to find it only four stars in an irregular diamond. At Santa Cruz, we took on upwards of a hundred immigrants bound for one of the La Plata countries. August 22, we reached Bahia, the capital of Brazil in early times. Rio de Janeiro we reached before sunrise August 26. We viewed with delight the beautiful harbor with its background of mountains and the cone-like Sugarloaf guarding its entrance. The harbor is four miles wide and twelve miles long. The extensive city of more than half a million inhabitants at that time, lay stretched at great length along the scalloped shore of the bay, covering several hills in its limits, and extending to the very slopes of the tree-covered mountains.

The city of Rio at present is much finer than it was in 1882. Then, what impressed us most, I think, were the narrow streets, the houses of colored tiles or plaster, of a brilliant blue, olive, pink, or red, many of them of but one story, the large iron gates invariably at the en-

trance, the heavy red-tile roofs, the royal palms, some of them seventy or eighty feet high, and appearing even higher, the trees with brilliant flowers, and the fine specimens of the African race seated on the edge of the sidewalk retailing their wares.

We soon learned that almost everything in the way of freight was carried on the head. Here, we saw a fifteen year old apprentice lad carrying on his head six empty ten-gallon hardwood kegs bound in one package; there a porter carrying an empty dry-goods box as big as an ox-cart; tin peddlers went about with a general assortment of their wares in a big basin on their heads; stout colored women with fine figures, necks and arms like bronze, peddled liver and tripe carried in large trays on their heads. So, too, a porter could be seen carrying thus a wicker coop containing two or three dozen live chickens. But the heaviest burdens were the pianos. It was quite common to see six negroes marching along in step with a piano on their heads, carrying it perhaps two miles. The blacks who handled coffee, carried thus bags of it weighing one hundred and thirty-two pounds each. Striking also were the confectionery venders who with their trays on their heads, beset the street-car passengers with their cries of "Bolos? bolos? freguez?" (Sweetmeats? sweetmeats? customer?). These were candies done up in a twist of fancy-colored paper. But the most numerous of the street venders were those of all ages who sold lottery-tickets. Lotteries were legalized and protected by the government in all parts of the country, and the purchase and sale of lottery-tickets was one of the chief subjects of popular interest. "Andar hoje!" (The wheel turns today!) greeted the passer-by all the year round. The "moringa" or water-bottle also attracted

our attention. In the hotel there was one on every table. They are of Indian-red porous clay, with a stopper of the same material; water allowed to stand in them for a short time becomes as cool as spring water. They were all made by hand and shaped by the eye in the primitive way, from a lump of moist clay placed on a table, made to revolve by a pedal crank. No one who has read Browning's "Rabbi ben Ezra" will ever forget the potter and his table. Some of these moringas were glazed and fancifully painted, but they did not cool water as well as the plain ones. Large jars holding several gallons were also used in offices. But I am getting ahead of my story.

After a short stay at the English Carsons hotel we were fortunate in finding a new house, one of a block, at 143 Rua das Larangeiras, not yet infested with fleas or cockroaches – for which we had to pay the high rent of one thousand dollars a year, though the house was a moderately-sized and plain one. It had, however, the advantage of having two stories. The servants' rooms extended back in the rear of the kitchen and were separate from the rest of the house. The kitchen stove – the only source of heat – was a square iron one painted black, and as usual was built into the house and went with it. At the rear of the long, narrow garden was a stone reservoir with running water, cold of course, where the week's washing was done. The clothes were spread out on the grass in the hot sun to dry and were thus kept very white. Our milkman came with his cow to the front door every morning. I think we had no door-bell; the clapping of hands called the inmates to the iron gate instead. The door was always open in the daytime. Ice was comparatively unknown. It was usually sold by the pound. Most of it was manu-

factured, but sometimes cargoes of apples from the north would arrive packed in ice. Then one would see such signs as "natural ice for sale" (in Portuguese) in the little grocery shops. These shops, often called "vendas," were very different from ours. They were single rooms opening off the street, with but one doorway and no windows. Near the door were usually piles of fagots or perhaps more accurately bundles of finely split sticks, the fuel used for cooking and purchased in very small quantities. Near-by hung quarters of beef, fresh every day, and pieces of dried beef, which with black beans made one of the very common articles of food in every Brazilian family. In the evening one disliked to pass these little stores, as "baratas," large black cockroaches as large as our electric light bugs, often ran across the sidewalk almost under one's feet. On one side of our house, with no land between, lived a Brazilian family in a one-story house, in the rather shiftless fashion not uncommon in the country. The women of the family could often be seen sitting on the front door-step. During one epidemic of yellow fever, three coffins were carried out from this house in two weeks. On the other side of us and in the same block of houses was a Brazilian planter, a baron who had five hundred slaves on his plantation in the interior. He was a very pleasant and kind gentleman, and his wife a beautiful and attractive lady, but as our only medium of conversation was French, and as neither family were easy conversationalists in that language, our neighborliness consisted principally in the exchange of courtesies such as fruit or flowers, and in our petting their marmoset (tiny monkey) which often crossed the wall between our gardens and chattered away in his own language. In the third house in the row lived a

Portuguese business man whose wife was a Brazilian. He subscribed to many of our American magazines, *Frank Leslie's* and *Harper's* among them, and occasionally sent us a pile of these. Our friends were of course the Americans of Rio, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel T. Longstreth formerly of Philadelphia, but for long residents of Rio. The members of the congregation of the little American chapel, a Methodist Episcopal Church South, were also our friends, among these Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Röhe, he a German-brazilian manufacturer, and she a New York lady.

As neither ladies nor children were supposed to be seen on the street without some escort, life for them was of a rather shut-in sort. The street cars ("bondes") however impressed us immediately as much better than any we had seen in the United States at that time. They were rapid and frequent, were drawn by mules, and were open with seats running across the car, the conductor passing along on the outer foot-board on both sides.

Some streets like the Rua do Ouvidor, one of the principal ones, were but about twenty feet wide and were so filled with pedestrians that vehicles were not allowed in them during the day. The pavement sloped towards the centre, and a heavy rain soon made them impassable. There were many places to which one could make a pleasant excursion. Perhaps the nearest was the Botanical Gardens beyond Botofogo. Here was the wonderful avenue of magnificent royal palms, of which usually only half is seen photographed. Here one could hear monkeys screaming and chattering in the bamboos, see the parrots and parrakeets and realize from the wonderful array of vegetation that one was in the tropics. An excursion up the Corcovado was then

much harder than it has since become, as the railroad went only to Paineiras. The Corpocobana Beach, then entirely unsettled, on the sea-ward side of the mainland also furnished a pleasant picnic spot, with the great waves rolling in continually with pomp and spray.

The fruits and vegetables and fish were all different from what we were accustomed to. The breadfruit and mangoes we did not especially fancy, the alligator-pear I became quite fond of, the caxu, the figs, and many plums we liked. We even learned to like to eat the sugarcane, in private, which when sucked is very much like candy. One continually saw little blacks, mulattoes, and even white children also, sucking one end of a three-foot piece of the cane. The mandioca flour which fried in butter was served with black beans was not unpleasant. Butter came in tin cans from Denmark; lard from the United States; and potatoes and onions from Portugal. Much of the large sea-fish was very good. Some had enormous bones. Oranges and tangerines were plentiful. There were many kinds of bananas, and one asked for the sort one wanted as in America one would buy apples.

When we exchanged American money for Brazilian, we felt suddenly rich, for eight cents was two hundred reis, and fifty-four cents a thousand reis or one mil-reis. But as we had to pay two hundred reis for carfare we soon found it did not go far.

The climate was more pleasant than we had expected. I think I found more inconvenience from cold weather than from hot. There were about sixty mornings and evenings in a year, I should say, when a little fire in a dwelling was necessary to comfort, but none of the houses had any stoves, fireplaces, or even chimneys, except the kitchen-stoves.

While we were there, two severe epidemics of yellow fever and smallpox occurred. Many people were afraid, and there was usually an exodus to the mountain resort of Petropolis. My family and I remained in the city. I went to my office as usual in the city proper, and was sometimes visited by seamen in the incipient form of the disease. The mortality was said to be greatest among young Englishmen who being far away from relatives tried to laugh off any symptoms and usually waited too late before calling a physician. Fear also doubtless was a great factor. One very sad case was the death of the wife of the German consul. She was a charming American woman, but had a nervous fear of yellow fever. As soon as it appeared, the first year of her coming to Rio, she left for Petropolis, remaining there till all danger seemed over. Fearing, however, contagion while passing through the city on her return, she engaged a carriage, and either in that way or by means of some laundry sent to her home she contracted a most virulent form of the disease and succumbed almost immediately. Smallpox was most fatal among the blacks. We had a few anxious days, when our old Marcelina had had a day off to visit her son, a seaman, who she had learned was in a hospital. She returned at night, and while seated in the house told us how she had gone in search of him, to many hospitals and had finally found him, so ill with smallpox that she could not recognize him at all. As she had sat by his bedside for some hours, we were rather glad when the fourteen days, the time in which the disease appears, were over. The greatest mortality in Rio from any one cause was from tuberculosis. This was probably due to the extreme dampness. Shoes and silk dresses sometimes grew mouldy over night, and kid gloves had to be kept in a glass bottle.

Some weeks after our arrival, my wife and I were presented to the emperor, Dom Pedro II and the empress. A quotation from a letter written by my wife to my sister, may add interest. "Here I am this morning determined to answer your questions about Dom Pedro and Mrs. Dom as you express it. We drove over cobblestone pavements, about three quarters of an hour to the palace in São Christovão. It improves in appearance as one approaches it. The grounds are very pretty and quite extensive. Arriving at the door at the same time as did the Italian minister Count de La Tour, who had been at the Swedish court when we were, we entered with him into the room set apart for the diplomats. There we found the American minister, Governor Osborne and wife, the Pope's Nuncio, and a few others. All took places according to rank, and in a few moments the chamberlain announced the emperor. He looks just as his photographs represent him. He addressed a few words to each one. Governor Osborne presented us. We then went to another portion of the palace, passing through one room the walls of which were painted in landscape by Pedro I. The empress who is quite lame, with rheumatism I believe, received sitting. She is quite short, was dressed very simply in a dark grey silk, invited us to sit, and said a few words to each one, then rose as a signal for us to make our courtesies and bows and retire. With her was her lady-of-honor. There is much less formality than in Sweden. Nothing very elegant about the palace outside or in. Dom Pedro though regarded as a good man and popular, is more theoretical than practical and does not amount to much really, or do much; goes everywhere and is interested in seeing and knowing everything, but stops there. The princess, his daughter and successor, is not popular, nor is her husband." Dom Pedro was

then not fifty-seven but looked much older having a long gray beard and gray hair, almost white. He was six feet tall, erect, and had an intellectual head, grayish-blue eyes, and a rather sober expression. When I said he had many friends in the United States, he replied, "That is a good record." When in answer to his inquiry, I said I was born seventy-five miles from Boston, he said, "Boston likes me best," meaning I suppose that he liked Boston best. The first person he had visited when there, had been Mr. Alvan Clark of Cambridge, the celebrated telescope maker. He drove out always in the imperial carriage drawn by six mules with a mounted escort of eight or ten men two of whom rode ahead. He was always driven rapidly, and his coming over the cobblestone pavements could be heard at some distance. Three years after we first saw him, on the sixtieth anniversary of his birthday, the Municipal Council of Rio liberated one hundred and thirty-three slaves with funds contributed by private persons for that purpose. Of the total 34,925 milreis, 30,000 was believed to be from the emperor. During the ceremony of conferring the letters-of-liberty upon the slaves, the emperor is said to have expressed the wish that God would give him life to bestow liberty upon the last slave in Brazil. A few years later, however, while he was in Europe his daughter Princess Isabel, wife of the Conde d'Eu, as regent unwisely decreed the freedom of the slaves, although a law existed for their gradual emancipation with compensation to the slave owners. The latter were so offended by her proceeding that they caused a revolution November, 1889, which led to the establishment of a Republic, and the permanent exile of the imperial family with but twenty-four hours notice. The empress died the following month, and the emperor two years later.

While we were in Rio the emperor gave no dinners or balls. We had supposed the social life would be something like that in the diplomatic circles in Stockholm, but in Rio there was no such society at all. Possibly at Petropolis during the hot season there may have been a little of it. Our life was therefore a somewhat lonely one, spent mostly in our own home.

The volume of *Consular Regulations* consisted of six hundred pages in small type, and was probably the best issued by any government. The duties of a consular officer were not light. Among other things he was required to make a full report each year on the agriculture, manufacture, mines, fisheries, forests, and commerce of the country in which he was on duty, and to communicate from time to time information relating to labor, wages, population, and public works. He became by law the adviser of all American seamen arriving in his port. The master of every American vessel, on arrival had to deposit his ship's papers at the consulate, where they remained till his vessel was ready to depart. If any serious dispute had arisen on the voyage between the seamen and the master or mate, and complaint was made to the consul, he heard and decided the case judicially. If a seaman had been wrongly treated, he could be discharged and the master or owner be made to pay three months extra wages. The consul had to take down and keep all the evidence, as later when the parties got home complaint might be made to the Department of State. During my nearly three years at Rio, over two thousand American seamen landed at the port, and it is safe to say that the majority required some duty from the consular office. Any person exporting to the United States goods exceeding one hundred dollars in value, exclusive of personal effects, had to furnish to the consul a triplicate invoice of the

same, stating the kind of goods and their market value. Such an invoice aided the United States customs-house officers to determine the just value of the goods.

The consul had to authenticate also all invoices for the export of coffee, even though coffee was admitted to America free of all duty. Brazil's principal crop is coffee, the greater part of which is exported to the United States. Most countries, including Great Britain, impose an import tax on it varying from three cents to fourteen cents per pound, the last the French tax. Its admission by us free of duty is substantially a donation of several million dollars a year to the treasury of Brazil, she being thereby able to collect an increased export tax on it, amounting, national and provincial, to I believe about eleven per cent. I have been in favor of our country collecting an import tax on coffee for the reason that a vast number of people who make no contribution by tax to the support of our government, consume coffee, and would contribute to such support if there were a duty on it.

My recommendations appear to have been in substance adopted in the McKinley Tariff Act of October 1, 1890, which, while it placed coffee on the free-list, authorized the president to suspend such provision after the first of January, 1892, and then collect three cents a pound on coffee imported from countries which imposed duties on their imports of American products, and which the president deemed reciprocally unequal. The result was that the United States was able to negotiate a reciprocity treaty with Brazil which went into effect April 1, 1891, under which Brazil consented to admit free of duty a large list of our products. This led to a considerable increase of American trade with Brazil. While the value of our exports to Brazil in

1885 was nine million dollars, it had increased to fifteen million dollars in 1895.

There were many holy-days and holidays in Rio. One of the most generally observed festivals was that of the carnival on the last day before Lent. The Sunday preceding it, boys, especially mulattoes and blacks, appeared in the streets dressed in tight-fitting suits of red cloth with long tails and hoods. These *diabolos*, or devils, were even more prominent on Carnival day itself, forming an important part of the procession. Small and large tubes of tinfoil filled with perfumed water could be purchased at all stores, and also light waxen-balls the size of a hen's egg filled with water. On Carnival day these were squirted or thrown at passers-by, especially at anyone who did not take a slight wetting as a joke. Passengers in the street-cars were liable to be pelted from balconies, and people on the crowded streets who had on their best clothes were the target for more than their share of wetting. For the most part everything passed off pleasantly, and mankind seemed for a time like a happy family. The celebration wound up with a gorgeous torch-light procession of people in rich fancy costumes, in highly-decorated carriages.

Brazilians observed not only Good Friday but also Thursday and Saturday of Holy Week. Saturday was called Hallelujah Saturday or more commonly Judas's day for it was believed that Judas hung himself at twelve o'clock on that day. In 1883 we were invited to go to the Candelaria church to see the ceremonies. Very soon the emperor entered going to a box reserved for his use. Presently, conducted by a soldier who made way through the crowd, he walked to the other end of the church. At the holy-water font there was much prayer

and chanting after which a glass of the water was given the emperor to drink. This water was never sold but was "exchanged" for money. At twelve o'clock all the bells began to ring, and "Glory, glory, hallelujah" was sung over and over again. It used to be customary for stuffed figures called Judas to be strangled, or hung, and finally burned. The Corpus Christi day procession was one in which the emperor and cabinet walked, the emperor helping to carry the Host.

In May, 1884, we took another trip into the interior via Santos. São Paulo was then a small city of about forty thousand. The best hotel there closed at ten o'clock every evening, the door was then locked, lights put out, and the waiter for each floor then went to bed on a cot in the hall near the stairway. We were guests for two days at Senador Vergueiro's coffee plantation at Ibicaba. He had five or six hundred slaves, who were locked into a square compound at night. On our way to Santa Barbara, the American colony, we had our first glimpse of lepers, two of whom rode out, their faces covered, and held out tin cups for alms. We had often received as change coppers that showed marks of having been in the fire, a sign that they had once belonged to lepers. We also visited Jundiahy, Campinas and Piracicaba where was a missionary school in charge of Miss Martha Watts of Kentucky.

In January, 1885, we changed our residence from Rio proper to Tijuca, a suburb just southwest of Rio, up in the mountains back of the city, a grand government mountain-park region, the Floresta, which embraced many thousand acres, with fine roads and magnificent sea and mountain views such as the Admiral's view and the Chinese view—so called because Chinamen built the road. Even in 1885 it was not so very

difficult of access. An hour's ride in the street-car brought one to the foot of the mountains which rose two thousand feet above the sea. Then a drive of about half an hour up the finely macadamized road that circled the mountains gradually brought one to the little town of Boa Vista at the top of a ridge, and a little beyond to the right a road led to Sea View cottage, our home during the last six months of our stay in Brazil. The house had been built and furnished by an Englishman, and seemed very homelike. From its stone porch we could see the sea in two places and the wonderful Mt. Gavea between. With Sea View cottage went several acres of land. At the right was a little orchard of tangerine trees and figs, and in the rather formal garden there was a magnolia tree, many roses, cape-jasmines, camelias, palms, bananas, caju trees, a sago-palm, and many more trees and flowers that I cannot remember. At the left the carriage road went on up to the stables and the gardener's house. Below at the left surrounded by thick bamboos was the swimming-tank, seven or eight feet deep which was continually filled by a spring. I purchased three horses, and drove one down each morning leaving him during the day at a stable near the end of the street-car line. The other two were used strictly as saddle-horses, though White Stockings had to serve me in both capacities. Besides the gardener, Casmeiro, and his good wife who served as laundress, we had but the one maid, a slave whom we hired of her master thinking we could at least make her comfortable while she was with us. She was a good soul and cried I remember when we came away. She had been trained to keep so quiet that she seemed to make absolutely no sounds at all not even when washing dishes or beating eggs. The roads were exceedingly well kept. There

were no such things as tramps or bandits of any sort. My wife and daughter took long horseback rides nearly every day, taking very often some unknown road which led them unexpectedly to some wonderful view.

March 17 with our friends Mr. and Mrs. Röhe and their daughter, we started out hoping to ride to the top of the Gavea. It was quite an exciting trip after we got well up the mountains away from the travelled road. Sometimes we had to almost cut our way, in fact we got a man we passed to go on ahead and do so. One of our number thought she caught a glimpse of a very large snake coiled round a tree. We finally emerged. We had for a few moments seen light through the trees and had heard the heavy roar of the sea. We had not reached the summit of the Gavea, we discovered, for that castle-topped mountain with its great tower of solid rock was just at our left though very near. We were on the summit of Pedra Bonita, and what we had supposed was the Pedra Bonita was in fact the slender, sharp-pointed sugar-loaf-like eminence considerably below us, called the Pitanga. The view was superb.

During our stay in Rio and in the mountains we never had any serious trouble with dangerous insects, or snakes. Once to be sure at our home in Larangeiras, my wife, daughter, maid, and boy, all armed with brooms, waged war upon an ugly spider which seemed fully three inches in diameter. Once in Tijuca in the rear of the wide hallway that extended from the front to the back of the house, we discovered a reddish snake about a yard long. It was advancing with its head raised. From its brown and bright colors, I instinctively felt that it was venemous, and seizing a broom I killed it. It turned out to be the very poisonous coral snake. Occasionally while driving or riding in the

Floresta we would see, some fifty or a hundred feet ahead of us a large brilliantly colored snake lying across the road sunning himself. But it always glided silently away, and except for our horses' momentary fear, we gave it no thought.

Because of the illness of my daughter and the advice of physicians that she be taken away from the damp climate of Brazil, I cabled to the State department at Washington for leave of absence. With surprise I received the answer, "Your successor will soon arrive." The trouble was that I was a republican, and now that Cleveland had been elected, a democrat was to have the post.

We left Rio July 18, 1885, on the steamer "Advance" one of a new American line. Governor and Mrs. Osborne were also going home. Quite a large delegation of friends came to see us off. On the twenty-first we reached Bahia. When still out, perhaps two hundred miles from shore, we were interested in seeing the jangadas (catamarans) large rafts of logs guided by a few men, and loaded with various things, mostly perhaps with great piles of large brownish oranges. The twenty-third found us at Pernambuco, anchored near the marvelous coral reef which forms a natural harbor for this port. Outside the waves dashed high against it, but within the water was as smooth as glass. We reached Maranhão July twenty-eighth and Para the thirtieth. Here the passengers all bought "Panama" hats, some costing not over fifty cents. We were at Barbados August fifth and the next day at St. Thomas where we took on coal. The hundred or so men, women, and children who brought the coal aboard the ship in baskets carried on their heads, were very picturesque in their dark setting. Here too one amuse-

ment was watching the divers. Notwithstanding the fact that the water abounded in sharks, and that divers had lost their lives, these strong, graceful, almost naked young fellows would dive for any small coin a passenger would throw into the water. Often they would get the money long before it had reached bottom, but sometimes a diver would remain under so long searching for it that we would grow anxious. Peddlers of coral too hung about the ship in their boats. August thirteenth we landed in New York, very glad indeed to be back in our native land.

From New York, we went by way of the Fall river boat line, on what was nearly a floating palace, via Fall river to Concord, New Hampshire, and then up into the hills of Hillsboro to my native place. Thence after a short series of visits we came back to St. Paul in September.

Forestry and Conservation

On my return to St. Paul,²² having decided to open an office downtown, I accepted ex-Senator Henry M. Rice's proposal that I occupy a room with him. Thus we were together for eight years. He sometimes spoke of the kindly acts of President Lincoln. On the other hand, he told me that once when he was having a friendly interview with Lincoln, Senator Wade of Ohio, one of the most vehement and influential of the Republicans, came in, and that Lincoln upbraided him in a most severe manner for proceedings tending to thwart the acts and policies of the administration. Rice said that Wade made no reply. It may have been Rice who told me the story of Matt Carpenter of Wisconsin, a prominent member of the bar, who later became United States senator. Once when Carpenter, before the war, was making the circuit of the courts, he and some other lawyers one blizzardly winter evening, were gathered around the stove in the main room of a small country hotel. The wind was howling outside and the

²² St. Paul had grown greatly during our absence. The Ryan Hotel had just been opened and was the best. The Central High school on Tenth and Minnesota had just been completed. The Grand avenue single horse car line which seemed to run way out into the country ended, I believe, at Grotto street. The East Seventh car went only a few blocks beyond the first Seventh street bridge. The Selby avenue line, or as it was then called the Nelson avenue line, ran up Rice street to Summit, up Summit to Nelson, thence to Western avenue, and stopped at Laurel avenue. The only opera house was the Grand on Wabasha between Fourth and Third. About where the Golden Rule now stands was a very large roller skating-rink which was used as an auditorium in spring, summer, and fall. Here I remember we heard Patti. The only way of reaching Minneapolis or the University was by railroad.

only warm place in the room was close to the stove. Presently in walked a country fellow who had just put up his horses. He looked rather green and Carpenter, thinking to have some fun with him said :

You've traveled a good deal, I suppose?

Ye-es consid-er-a-ble, drawled the country fellow.

Ever been to Milwaukee?

Yes, I've been there.

And to Chicago?

Yes.

Ever been to Sheol?

Yes, I've been there, too.

How did you find things there?

Oh, pretty much as it is here; the lawyers had the warmest place.

So the laugh was on Carpenter, and the country jake proved brighter than they thought.

Another old story of that time was regarding one of the old settlers of St. Paul, Doctor David Day, who was once made the victim of a practical joke. Some friends of his one evening by chance broke the leg of a chair. Thinking to have the joke on the doctor, they sent a message to Doctor Day asking him to come quickly to mend a broken leg. The doctor soon arrived with his bag of surgical instruments. When he was shown the broken chair, he continued to look as grave as before, set down his bag, took out his bandages, and calmly bandaged the leg of the chair exactly as if it had been the leg of a child. His friends seeing how the joke was being turned, hardly knew what to say. When he was through, he remarked that his bill would be fifty dollars. The friends looked at each other. After some talk, Doctor Day reduced his bill to twenty-five dollars. The whole thing was finally settled by the would-be jokers giving Doctor Day an oyster supper.

I was privileged to have a hand in several good en-



OFFICE OF GENERAL ANDREWS (*Aetat 83*)
As secretary of the Forestry Board, Minnesota

terprises. In 1886 and 1887 I was one of those who worked for the establishment of a soldiers' home in Minnesota. By March 31, 1887, the Legislature had appropriated fifty thousand dollars for the purchase of a site, and for the erection of a home. The seven trustees appointed to carry the law into effect were from as many different counties. A spirited competition developed among several towns as to the location of the home. As many as fourteen cities or villages offered sites free. At last, after one hundred and seven ballots had been taken, St. Paul and Minneapolis were persuaded to agree on the present site, and the battle was won. While Henry Hale was president of the library board, I was also a member of it. For a number of years, I tried to agitate the subject of constructing a suitable library building, but the time was not ripe, and we now have a finer building than if it had been built in 1886. For several years I had been a member of the Chamber of Commerce committee on the Mississippi river, and as chairman of that committee I attended a Waterways convention at Superior, Wisconsin. I have always felt that it was perfectly practicable to connect by canal Lake Superior and the Mississippi near St. Paul, and that such a canal would be about as useful on account of its water-power and development of manufactures, as for transportation. I hope the day is not far distant when this may be done. In 1892, I was a delegate to the International Reciprocity convention at the then young city of Grand Forks, North Dakota. In 1901, the Legislature appropriated twenty-five thousand dollars for the erection of a monument in the National Cemetery park at Vicksburg, to commemorate the services of Minnesota troops in the Vicksburg campaign. This was the first of such ap-

propriations. I was appointed one of the four commissioners to supervise the erection of the monument, and have served on every other commission. We have erected in memory of the Minnesota soldiers, monuments in the National military parks at Vicksburg, and Shiloh, and in the National cemeteries at Little Rock, Memphis, Andersonville, and Jefferson Barracks. The National cemetery, a few miles above Vicksburg, contains about sixty acres on a beautiful bluff overlooking the river. Our criticism of the monuments was that too many represented soldiers as being thirty-five or more years of age, whereas the average age of the Union soldier was only twenty-two.

In 1898 when war broke out with Spain, as I felt perfectly strong and was active although nearly seventy, I tendered my services to President McKinley. Lieutenant-general Miles, commander of the army, with no further solicitation, recommended my appointment as Brigadier-general of Volunteers. Possibly because some thought me too old, or possibly because General Miles was not in favor with the War department, nothing came of it.

We frequently went east for a few weeks in the summers, going always to my old home where my only sister still lived. The views of the distant hills only a lover of New England can appreciate. I fished for trout in the brook where I had fished when a boy, and gathered balsam boughs in the woods through which I used to drive the cows when only ten years of age.

In the summer of 1902 I visited the home of Daniel Webster at Marshfield. It was with a feeling akin to reverence that I talked with Porter Wright who had been Webster's foreman and in his service eighteen years. He was a fine-looking man over eighty, with

expressive blue eyes. It was he who, at Webster's request (during his last illness), drove the oxen up in front of the house for Webster to look at. I drove with Mr. Wright for about two hours over the Webster farm. It will be remembered that in the two volumes of Mr. Webster's private letters, many were addressed to Wright on the management of the farm. In passing a neat residence and small tract of land, perhaps less than a half mile from the Webster home, Wright said that some one once asked Webster why he did not buy it. His answer was, "I do not want to drive all my neighbors away." During our talk I remarked that Webster was an early riser. Wright responded, "He once said to me, 'Wright, you and I can get up early, if we can't do anything else.' " Here Webster began tree planting in 1834, setting out a great many small white pines on the north and west sides, in lines or belts. Some of these had been cut and used for timber, when they had a diameter of two feet. There were one or more moderate tracts of close-standing young white pine twenty feet high, the natural regrowth from seed of pines planted by Mr. Webster. He was a pioneer in forestry work.

The last years of my life were spent in the cause of forestry and in that cause, I believe, the best work of my life was done. I had always loved trees. As early as 1856, in a letter from Crow Wing to the *Boston Post*, I had written: "Timber is a fundamental element of colonial growth. Minnesota has an abundance of excellent timber. There is considerable stunted scrub oak also. The soil is not the cause of their scrubby looks but the devouring fires which annually sweep over the land.

"The relative importance of the timber would hardly

be estimated by a stranger. It has been cut for at least six years, and considerable has found its way as far down as St. Louis. It may be asked if all this timberland, especially the pine, has been sold by the government; and if not, how it happens that men cut it down and sell it. I will answer this. The great region of pineries has not yet been surveyed, much less sold by the government. But notwithstanding this, men have cut it in large quantities, sold it into a greedy market, and made money, if not fortunes, in the business. As a sort of colorable excuse for cutting timber, those employed in the business often make a preëmption claim on land covered with it, and many people suppose they have the right to cut as much as they please after the incipient steps towards preëmption. But this is not so. All that a claimant can do in this respect is to cut wood enough for his fuel, and timber enough for his own building purposes, until he receives a patent from the government. Of course, it is altogether reasonable and proper that men should be precluded from doing so until their title in the soil is complete. Because, until a preëmption claim is perfect, or until the land has been acquired by some legal title, it is not certain that the claimant will ultimately secure it or pay any money to the government. But does not the government do anything to prevent these trespasses? Yes, but all its attempts are baffled.

“For example, last spring a large quantity of splendid lumber was seized by the United States marshal and sold at public auction. It was bid-off by the lumbermen themselves, who had formed a combination to prevent its falling into the hands of other purchasers. This combination encountered no resistance, that I am aware of, in the public opinion of the territory. The

timber was sold to those who had cut it, at a price so far below its value that it didn't pay the expense of the legal proceedings on the part of the government. This perhaps is accounted for through a disposition to protect enterprising men, though technically trespassers, who penetrate into the forest in the winter at great expense, and whose standing and credit are some guaranty of their ultimate responsibility to the government, should they not perfect their titles.

"Large logs are transported as rafts. On one occasion, I attempted to estimate the number of logs in one of these marine novelties. I found it to be about eight hundred. The logs were large, and were worth from five to six dollars each. Here then was a raft of timber worth at least four thousand dollars."

I first became interested in scientific forestry in Sweden, and realized then how we in America were using up our forests when we should be conserving them. In August, 1872, while minister to Sweden and Norway, I made a sixty-four page report on forestry in Sweden, which Mr. Fish, Secretary of State, had printed as a separate pamphlet for distribution.²³ On the recommendation of Senator Knute Nelson that report, brought up to date, was reprinted by the Senate in 1900.

In February, 1880, the Chamber of Commerce of St. Paul appointed a committee for the purpose of securing a donation of land by Congress for the endowment of a school of forestry. This committee consisted of L. B. Hodges, W. R. Marshall, and myself as chairman. The committee spent a large amount of time and effort in

²³ The Minnesota State Forestry Association was organized in 1876—one of the first associations of its kind, if not the first, organized in this country.

the furtherance of this project. I worked hard to bring before the public the importance of making a beginning in the scientific management of our remaining forests. I cited extensively what was being done by the leading countries of Europe in systematic conservation and forestry management. While it is true that the government had disposed of its best pine-lands in Minnesota, yet according to the best information our committee was able to gather, there remained from eight to ten million acres of timber-land, including the Indian reservations and the waste-lands, which were only fit for bearing timber, in the limits of northern Minnesota, the title to which had not yet passed to private individuals.

The latest report then of the United States surveyor-general estimated the unsurveyed area in northern Minnesota at thirteen million acres. The government had received only one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre for the greater part of its pine timber lands, even when they had been disposed of at sale. Furthermore, according to the commissioner of the General Land office, it had been robbed of millions of acres of timber-land by fraudulent use of the homestead laws, soldiers' additional homestead, and half-breed script. Under the system hitherto practiced, instances were not rare in this state where whole townships once covered with magnificent pine forest had been completely cleared of timber and were now desert wastes without a sign of timber re-growth, and so worthless that the owners had long since ceased to pay any taxes thereon.

Whether it is commonly known or not, it is nevertheless the fact, that the pine never can be propagated from the root or stump, as is the case with deciduous trees, and that regrowth can only be produced from the

seed ; also, that the young pine plant requires for a few years protection from the sun afforded by larger trees. When, therefore, a pine forest is wholly cut at one time, nature is forever deprived of the means of reproduction on the same spot. The commissioner of the General Law office (1876) wrote: "A national calamity is rapidly and surely being brought upon the country by the useless destruction of the forests. Our government, under the provisions of the preëemption and homestead laws, is permitting the destruction of millions of acres of pine forests of almost incalculable value. This lack of conservation is both wicked and wanton." When one thinks of the innumerable uses to which timber is put in the varied industries, not to speak of the calamities which occur from ignorance of quality and strength of timber, it must be admitted by everyone that a scientific school to impart instruction in these matters is of vital importance to our industrial interests. All necessary precautions in the endowment of this school of forestry should be taken to secure an institution of the highest order; that it be suitably equipped and furnished with instructors of tried and acknowledged fitness, so that the school would soon rank with the best in the world. In regard to location, our committee considered it advisable to connect it with the agricultural college and thereby make it a part of the university. We believe such an institution, liberally endowed and properly conducted, would prove of inestimable benefit to the important timber interests of the Northwest and the mechanical and industrial pursuits dependent thereon. Further, it would help to create and diffuse correct public sentiment toward respect for the enforcement of law in regard to timber-lands. The committee asked Congress to provide three hundred sections of

land in the state of Minnesota as an endowment to this, the first school of forestry, and that said school be located at the city of St. Paul, the capital of the state.

Letters were sent to prominent public men and to the presidents of various colleges asking their coöperation. Of fifteen replies, twelve strongly endorsed the establishment of such a school of forestry. Those in favor included the Honorable J. D. Ludden, St. Paul, Minn.; Wm. C. Russell, LL.D., president of Cornell university; John H. Gear, Governor of Iowa; John Bascom, LL.D., president University of Wisconsin; President Seelye of Amherst college; the Honorable Thomas Russell, Boston, ex-Judge Superior court; Rev. James W. Strong, D.D., president Carleton college; Dr. Noah Porter, LL.D., president Yale college; H. M. Thompson, practical nurseryman, Milwaukee county, Wis.; the Honorable Wm. G. LeDuc, Commissioner of Agriculture; Dr. John A. Warder, Ohio, president American Forestry association, and M. Melville Eggleston, New York City.

The two adverse to the proposition were Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard and Prof. C. S. Sargent, director of the Harvard Arboretum. Doctor Eliot's objections were: "I do not think that such a technical school should be free; and I do not see why the one interest of forestry should be selected for such support by national taxation rather than any other considerable industrial or commercial interest. If the national government is going to expend money at all for education (to give land is the same thing as voting money) I think it should be for elementary education." Professor Sargent made an extended and valuable reply which, while recognizing the necessity for study and experiment in forestry conservation, presents the viewpoint of nearly half a century ago. From his letter I present the following excerpts:

There are, I believe, two reasons why schools of forestry cannot succeed at the present time in the United States, and why, therefore, it is not wise to undertake to establish them. This entirely leaves aside the question of the propriety of asking the government to aid by subsidy any more state or private enterprises, a question about which I believe there is a very strong counter-feeling. My reasons for thinking that it is not now advisable to undertake the establishment of schools of forestry in the United States are that there are no teachers to teach and no scholars who want to be taught in such schools. There are no teachers, because as yet no one can have possibly gained sufficient knowledge of the real meaning and wants of American forestry in its relation to any given locality to be able to treat it scientifically. European experience and European methods cannot aid us in presence of the problems we have to solve; and European instructors would be worse than useless at the head of an institution founded for the purpose of teaching American forest methods. And yet you must get your instructors from Europe, for who is there in this country to place at the head of such an establishment as you propose?

There can be no serious pupils yet in such a school, for there is not yet a demand in this country for regular professional foresters, the sort of men a forest school is intended to train, and whose life work is to be forest management. The time will come when there will be a demand for such men, when every great railroad in the United States will have a regular forester whose life work it will be to rear and manage railway forests, and whose corporate and private capital will be largely directed and employed in planting great tracts of forest on the plains and prairies.

Then foresters will be needed and then they will be as well paid and as regularly employed as railway or mining engineers. Then, when young men see that there is an opening for them in this direction, there will be plenty of pupils, who will be glad to devote years to fitting themselves for the position of foresters. Now there is no inducement and there cannot be for years to come, or until the destruction of our forests reaches a point where higher prices for all forest products set people to seriously consider the importance of renewing them.

A forest school to-day in this country must, like the agricultural colleges, go outside of its special sphere, or else as a school fail through want of pupils. What this country does want is not forest schools, but experimental stations for forestry, experimental arboretums, in

which the officers need not be hampered with unwilling students, but may be allowed to devote themselves to those experiments on which alone the future system of American forestry can be safely based, so that when the time comes and the demand is felt for a class of trained forest managers, the information will have been acquired which will make it possible to properly and safely instruct them.

There is an immense amount to be done at such an establishment in testing species, in studying methods suited to the various climatic conditions peculiar to every region, in creating public sentiment, in devising and recommending legislation, in stimulating experiments by others, and recording the result of such experiments for future use. You must remember that a really safe system of forestry, unlike that of any other branch of agriculture, can only be satisfactorily established after long years of carefully recorded experiments.

This generation will have more than it can accomplish in experimenting and preparing, that the next may safely and scientifically teach. For you must remember, too, that it will not do to make a mistake in teaching how to plant and manage a crop which must take a lifetime to mature. If a man plants a crop of corn, and selects the wrong variety, the wrong soil or situation, or manure, the mistake is serious enough, but it is not fatal, and can be remedied the next year; but suppose he plants a crop of trees and does not find out for thirty years or more that he is all wrong and has selected a worthless species and a defective method; the mistake is not so easily remedied. Who is there to-day who can safely say what the right tree to plant on the prairies is? Who can know until the plantations made there have had at least a fifty years' trial, and a crop of timber has been harvested?

Let there be as many experimental stations as can be established, put them in charge of the best men money can hire, let these officers not only make experimental plantations themselves, but let them use their influence to induce others to do the same (the more the better), note the results carefully and conscientiously; here will be the foundations on which will be slowly but safely and securely reared the true system of American forestry.

Looking back now to the period of 1870 to 1880 and visualizing the wastage and lack of conservation which has obtained during the last half century, I still feel

that much more should have been done looking to preservation of our forests or their replanting than has been done. Few great forests remain, and already much of our timber and pulp for the manufacture of paper is being brought into this country from Canada. I fear the end of our forestry supply is rapidly approaching. Public sentiment was not ripe for the preservation or re-planting which should have taken place.

Two years later (April 26, 1882) I attended at Cincinnati the National Forestry congress, later known as the American Forestry association. This was the first Congress for this purpose in this country. I read a paper on "The Necessity for a Forestry School in the United States." In this paper I reviewed the whole question of forestry and attempted to show the vast incomes which different countries were receiving from their state forests. Doctor B. E. Fernow, later chief of the United States division of forestry, also read a paper. In the preparation of my paper I received valuable help from James Russell Lowell, then American minister at London, who wrote me, "I shall be glad to be of any use to you in helping to awaken public opinion to the conservation of our forests ere it be too late. I foresee a time when our game and forest laws will be Draconian in proportion to their present culpable laxity."

I felt, and still feel, that we should have kept abreast with the rest of the world. Europe, in 1880, had thirty or more schools of forestry. We had not one. Foreign countries are distinguished for thrift and economy; ours for waste. Even little Switzerland, which for simplicity and the true republican spirit, might well serve as a model for America, maintains its schools. Our destructiveness is enormous and criminal. The net-

work of telegraph alone requires millions of poles nearly large enough for shipmasts, which have to be renewed every few years. Each mile of railroad and siding requires 2,640 ties, so that the railways now in operation require 300,000,000 ties, which have to be renewed every five to eight years. In the seven states of Alabama, Florida, Texas, Mississippi, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, 8,000,000,000 feet of pine timber was cut in the census year ending May 31, 1880, and this vast consumption goes on increasing yearly, while the area of forests is constantly decreasing. The Secretary of the Interior in his report for 1877 says: "The rapidity with which this country is being stripped of its forests must alarm every thinking man. If we go on at the present rate, the supply of timber in the United States will in less than thirty years fall short of home necessities."

When we consider (1882) that the separate states and the railroad companies are getting from five to thirty dollars an acre for their timber lands lying alongside those which the government is selling at \$1.25, I ask if there is not a deep necessity for just that agitation and enlightenment in regard to forestry which a scientific school on the subject is calculated to afford.

There is an important practical point that may be considered in this connection. Just as soon as the government begins to administer its timber lands with the same economy that a prudent business man would exercise, there will be an increased demand for the services of trained foresters in exploring, surveying, appraising, and guarding the public timber lands.

It is to be regretted that New York state did not establish a forestry policy before its vast forest-lands were desolated. It was, however, a happy coincidence that

the forest policy of the state of New York originated during the term that Grover Cleveland was governor thereof (1883) and that the forestry policy of the United States originated during his last term as president. Grover Cleveland did much for forestry. He was broad-minded and patriotic enough not only to visualize the future needs, but to readily adopt the recommendations of competent men. Before his message as governor (January 1, 1884) the subject of forestry conservation had not been mentioned in New York legislation. In that message he brought forcibly to the front the importance of preserving the forests bordering the sources of the Hudson, Mohawk, and Black rivers. During his last term as governor the sum of five thousand dollars was appropriated to pay for the services of a commission of experts to investigate and report a system of state forest preservation. Professor Charles S. Sargent was appointed chairman of the commission. The report of this commission led to very important forestry legislation by the state of New York. The following year a forest commission was created and the first law was passed for the prevention of forest fires. The giving by President Roosevelt of the name of "Grover Cleveland" to the San Jacinto National forest was a typical tribute to the memory of one of the initiators of forestry conservation.

I used every favorable opportunity to agitate the subject, and furnished several papers to the American Forestry association. One of these, on "The Prevention of Forest Fires," for the meeting of the association in Brooklyn, N. Y., August, 1894, was read only nine days before the terrible Hinckley (Minnesota) forest fire occurred in which four hundred and eighteen people perished. It was not strange, therefore, that when

the State legislature, April, 1895, passed a forestry law – the first in the Northwest – I should be made the Chief Fire-warden. To aid in drawing up the law, I had interviewed many able business men, including lumbermen and railroad men. Frederick Weyerhaeuser Sr., who was then the principal lumberman in the Northwest, said that lumbermen could and should be required to clear their right-of-way twice a year, and see that no fires were set. He thought it would be practicable to require town-supervisors to extinguish fires at town expense. The Minnesota law as finally drawn was in great part a copy of the New York law, enacted ten years before.

The leading feature of this law was the constituting of town-supervisors fire-wardens in their respective towns. This feature has been in successful operation ever since. The state of Maine, in 1891, and the state of New Hampshire, in 1893, adopted the same principal of making town-supervisors or, as they are called in New England, "Select Men" fire-wardens. Minnesota, in its law enacted April 18, 1895, adopted this same principal. Instead, however, of creating a forest commission to carry the law into execution, it made the State-auditor Forest-commissioner, and authorized him to appoint a deputy, to represent his authority in executing the law, said deputy to be known as Chief Fire-warden.

The first draft of the law gave the Chief Fire-warden only police duties, but at my request, W. P. Allen of Cloquet, had provisions added requiring the Chief Fire-warden to "investigate the extent of the forests in the state, together with the amounts and varieties of the wood and timber growing therein, the method used if

any to promote the re-growth of timber, and any other important facts relating to forest interests which may be required by the Forest commissioner. The information so gathered, with his suggestions relative thereto, to be included in a report to be made by him annually to the Forest-commissioner." This gave to the Chief Fire-warden scientific forestry duties. The Chief Fire-warden's salary was one thousand two hundred dollars. Only six thousand dollars a year, with a permanent emergency fund of five thousand dollars a year to be spent only during a dry and dangerous season, was appropriated to protect the Minnesota forests, which were then worth easily one hundred million. They were scattered over about seven hundred organized townships and a large unorganized territory – altogether about twenty million acres. In a country where thousands of new settlers were struggling to clear their land, and were sorely tempted in dry weather to burn their brush and rubbish; in a wilderness frequented by land seekers and mineral prospectors, hunters, and tourists, all of whom were likely to have camp fires; in a region containing hundreds of logging camps and traversed by two thousand miles of railroads, including logging-roads; one can well imagine the liability of fires. It takes many men to keep close surveillance over twenty million acres of forest land.

The possibility of preventing forest fires was deemed so impracticable by the legislators of 1897 that while I was confined to my bed with the grippe, an effort was made to repeal the forestry law altogether. The appropriation was, however, cut from six to five thousand dollars. (This was all that was allowed annually until 1909 when twenty-one thousand dollars was appropriated.)

Gifford Pinchot, Chief of the Division of Forestry of the Agricultural department, wrote at that time:

If the bill under consideration is intended to do away with the office of Chief Fire-warden and suspend the work which has been conducted by General Andrews, I disapprove of it heartily. Whatever the actual accomplishment of General Andrews during his tenure of this office, and in my judgment the good he has done is very great, the mere fact that there is a law on the statute books intended to guard against the damage from forest fires is in itself of great value. Protection against fire can never be fully successful until it is based on an active and healthy public sentiment.

The first duty of the Chief Fire-warden, or as he was later called (1905) the Forestry commissioner, was to prevent or extinguish forest fires. Most of his time was spent instructing, inspiring if possible, and paying the more than two thousand fire-wardens. Then the railroads had to be urged, and if possible forced, to use spark arresters on all their engines. The spark arresters had to be examined often enough to insure their being in good condition. Individuals and railroads had to be prosecuted for setting fires, and lumbermen prosecuted for not burning their slashings. In February, 1903, I presented to the forestry committee of the legislature an amendment to the Forest Fire law, drawn with great care, requiring all persons who cut timber or wood for commercial purposes to remove or burn the slashings before the first of April next ensuing, using care not to damage standing timber and adjoining property, and on their failure to do so, the state to have it done and the expense to be a lien on their property. I sent a copy of the bill to Mr. Pinchot, who under date of February 10, 1903, wrote: "I have read with very great interest the bill which you propose to compel the removal or burning of slashings on lumbered areas, and I hope most heartily it may pass." The opposition of

logging companies to this bill was so strong that it was not even reported by the committee.

From 1895 until 1911, I discharged all the duties connected with forest fire prevention. In 1898, after having worked almost three years without a stenographer, I was allowed one. In 1903, I wrote: "Since the Minnesota fire-warden system went into effect eight years ago, there have been forest fires in each of our neighboring states—Michigan, Wisconsin, and South Dakota—that have done damage exceeding a million dollars. During that time the average yearly damage caused by forest fires in Minnesota has not exceeded thirty thousand dollars.

In 1902 Minnesota was spending only about one-fifth as much for preventing and suppressing forest fires as was the government of Ontario.²⁴ Not much over half the appropriation I asked for was ever granted. I shall always believe that had I had more money with which to pay rangers during that phenomenally dry season of 1910, the bad Beaudette fire, in which twenty-nine people perished, would not have occurred. The forestry department had then but twenty-one thousand dollars a year to cover everything. Yet in 1918 when the forestry department had assumed a much larger scale and had fifty-five thousand dollars a year, the Moose Lake fire occurred in which over four hundred people perished.

During the year 1910, forest fires occurred in twenty-nine different counties and three hundred and ninety-five townships. Over 1,051,333 acres were more or less burned. This occurred mostly on cut-over land. The loss was approximately \$1,720,000, which does not include loss of property in the villages of Beaudette and

²⁴ Another instance of Canada's foresight.

Spooner. Eight thousand nine hundred and forty-four men were engaged as fire-fighters, and the aggregate amount of their unpaid accounts was \$94,507. Part of this expense was borne by the state, and part by the various town boards. Much of it, however, was never paid at all. The services of these nearly nine thousand Minnesota people in fighting fires was legally commanded by the fire-wardens. They left their own important work and some went many miles from their homes. They saved settlements, human life, and property, many times at the peril of their own lives. On August 31, the fire ranger service had to be discontinued for lack of money. I asked of the legislature an appropriation of thirty-eight thousand dollars. Only twenty-one thousand dollars was appropriated.

Thousands of settlers in the forest regions of Minnesota live in daily fear and terror of forest fires. The state should provide reasonable means of protection. The campaign for the prevention of fires should begin in March. At the time of the Hinckley fire, Minnesota had a law making it a misdemeanor to start fires – in forests or on prairies – that endanger the property of another, but there was no system for its enforcement. In the Chisholm fire, no lives were lost, but a vast amount of property. It is my firm opinion that the chief cause of the destruction of this village arose from the abundant slashings in the path of the fire. The Beaudette fire, in which twenty-nine people perished, and in which one million dollars or more of property was destroyed, occurred October 7, 1910. The origin of this fire was a combination of four fires which had been burning in swamps – three of which were started by sparks from railroad locomotives; the other by a settler. This calamity would not have occurred if

proper appropriation had been made for fire-warden service.

Work to prevent fire is but one part of forestry. One of my duties was to bring the cause of forestry in all its phases before the public. To this end, I issued annually a report which contained besides the work of the year an account of forestry work in various European countries. I also made frequent addresses before commercial clubs, high schools, teachers' institutes, summer schools, and other assemblies.

Many people think forest conservation means leaving all timber standing. This is a mistake. Timber should be cut when it is ripe, or has ceased to earn good interest by its growth. Much of the present pine forest in the Northwest has been growing from one hundred to three hundred years. It should be cut as fast as there is a market for it. When pine is cut, all seedlings should be protected that they may reach their full growth.

In the early days timber values were not accurately known. Dorilus Morrison of Minneapolis, once received from a railroad company in payment for his work in building a bridge, some pine land which was supposed to be worth thirty or more thousand dollars. Subsequently, when a logging company wished to buy it, Morrison asked fifty thousand dollars for it. They thought that too much. Some time later, however, they decided to pay fifty thousand dollars. "My price now is one hundred thousand dollars," said Morrison. They did not take it. Time elapsed, and they went to him again, hoping to negotiate the purchase. "Gentlemen," said Morrison, "that pine is more valuable than I at first supposed. I will not sell it now for less than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars." The result was that the would-be purchasers entered into

contract to cut the pine and pay at the rate of two dollars and twenty-five cents per thousand-feet for the larger logs, and two dollars per thousand-feet for the smaller ones. When the contract was wholly executed, it was found that the purchasers had paid Morrison the total amount of three hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars. Such want of competent estimates of standing pine would not occur today. But if able business men in the past have failed to know the value of their standing timber, how much more has the general government failed in the same respect. Up to the time forest reserves were created, the general government never did anything to inform itself of the value of its timberlands.

Many of our forests stand almost entirely on rocky land, of no value for anything else. If nothing is done to replant such places, future generations will have but useless land where they might have had valuable forest. It takes a century or more for pine trees on such land to reach merchantable size, therefore it is the duty of the state to see that replanting is done.

The Pillsbury reserve was one of the first encouragements forestry received. At a meeting, at St. Anthony park, of the State Horticultural society (June 1896) I sat next to ex-Governor John S. Pillsbury and his wife. We had a somewhat extended discussion on forestry and conservation. When Mr. Pillsbury was called upon to make some remarks, he said among other things that if the state would take proper conservation measures in regard to it, he would donate to the state for forestry purposes eleven thousand acres.

In the winter of 1896-1897, Judson Cross of Minneapolis drew up a bill and had it introduced in the legislature, giving the state authority to receive grants of

land for forestry purposes. This passed the House, but was defeated in the Senate. It was again introduced in 1898-1899, and was then passed by both houses and became a law. It created a forestry board to care for such grants of land, members of such board to serve without pay. Under this act, Cross became the first president of the Forestry board. He secured, just previous to Pillsbury's death, a gift from him to the state, of one thousand acres of cut-over land situated in Cass county, as a reserve. On this reserve the state has planted only a little over two hundred acres of pine and spruce seedlings. It should have planted more.

It is but truth to say that I initiated the movement that resulted in the creation of the Minnesota National forest, situated in the vicinity of Cass lake, and the Superior National forest, north of Lake Superior—aggregating over a million acres of national forest. My first recommendation for a public forest at Cass lake was made in August, 1898, after a visit to that splendid body of primeval pine forest. In December a joint committee of the two state medical societies visited the locality and recommended the site for a health resort. The Minnesota Federation of Women's clubs, through the influence of Miss Margaret J. Evans (later Mrs. George Huntington) the state president, helped to push the project. Miss Maria Sanford, professor of rhetoric at the University of Minnesota, Mrs. Lydia Williams of Minneapolis, Mrs. W. E. Bramhall of St. Paul, all aided, even going to Washington to appear before Congressional committees to plead in behalf of the proposed park and forest. Another strong friend of the project was Colonel John S. Cooper of Chicago, who (October 1899) conducted a party of about twenty members of Congress, including Speaker

Joseph Cannon, to Cass lake. Among other advocates of the park were C. R. Barnes, Charles Christodoro, Professor S. B. Green, Herman Chapman, and Gifford Pinchot. My original project for a reserve of a few thousand acres at Cass lake had grown to the extent that I now advocated setting aside the entire Chippewa reservation of five hundred thousand acres to be treated on forestry principles, the government to pay the Indians a lump sum therefor. The bill drawn by Gifford Pinchot and reported by Page Morris of Duluth, provided for a national forest or reserve of two hundred and twenty-five thousand acres, of which some sections of standing pine were to remain in their natural state, but the greater part of which were to be cut under the supervision of the United States forester. Notwithstanding a great deal of unexpected opposition, the Minnesota National park of two hundred and twenty-five thousand acres, including Cass lake, was finally created June 27, 1902. This was the first act of Congress ever passed for the cutting of timber on public or Indian lands on forestry principles. It was a great triumph for forest conservation.

On my first visit to Cass lake (August 1898) the clean, beautiful forest extended to within a step or two of the shores. Imagine my surprise and indignation when on visiting the place in July, 1899, I found the pine had been cut. It had been despoiled under the "dead and down" timber law by a white man living in the vicinity. This was only one of many instances where that law resulted in rascals obtaining timber fraudulently. Another law which should be repealed, as was the other, is the Stone and Timber act. This law enables a person to buy one hundred and sixty acres of pine land from the government at two dollars

and fifty cents an acre. The land thus purchased may be worth fifty dollars an acre. Of course, it was not supposed that Congress meant to sell twenty thousand acres of such land to one large corporation, but individuals sell out to such corporations.

Again through my initiation, Congress (April 1904) granted to the state of Minnesota twenty thousand acres of public land²⁵ for experimental forestry purposes. Professor Green, W. T. Cox, myself, and two cruisers, Myers and Wilson, selected the land in St. Louis county. Within or adjoining are twenty-one lakes, generally deep, with wooded rockbound shores. Some of the land borders Burntside lake, which is eight miles long by three or four wide at its widest place, and contains many islands. The late Alexander Winchell of Michigan said it surpassed in beauty the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. As the state's forest, fish, and game preserve, this tract will always afford valuable means of recreation for the public.

As early as May 10, 1902, I had made my first recommendation for the Superior National forest, in a letter to the commissioner of the General Land office at Washington, urging that about five hundred thousand acres in Cook and Lake counties be set apart as a forest reserve. In June, I received a letter from the commissioner saying that in accordance with my recommendations the lands had been temporarily withdrawn pending geological survey. The proclamation of the Superior National forest which includes over eight hundred thousand acres was made by President Roosevelt, February 13, 1909.

To promote reforestation, I caused to be introduced in the Minnesota Legislature of 1909 a bill to submit a

²⁵ Later known as Burntside Forest.

constitutional amendment providing a tax of three-tenths of a mill on each dollar of taxable property, to enable the state, through the Forestry board, to purchase forestry land and maintain forests thereon according to forestry principles. Had the bill passed and the amendment been adopted, it would have raised three hundred thousand dollars annually and enabled the state, through the Forestry board, to annually purchase and plant thirty-seven thousand five hundred acres, which in eighty years would have given the state three million acres of normal forest, from which at least six hundred and seventy-five million feet of timber could annually be cut. There is that amount of forestry land in Minnesota now yielding no revenue whatever, and yearly growing poorer.

About a year before the introduction of the bill, I had obtained approval of it from quite a number of leading citizens. The bill was finally passed providing only one-twentieth of a mill tax which would have raised only seventy-two thousand dollars a year. At the election of 1910, it received one hundred thousand one hundred and sixty-eight votes, but lacked fifty-five thousand and ten votes of being carried. The largest vote for it in any county was in Ramsey county (St. Paul) where it received twelve thousand five hundred and twenty-eight votes. On account of the phenomenally dry season and the prevalence of forest fires in 1910, there had not been opportunity for making a great effort to secure its adoption, and considering that it was the first attempt for carrying such a constitutional amendment, the support which it received was fairly satisfactory.

James J. Hill, one of the men foremost in the development of the great Northwest, was deeply concerned

on account of the waste of our northwestern forests. January, 1908, he wrote me commending my attempts for the reforestation of cut-over pine-lands, and stated that this was one of the most important problems before the people of the state. "Our forests, once a rich heritage, are rapidly disappearing. Except for the area on the Pacific coast, the forests of the country will within twenty years be practically exhausted. Then we will be compelled to begin in earnest to carry out what you are now recommending."

In my efforts for reforestation, I had the hearty endorsement and coöperation of many of the leading thinkers of that time. Among them were William B. Dean, President Cyrus Northrop of the State University of Minnesota, who felt it was of the utmost importance that the land in Minnesota that is not adapted to agriculture should be restored to forests; of President J. W. Strong of Carleton college, who felt with President Roosevelt that the preservation of the forests was an imperative business necessity, and that a waste far greater than most of our citizens appreciate is going on.

From 1898 to 1908, I made many trips into northern Minnesota going many times to the Red and Leech lake regions, into Lake county which contains what might be called the Adirondacks of Minnesota, into Cook county where I was struck by the resemblance between the Gunflint lake region and the celebrated iron mining regions in Sweden, and by canoe down the Big Fork river and along most of the northern boundary of the state. As the soil on these rocky islands in these lakes is very thin, it would be centuries, if ever, before they could recover their present beauty if the timber were allowed to be cut.

January 24, 1911, I presented to the Forestry com-

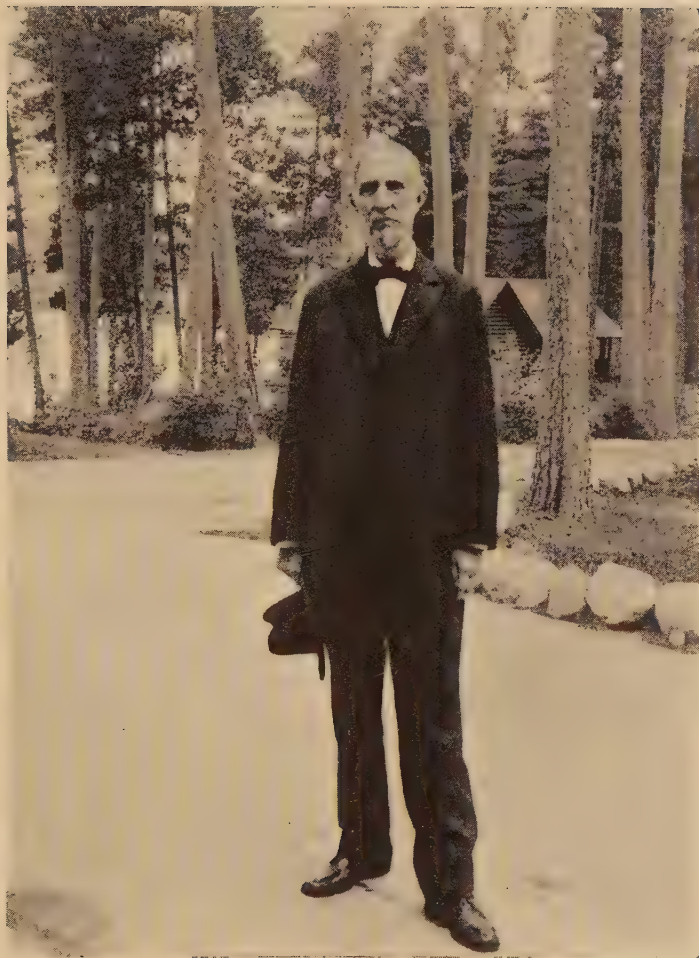
mittee of the house of representatives a bill changing the title of my office to State-forester, giving me a trained forester for assistant, increasing the appropriation for forestry purposes to about two hundred thousand dollars, and placing the expenditures under the supervision of an advisory board. In February, however, a bill was introduced which abolished the office of Forest commissioner, placed the work in charge of a State-forester and Assistant-forester, the whole to be under the supervision of the Forestry board, of which I was to be secretary.²⁶ As a majority of the committees appeared to favor the later measure, I expressed acquiescence. But I think experience has shown that it would have been much better for the state if the bill that I proposed had been enacted. Yet as passed the law is more comprehensive and efficient than that of any other western state.

The progress of forestry under the government of the United States in recent years has been remarkable. Twenty years ago the appropriation made by Congress for the United States Bureau of Forestry – which was then occupied simply in the diffusion of forestry information – was ten thousand dollars a year. The appropriation made for forestry at the last session of Congress (1907) was two million four hundred thousand dollars.

Twenty years ago there was not an acre of United States forestry reserve (now called national forest). Today there are one hundred and sixty-seven million acres of national forest.

Some men would have turned their knowledge of the land and timber into riches. Perhaps they would have been justified in so doing. But I preferred not

²⁶ General Andrews was at this time eighty-one.



C.C. Andrews.

A snapshot taken September, 1920, at Itasca Park, at the request of the Forestry Board, when General Andrews was ninety

thus to use the information I obtained. It was a matter of pride with me. During all the years I have been in forestry work, I have given the best of my powers, because I loved the forests, and foresaw the great need for a real conservation policy.

In closing this account of what I remember of the last ninety years, I am tempted to quote a passage that I have always liked. It is the closing paragraph of Burke's Speech to the Electors at Bristol:

And now gentlemen, on this serious day, when I come, as it were, to make up my account with you, let me take to myself some degree of honest pride on the nature of the charges that are against me. I do not here stand before you accused of venality, or of neglect of duty . . . It is not alleged that I have had a share in wronging or oppressing any description of men or any one man in any description. No! the charges against me are all of one kind, that I have pushed the principles of general justice and benevolence too far; further than a cautious policy would warrant; and further than the opinions of many would go along with me. In every accident which may happen through life, in pain, sorrow, in depression and distress, I will call to mind this accusation and be comforted.

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